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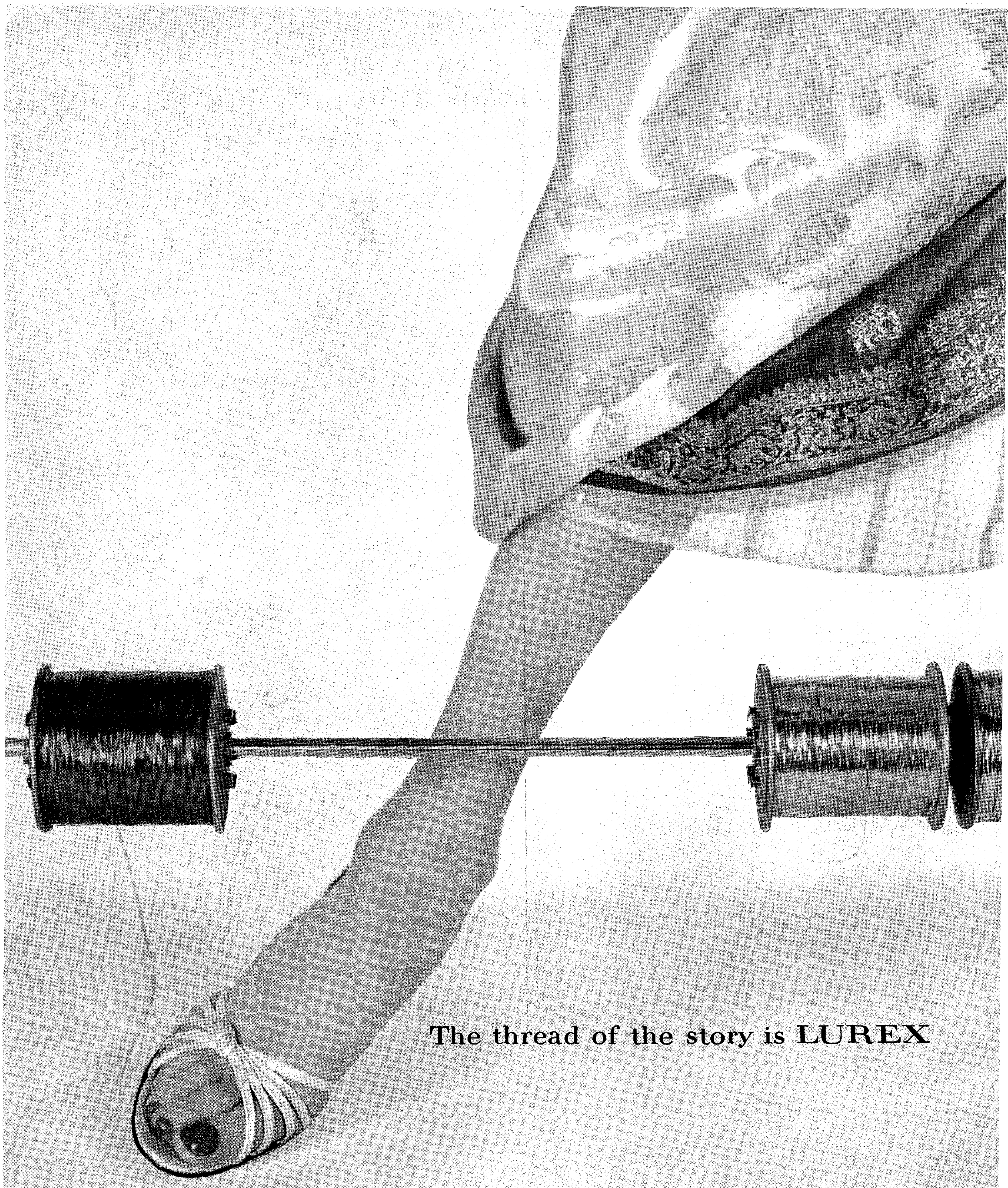
THE NEW YORKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Apple Cart—A lukewarm revival of a rather dishevelled work by the Irish Master. Maurice Evans, however, makes a spirited King Magnus. He is assisted by Signe Hasso, Claudia Morgan, Mercer McLeod, and Charles Carson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.)

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play was directed by Morton Da Costa, has sets designed by Oliver Smith, and numbers Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a novel about the Biddles of Philadelphia, which he wrote with one of them, is occasionally funny but generally pretty laborious. Walter Pidgeon plays the freewheeling hero, and his assistants include Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the splendid sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Old Vic Company—The final performances in a twelve-week repertory of Shakespearean plays. "Romeo and Juliet," with John Neville and Claire Bloom, Thursday, Jan. 10.... ¶ "Troilus and Cressida," with Jeremy Brett and Rosemary Harris, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

The Reluctant Debutante—A comedy about a couple's planning of their daughter's matrimonial future. It was a success in London, but it may prove somewhat coy and mechanical for American tastes. Adrianne Allen, Wilfrid Hyde White, and Brenda Forbes are in the cast, which was directed by Cyril Ritchard. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are magnificent in leading roles in both offerings. The supporting players include Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. They were directed by Peter Glenville. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 13.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Small War on Murray Hill—This posthumous comedy by Robert E. Sherwood concerns a lady whose charms detain General Howe long enough to permit Washington's army to escape, and it will add little to its author's reputation. Jan Sterling and Leo Genn, however, are excellent in the leading roles; Garson Kanin's direction is affectionate and resourceful; and Boris Aronson has designed a lovely Colonial mansion to house the large and gifted cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Speaking of Murder—A jaunty excursion into attempted assassination and blackmail. Written by Audrey and William Roos, and directed by Delbert Mann, the play has a cast in which Estelle Winwood, Brenda de Banzie, Neva Patterson, Lorne Greene, and an eleven-year-old named Billy Quinn all figure most happily. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Uncle Willie—Unless Menasha Skulnik's art is enough for you, this comedy by Julie Berns and Irving Elman about some early settlers in the Bronx may depress you. Robert Douglas directed a cast that includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the diary of anne frank:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Dina Doronne is now playing the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the matchmaker:** Ruth Gordon is the star of Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy, and Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **middle of the night:** Edward G. Robinson in Paddy Chayefsky's play concerning a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **no time for sergeants:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present, with Charles Hohman, Myron McCormick, Arte Johnson, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything extraordinarily well in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Candide—A huge attempt to make a musical entertainment out of Voltaire's novel, which, unfortunately, does not succeed, despite the efforts of Lillian Hellman, who wrote the book; Leonard Bernstein, who created the music; and Richard Wilbur, who did most of the lyrics. Tyrone Guthrie directed this spectacular, and Max Adrian, Robert Rounseville, Barbara Cook, and Irra Petina are in the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the good news there is about this big and rather foolish piece, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some funny songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. Edith Adams and Peter Palmer head a cast that includes Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Mr. Loesser's music is good enough, but the whole thing is a little too diffuse to be entirely successful. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the fine

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ES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

N°5
CHANEL

MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

HANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—DAMN YANKEES: George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gretchen Wyler is now the lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MR. WONDERFUL:** Sammy Davis, Jr., in an account of the career of a song-and-dance man. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Lew Parker, Evelyn Page, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion" turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Clearing in the Woods—Kim Stanley in a play by Arthur Laurents. Directed by Joseph Anthony and produced by Roger L. Stevens and Oliver Smith. Opens Thursday, Jan. 10. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Ralph Richardson and Mildred Natwick in Jean Anouilh's comedy, which is also currently running in London. Presented by the Producers Theatre and staged by Harold Clurman. Opens Thursday, Jan. 17. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Jan. 11: "La Forza del Destino." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesdays, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—Ben Bagley's excellent revue, "Shoestring '57," with sketches, lyrics, and music by some eighteen contributors, among them Bud McCreery, Mike Stewart, Charles Strouse, and Lee Adams. The cast includes Dody Goodman, Dorothy Greener, Charlie Manna, and Fay De Witt. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Beatrice Straight, Peter Cookson, and Gene Lyons in "The River Line," a new play by Charles Morgan. Directed by Stuart Vaughan. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, 889 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre in a cast under the direction of Philip Burton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Phyllis Love in August Strindberg's "Easter," translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12, at 8:40; Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:40 and 8:40; and a benefit performance for the International Rescue Committee for Hungarian relief on Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 16. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Jan Hus House—Bill Gunn in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—A Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, presented by the Light Opera Theatre. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 11-13: "Patience."... ¶ Starting Friday, Jan. 18: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—Molière's comedy "The Misanthrope," in a verse translation by Richard Wilbur. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 10: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 11: "Con Amore," "Firebird," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 12: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 12: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 13: "Serenade," "Con Amore," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 13: "Fanfare," "Souvenirs," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 15: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore" (première), and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 16: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 17: "Swan Lake," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: "Con Amore," "Firebird," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "Four Temperaments," "Souvenirs," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Merce Cunningham—With his company, in a dance recital. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Dance Theatre—With Joseph Bloch, piano, and the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

MISCELLANY

Edith Piaf—The celebrated Lady of Sorrows, with a chorus and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Ice Follies of 1957—Frances Dorsey, Andra McLaughlin, and others. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 15, and will run through Sunday afternoon, Jan. 27. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2 and 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last of the Park Avenue dude ranches, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade really cut loose. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Eddie Lane's and Nick D'Amico's orchestras will withdraw from the dignified Bowman Room on Saturday, Jan. 12, which is the last night you can dance there.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award night, which may or may not be the end of a perfect day. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba group never say die.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, very handsome in its new dress, is at the moment a sort of audience-participation scheme to provide dancing partners for Galena, who sings, too, and knockabout-comedy partners for the Dornan Brothers. They will all go away on Saturday, Jan. 12. Lilo, the erstwhile blond menace of "Can-Can," will arrive on Monday, Jan. 14, with a parcel of blond-menace cantatas. All hands appear at dinner and supper; the dance music, which goes on all evening, is the work of Joseph Sudy's excellent band and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lillian Roth, an indefatigable career girl (first a song recital, then an autobiography, then a movie), is back in business at the original stand, singing some heyday songs at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Bringing up the rear is the band of Ted Straeter, which makes dance music flow like wine, and Mark Monte's smaller group. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing.... ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, where dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, who is nothing if not a family man, and other little Lombardos are on the bandstand in the Grill, their winter quarters ever since they and Columbus discovered the United States. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—

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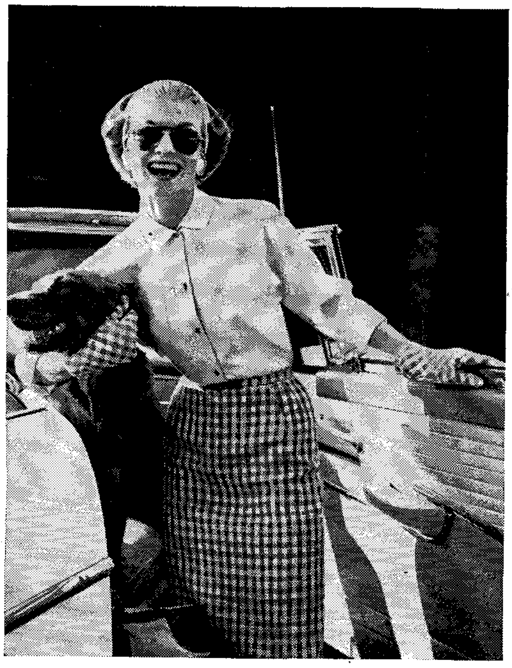

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The Maisonette, that sumptuous manor house, is now host to Doretta Morrow, lately one of the most fetching baubles and bangles of "Kismet" and still imbued with the notion that it's a grand night for singing. She's part of the dinner and supper sessions. Before, after, and in between, there's dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, there are rousing passages of dance music by Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller orchestra, who know a thing or two about symphonic jazz. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The who's-that-with-him-tonight? set comes in here to get out of the cold and get into the papers. Two small dance bands occupy a corner of one room.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Constance Bennett, whose figure hasn't changed since she was sweet sixteen, is jolliest when she's doing a hoedown with a couple of agile accomplices, but she can carol, too. This occupies the dinner and supper hour. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra function for dancing after eight.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lena Horne, who roams the Empire Room at dinner and supper as though it were her private African veldt, is a feast for not only the eyes but the ears, one of which should be devoted to that exultant voice of hers, the other to the exultant music that wells up behind it. On the stand, for the guidance of dancers, the dulcet band of Nat Brandwynne and the bumptious band of Mischa Borr preside the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by the trios of Jozsi Ribari and Bernie Leighton from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one. They're away Sundays, when Mr. Borr's dance band performs from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, from which every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): At one end of this long-established water hole, lions and lambs sit down side by side to quench their thirst; at the other end, George Rosner plays Continental piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **goldie's new york,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Where old friends meet, night after night, to listen to the news broadcasts and the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner, Goldie Hawkins, and the more sentimental études of Wayne Sanders. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Mondays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A small town in the State of Euphoria, where the music—Paul Schlesinger and Herman Honigsberg at, respectively, piano and violin—is the food of love as Chopin and Strauss prepared it. The feast goes on until one or two in the morning. Greta Keller, a constant reminder that there'll always be a Vienna, sings her last after-the-theatre ballad on Wednesday, Jan. 16. Closed Sundays. . . . **barberry room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this lofty hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks eloquently of amorous nights on the Spanish Main. He is mild from nine to eleven, fervent from eleven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **rsvp,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A minute conversation piece, in which the small talk of Brooks Morton and Carl Norman, who alternate at the piano, is available from early evening until dawn's early light. Lovey Powell, a dryad in basic black dress and basic black stole, puts herself and these props through a lively workout as she sings for her late, late supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jovial, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **café nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, a switch-hitter, ambles from Blue Danube to North River piano in the bar of a bland, leisurely dining room. He begins at cocktail time. Lights out at eleven every evening, and all night long on Sundays. . . . **le périgord café,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) regional Manhattan piano from dinner through supper. . . . **little bohemia,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings make the night as bright as day. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A nice little Hungarian rhapsody—schnitzel, *torte*, violin, zimbalon, wine, and song—takes place all evening long. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **viennese lantern,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard and by the hour, the best of which comes from the industrious six-man band when it takes a flying leap at an entire Lehár operetta. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has committed every good song of the century to memory, is at the piano after eight, in the matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **champagne gallery,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public playground, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): From this cave of the winds now issues something really worth hearing—the songs of a young man with true depth perception, Frank Sinatra, who knows all there is to know about life and yet remains very fond of it. Dancing, too, and showgirls, and *ad infinitum*.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

blue angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is) are living happily ever after in the back room, which they grace with their amiable horseplay every night but Monday. On hand every night of the week are T. C. Jones, whose parodies of illustrious ladies of the theatre are vivid enough to give them (and maybe you, too) bad dreams; Will Holt, a figure of fun with a patent process for removing solemnity from folk music; and Bea Arthur, to whom all life is a stage filled with mixed-up characters. These proceedings are underscored by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty cranks out quiet cocktail and dinner piano for the small fry in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, the Davis and Lyons families play catch-as-catch-can lacrosse. . . . **downstairs room,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, an entrepreneur who has launched a thousand faces, has assembled four of the brightest ones—June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews—in the best yet of his vest-pocket revues. The wise and often wonderful words are the work of such pillars of psychiatry as Ronny Graham; the music is the two-piano team of Gordon Connell and Stan Keen. The rites begin at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, that All-America plunging fullback, is wreaking glorious havoc on everything she sings; Abbey Lincoln, a newcomer to night life, is almost too young to be Cleopatra, but she has a cool, teasing voice that would have been a big help to the Serpent of the Nile. Clarence Williams' dance trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, is in action between shows. Closed Mondays. . . . **bon soir,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard, whose dream world is just across the way from madness, is calloohing and callaying again in her playpen, which is also occupied by the rowdy Tony and Eddie, parodists who have torn a few victims limb from limb; the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; Jimmie Daniels' Boulevardier chanteys; and the piano of Warren Vaughan. Closed Mondays. . . . **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The speaker of the evening is Irwin Corey, professor emeritus, who talks simultaneously on a vast number of subjects without touching upon any of them. Among the other members of a generally agreeable cast are Lola Fisher, a "My Fair Lady" underling, who can sing a very pretty song, and the team of Cindy and Lindy, which, though in its formative years, can often be funny. The emerald-laden jazz of the Norman Paris trio is, as always, a small show in itself. Miss Fisher, by the way, tunes out on Monday, Jan. 14. Closed Sundays. . . . **byline room,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): One of the merriest of the season's class reunions is being staged by Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, those postgraduate students of night life. Mr. Walter's brisk piano arabesques are available at dinner and supper; Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of arias that have something to say for themselves begins after ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton's pensive piano is on tap, too, from ten or so on. Closed Sundays. . . . **red carpet,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Any resemblance to a rest home is purely a coincidence. The mainspring is Bobby Short, California's official greeter of the dawn, whose songs-to-sit-up-to are given a fast ride by his piano and his trio. He's away Sundays, the nights that Sheila Barrett takes time by the forelock and reminisces about the days when Manhattan was one vast speakeasy. . . . **one fifth avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the barroom, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also spurts of singing and joking by obliging youngsters. Sundays, old-time movies are added; Mondays are amateur nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

eddie condon's, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon will begin a sabbatical on Saturday, Jan. 12. While these cats are away, some top-hole mice—Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Johnny Varro, Buzzy Drootin, and Arvell Shaw—will play. The prevailing winds will continue to be from the South. Teddy

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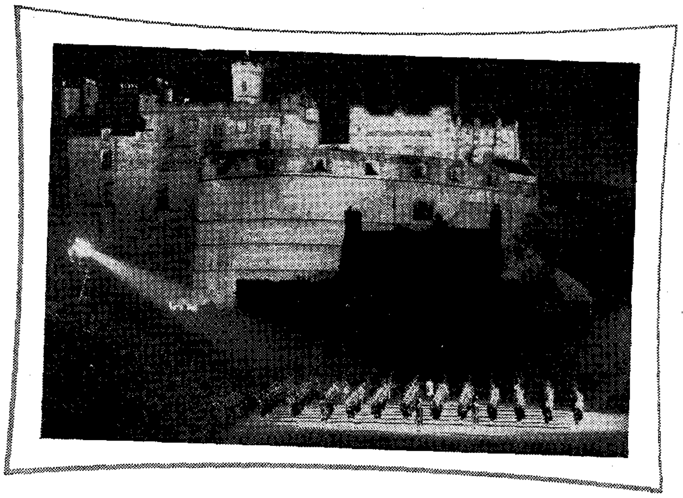

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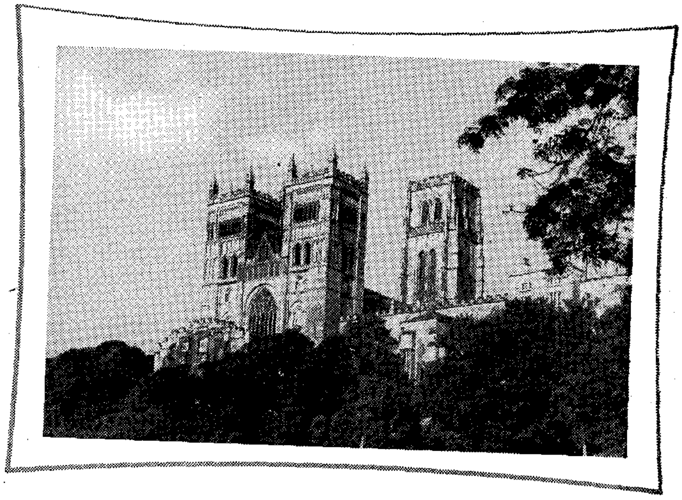

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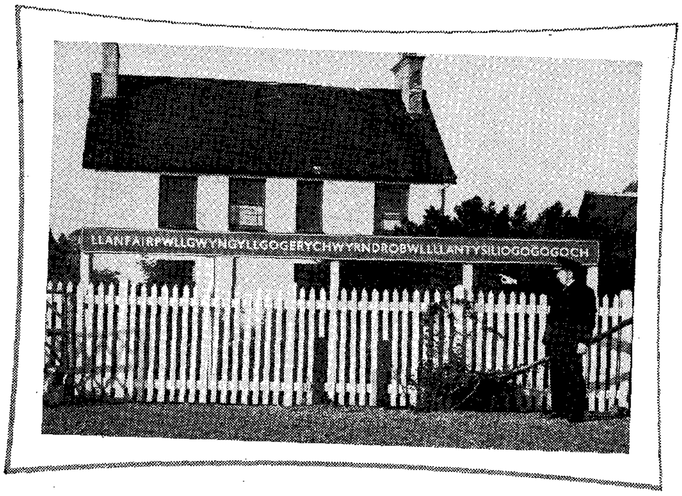

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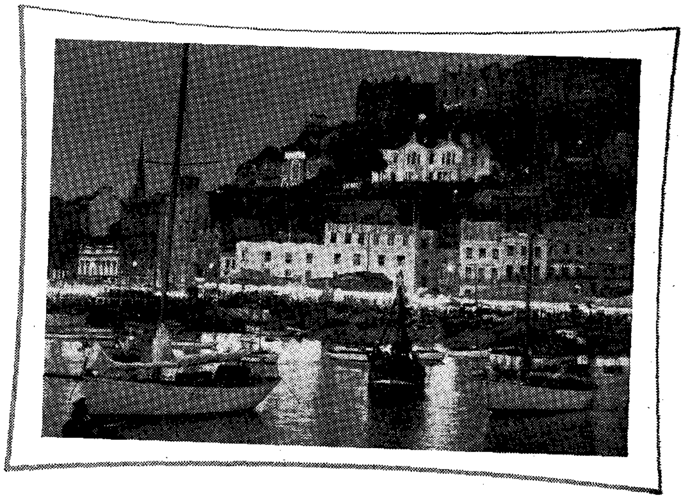

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Roy will be the interlude pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Above the table talk is audible the canoodling of the Jonah Jones quartet and the Russ Haddock trio, which don't take anything seriously. They start at nine. Sundays, when the regulars are off, the floor is held mainly by Jack Elliott and his vanguard trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Among those who will gather for the customary weekend musicale on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, will be Chet Baker's quintet and the Kai Winding septet, two groups of musicians who already consider 1957 a bit behind the times. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Shep Shepard, Benny Moten, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way all of 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Behind the bustling bar is a little Carnegie Hall, where up-to-the-minute chamber music wends its way o'er many a strange lea. Marian McPartland's trio and Don Elliott's quartet are in charge of this worthy expedition. The McPartlands are off Sundays, the Elliotts Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): The back room of this ornate bar-and-grill has become a first-rate piano playhouse. Jutta Hipp, the earnest little German schoolgirl, presides at the keyboard over her advanced trio; Eddie Heywood, the old pro, runs a middle-ground threesome from the same instrument. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Buddy De Franco's quintet, Charles Mingus's quartet, and the Mitchell-Ruff duo have just checked in to provide the sort of music that the modern element eats, sleeps, and drinks. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The hollow in the oval bar is filled, after ten, by the trio of Joe Castro, an articulate technician and a pianist who is still collecting his thoughts on the new music. From nine on, there is also Frannie Thorne, an Ivy Leaguer who shows great progress in his piano studies. Absolute silence Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Billy Maxted band, the Voice of the South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM,** 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The most recent conservatory of futurism is headed by the life-giving trio of Cy Coleman, a piano man of infinite variety. The interludes are filled in by Billy Taylor's puissant triad. The first note is struck at eight-thirty every evening. The Colemans are away on Sundays, the Taylors on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Music in the raw—part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part Shenanigan—comes in gale force from the back-bar runway, where, at one time or another, Buck Clayton, Gene Sedric, Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Campus life in its most extracurricular manifestation. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, the roster of old grads, all Dixie at heart, calls for the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Art Trappier, Willie the Lion Smith, Johnny Windhurst, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): A bit of the Henry Hudson Hotel is now devoted, evenings from nine to one, to a six-man seminar on music from south of the border (Mason-Dixon). The moderator is Bobby Hackett; some of the more advanced students are Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres. The trio of lady instrumentalists who spell these men on the podium sound like an "Hour of Charm" rehearsal. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DARREL AUSTIN—Twenty-nine pastels (figures, animals, and landscapes) done in 1956; through Feb. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GIFFORD BEAL—A big, inclusive, generally interesting memorial exhibition of paintings and other works by the American artist, who died last year; through Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MAX BECKMANN—Water colors and drawings by this leader of the German Expressionist school; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Fourteen recent canvases, plus some other works, all done with a somewhat lighter touch than heretofore; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALFEO FAGGI—Sculptures (religious bas-reliefs, chiefly) in bronze and plaster, as well as drawings of nudes; through Jan. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

CLEVE GRAY—American and European scenes, portraits, and religious subjects are depicted in twenty-seven oils turned out during the last ten years; through Jan. 26. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH GREENBERG—Expressionist oils (landscapes, cityscapes, portraits, and still-lifes); through Jan. 26. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JOSÉ GUERRERO—A second local one-man show, comprising fifteen abstract oils; through Jan. 26. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—The British sculptress is represented by seventeen wood and stone carvings, five bronzes, and a group of drawings in oil and pencil; through Jan. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—About sixteen 1956 oils by the seventy-six-year-old painter; through Jan. 26. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HELEN HOKINSON—Thirty-seven drawings, all of which appeared in this magazine at one time or another. For the most part in black-and-white, they range in date from 1925 until her death in November, 1949. Through Feb. 1. (Women's City Club, 277 Park Ave., at 48th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to noon and 2:30 to 6.)

GEOFFREY HOLDER—The latest paintings of the young Trinidadian artist, actor, and dancer; through Feb. 9. (Barone, 202 E. 51st St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—Twenty-eight of the German abstract painter's gouaches and water colors; through Feb. 2. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—The first thirty tempera panels in a projected series of sixty on "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—"Major Themes," an exhibit of oils painted by the French abstractionist from the year 1909 until his death in 1955; through Feb. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROY F. LICHTENSTEIN—American Indian scenes predominate in the oils, gouaches, and drawings in his fifth one-man exhibition; through Jan. 26. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

SUE MITCHELL—Landscapes, mostly, done in a broadly Impressionist, luminously colorful style; through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—"The Forest" has served as the theme of her most recent sculptures in wood; through Jan. 23. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Marines, still-lifes, landscapes, figures, and Biblical paintings from his late years (1942-54); through Feb. 2. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Lithographs, the earliest ones done in 1921 and the latest in 1956; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Water colors, the majority painted last summer and dealing with Harlem figures, interiors, and street scenes; through Jan. 26. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ZOLTAN SEPESHY—Paintings in oil and in gouache and tempera, by the head of the department of painting at Cranbrook Academy, in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

MAX WEBER—Twenty-two large gouaches (figure studies, portraits, and so on) make up the artist's first show of new paintings in five years; through Feb. 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

SCULPTURES—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Robert Laurent, Jane Wasey, George Rickey, and other present-day artists are showing work in wood, metal, and stone; through Jan. 26. . . . **WILLARD,** 23 W. 56th St.: A group of about forty pieces, half of them ranging from 700 B.C. Egyptian to Early American, and the rest by such contemporary Americans and Europeans as Henry Moore, Marino Marini, and Dorothy Dehner; through Jan. 26.

PRINTS—Approximately forty examples by fourteenth- to twentieth-century masters, including Rembrandt, Goya, and Braque; through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Twenty-six artists currently working on 10th Street (including Giorgio Cavallon, Philip Guston, and Angelo Ippolito) are represented in an exhibit of twenty-six paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Jan. 18. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils and water colors by American, French, and German painters, including Schmidt-Rottluff, Kokoschka, Soulages, and Vytlacil; through Jan. 24. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: A large group of artists (Marin, Pissarro, and Mary Callery, for instance) have sculptures, drawings, and water colors on view; through Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . **MELTZER,** 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of this gallery; through Feb. 18.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **CRESPI,** 232 E. 58th St.: Edith Kramer; starting Monday, Jan. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Picasso sculptures; starting Tuesday, Jan. 15. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Paul Strisik; starting Tuesday, Jan. 15. . . . **HEWITT,** 29 E. 65th St.: Colleen Browning; starting Monday, Jan. 14. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Balthus; starting Tuesday, Jan. 15. . . . **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Jason Berger; starting Monday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: Audubon Artists; starting Thursday, Jan. 17. (Daily, 1 to 6.) **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: A collection on loan from, and for the benefit of, the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Minneapolis Institute of Arts; starting Tuesday, Jan. 15. **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.; starting Monday, Jan. 14. (Opening day, 8 P.M. to 10 P.M., and daily thereafter, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot-long panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than fifty European paintings and sculptures, including works by Brancusi, Nolde, Bacon, Soutine, and others; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Balthus, a French artist of Polish descent; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ A showing of oils, water colors, and drawings by Jackson Pollock (1912-56); through Feb. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of a hundred and thirty objects of early-Egyptian art (wood sculpture, stone relief, faience, silver, and bronze) acquired by the Museum during the past five years; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Two medieval illuminated manuscripts, one a tiny Book of Hours once owned by Jeanne d'Evreux, Queen of France, and the other a larger prayer book that belonged to Jean, Duke of Berry, Prince of France, on display for the first time; through Feb. 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Works in various mediums by twenty-five Puerto Rican artists; through Jan. 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings (1815-65) from the M. and M. Karolik collection, most of them lent by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; through Feb. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giuseppe Campora, Walter Cassel, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Paul Franke. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, and George London. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Ernani," with Zinka Milanov, Mario Del Monaco, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Daniele Barioni, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, George London, and Jon Crain. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Blanche Thebom, Mariquita Moll, Hermann Uhde, and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Kurt Baum, and Frank Guarrera.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

grams on Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 11, at 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30 (all with Vera Zorina, narrator; Richard Robinson, tenor; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 18, at 2:30 (both with Isaac Stern, violin). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Richard Burgin conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30, with Ruth Posselt, violin, and Nancy Carr, soprano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30, with Nancy Carr, soprano.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Alexander Brailowsky, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

American Concert Choir and Orchestra—Margaret Hillis directing. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Festival Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Natalie Ryshna—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Budapest String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The third in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:40.)

Bernardo Segáll—Piano, in the second of a series of three sonata and trio recitals, this one with Aldo Parisot, cello, and Carlton Sprague-Smith, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8:40.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Yi-kwei Sze—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Knickerbocker Chamber Players—George Koutzen, cello, and others. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Louis Shub—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Zoltan Teszleri—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Katherine Bacon—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.)

Kroll Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

The Wayfarers—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:40.)

Note—Fernando Valenti will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 15, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Calypso Program—The Virgin Islands Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:40 and midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Bob Baker vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lexington Ave. at 49th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, from 10 to 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

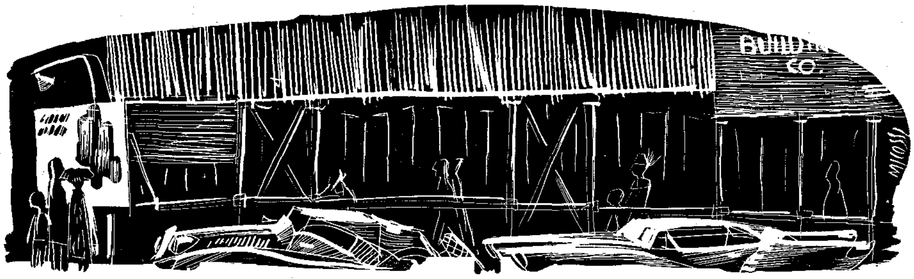
Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Tennis—Matches to be played by both amateurs and professionals, including Billy Talbert, Victor Seixas, Dick Savitt, Budge Patty, and Don Budge. The proceeds will go to a fund being raised for Art Larsen, the former national champion, who was severely injured in a motor accident. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:15. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., and the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **philharmonic-symphony**: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Lorin Hollander, twelve-year-old pianist, and Doris Allen, sixteen-year-old violinist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 11.) . . . **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting a program including Léo Delibes's ballet "Coppélia," with students of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Variety Show—"Puss in Boots," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a ballerina and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 3.)



Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1956 and previews astronomical events for 1957. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

President Eisenhower—He will deliver his State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress on Thursday, Jan. 10, starting at 12:30. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

United Nations—With the world in such a state of upheaval, it's hard to say just what topic will be engaging the organization's attention at any given moment. However, meetings of one kind or another are held almost daily and a limited number of tickets to them are available, but only to visitors who apply in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. It is very likely that some of the more important sessions will be covered by television; the best advice on that score is to consult the daily papers. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

Poetry and Drama Readings—At the **Kaufmann Concert Hall,** Y.M.H.A.: E. E. Cummings reading from his own works, Sunday, Jan. 13....¶ Mary McCarthy presenting a program called "The American Realist Playwrights," Thursday, Jan. 17. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)... **Mc Millin Theatre:** Archibald MacLeish reading from his own poetry. (Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

American Literature—The changes in American literature since 1917 are illustrated in a display of novels, poems, and plays that have won the Pulitzer Prize during the last forty years; through Feb. 3. (The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6:30; Saturdays, 10 to 4; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Winter Antiques Show—Mostly American, French, and English furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than a hundred dealers, plus several complete room settings, including an eighteenth-century New England living room; a Louis XV Provincial drawing room; and an Oriental curio shop. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Jan. 12, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Jan. 14, from 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 1:45: French, Italian, and other furniture; Gothic and Renaissance bronzes; paintings, drawings, and sculptures; Oriental, Aubusson, and other carpets; sixteenth- and seventeenth-century tapestries; and decorations. From the estate of Charles and Annie Wimpfheimer and from other sources....¶ Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 1:45; Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 1:45 and 8; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 17-19, at 1:45: Part I of the Mrs. John E. Rovensky collection—English and French furniture, including Elizabethan, Jacobean, Carolean, and eighteenth-century pieces; paintings by Boucher, Watteau, Lawrence, and other artists; tapestries; silver; English table porcelains; Oriental rugs and a Louis XIV Savonnerie carpet; and objects of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 12.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variations on a long Cook's tour. Derived by S. J. Perelman from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if, perhaps, a bit too protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Elia Kazan's interpretation of this work by Tennessee Williams is highly diverting, and the actors, led by Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Karl Malden, are consistently effective. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540).

The Great Man—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry as set forth in a film written by Al Morgan and José Ferrer. Mr. Ferrer also directed the picture and, for good measure, serves as its leading character—a commentator probing into the background of a deceased television luminary. The cast, which is fine, includes Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—As good a color film as we're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh, well played by Kirk Douglas, and the careers of the Dutch Master and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Magnificent Seven—An extended but galvanic Japanese chronicle of how some villagers of the sixteenth century, through the good offices of a handful of itinerant samurai, kept a mob of bandits from destroying their community. A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Oklahoma!—An overblown wide-screen version of the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein folk opera, in which Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, and Eddie Albert disport themselves upon the prairie with only sporadically satisfactory results. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 14, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 15, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 13-15.)

Private's Progress—This really first-class British comedy finally proves that there's a lot of humor to be found in the military life. The hero is Ian Carmichael, who plays a scholarly and bemused private; he is assisted skillfully by Richard Attenborough and Dennis Price. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Jan. 10, tentative.... ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 15.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a pleasant film about a girl who thinks she is homely and a confidence man who persuades her that she isn't. Adapted by N. Richard Nash from his play of the same name, the film includes Wendell Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, and Cameron Prud'homme in its cast. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

NOW PLAYING

The Solid Gold Cadillac—A first-rate adaptation of the Kaufman-Teichmann comedy about the financial adventures of a flighty lady who winds up directing the destinies of a corporation about the size of the du Pont empire. Judy Holliday is hilarious as the lady, and Paul Douglas is a big help as a mighty man of business. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Jan. 16.)

La Strada—A strange Italian film dealing with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of interesting passages, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical version look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Many hands and many heads have combined to translate the Tolstoy book into a long, long film, with some stunning snow scenes, Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, and the Grand Armies of France and Russia. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Jan. 12.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Jan. 14, tentative.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 13-15.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 13, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 16, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—A simple, appealing little British picture that builds up some amusing episodes in the course of a tale about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and comes to be the damnedest hammer thrower ever seen on earth. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are attractive as a covey of Scots, and the scenery in the background is beautiful to behold. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Bread, Love and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Jan. 12.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working girls' home. In French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 11.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 12, tentative.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 12, tentative.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Jan. 11, tentative.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Jan. 11, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 12: "The Youth of Maxim" (1935), a Russian film.... ¶ Jan. 13-16: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE RAINMAKER.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Jan. 10: "Bundle of Joy," Eddie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds.
From Jan. 11: "Written on the Wind," Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Zarak," Victor Mature, Anita Ekberg.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The King and Four Queens," Clark Gable, Eleanor Parker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Teahouse of the August Moon," Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Wrong Man," Henry Fonda, Vera Miles.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Anastasia," Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, Helen Hayes.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 15: "Hollywood or Bust," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From Jan. 16: "Slander," Van Johnson, Ann Blyth.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BABY DOLL.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry, and "The Bed" (in French and English), revival, Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.

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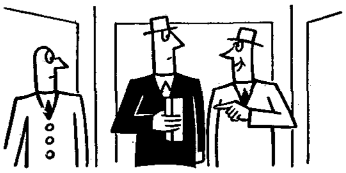
NEW YORK • PARIS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

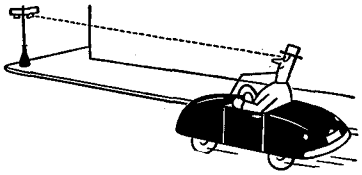
TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is rushing into production a movie that has no script yet but has a title—"The Mad Bomber of New York City." By now, we suppose, every New Yorker worth his salt has his own bomb, or bomb-hoax, story, and Fox is welcome to ours, if it can just come up with a suitably dramatic ending. Our scenario centers on a pepper mill, from Lord & Taylor, that our wife got for Christmas. She admired it enormously, but nobody in the household could figure out how to get the top off and put the pepper in. A pepper mill without pepper is a kind of cruel hoax itself, so our wife asked us to take the gift, still in its box, back to Lord & Taylor, for instructions. Now the script gets involved. In addition to our pepper-mill errand, we had some research to do, and since the Public Library is exactly halfway between our office and Lord & Taylor, we thought we'd stop off there en route to the store. In the elevator, a colleague asked where we were bound, and when we told him we were heading for the Library, he looked at our parcel and said roguishly, "Don't forget to leave your bomb in the checkroom." Darned if our package wasn't just the right size to harbor one of those three-and-a-half-inchers the *Journal-American* has been warning everybody against. Unnerved, we took the next elevator upstairs. Here we sit—Library unvisited, research undone, pepper mill empty. We're naturally afraid to lug the thing around again, and sooner or later a cleaning woman is going to spot it and call a cop, who will drop it in oil, to be on the safe side, and how will our wife feel about that? As we say, not much of an ending, but then one of the greatest crime stories ever filmed, "The Bicycle Thief," didn't have much of an ending, either.



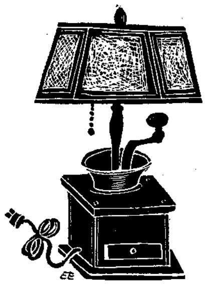
Black on Yellow

THE street signs of this city—white letters and numerals on a blue background, with the name of the intersecting street set in a small oval above the name of the street itself—have remained unaltered for sixty-four years. In a city where vast buildings of steel and stone, fully rented and in perfect repair, are pulled down as obsolete after a scant twenty years, perhaps only objects as small as street signs could have survived unchanged for so long; now at last they, too, are giving way to the march of progress. New street signs, bearing black letters and numerals on a yellow background and with the name of the intersecting street set in a biggish rectangle *below* the name of the street itself, have already been installed up and down Third Avenue, are now being installed on Fifth Avenue, and will shortly appear on Broadway. Within five years, the entire Borough of Manhattan, from the Battery to 220th Street, will be so re-signed, and it's possible that the other boroughs will have chosen to follow suit. Ordinarily, we're skeptical of change, but the new street signs are said to assure an improvement in the movement of traffic and increased safety for pedestrians and motorists alike, so we can't help being in favor of them.

The man who designed the signs and secured their adoption is Louis A. Cioffi, Manhattan Commissioner of Borough Works, whom we've been to see. A short, black-haired, youthful-looking forty-year-old, Mr. Cioffi is understandably proud of his handiwork. "The new signs can be seen three times as far away as the old ones," he told us. "By day, they can be read at a distance of over three hundred feet, which amounts to better than a block, and at night they can be read at a distance of two hundred and fifty feet. The new letters are six inches high, compared to four and a half inches for the old, and their width is an inch, compared to half an inch. That's on the usual sign; in the case of Printing House Square and other long names around town, we've had to squeeze things a bit. Big as our new letters are, the sign itself is no longer and is only an inch higher. We accomplished this by redesigning the frame and bracket of the sign in a way that gains space and is no less strong. Why did we move the intersecting-street sign from the top to the bottom? Because it made no sense for the smallest letters on the sign to be at the greatest distance from the eye. Furthermore, by enlarging the intersecting-street sign and making it a rectangle instead of an oval, we were able to use letters three and a half inches high, instead of one and a half inches high. The new signs cost a third less than the old ones did, and we're paying for them out of funds that are regularly allotted to us for the repair and replacement of signs that have become illegible. This is one operation in which *every*body gains."



Who had inspired the operation? Cioffi again. "When I took office, two and a half years ago, right off the bat I started worrying about street signs," he said. "Borough President Jack thought about them, too, and told me that we ought to have more readable ones. He said to go ahead and design some, so I did. Then I had a sign company make up a batch of signs in various combinations of colors—yellow on black, black on yellow, orange on blue, blue on orange, red on white, and the like. A totem pole of different-colored signs was set up in my office, and we ran tests of the combinations with the help of sign experts and traffic engineers. The vote in favor of black on yellow was practically unanimous. Ironically enough, the worst sign from the point of view of readability turned out to be white on blue. I think the reason it was picked back in the nineties was that in those days white and that particular blue were the only colors that wouldn't fade. We also experimented with luminescent letters and raised letters, but since the signs are eleven feet up, and therefore out of range of automobile headlights, the luminescence wouldn't be of much use; as for raised letters, they'd catch snow and sleet in winter and often be less readable than flat ones. We decided to make the signs of porcelain, the same as before, because it has a self-washing and long-lasting surface.”



The Commissioner got to his feet and treated himself and us to big cigars. “The primary purpose of the new signs is to make it easier for drivers to see them,” he said. “No more jamming on brakes or swinging around corners at the very last moment. The signs have what we call target value. They hit you in the eye ahead of the other signs that clutter up so many of our lampposts. They're also handsome. Anyhow, we think they are, and so does the Art Commission, which had to O.K. them. The Commission says it wishes the whole city had signs like ours. Right now, it's strictly a Manhattan affair. Like me.” A great puff of blue smoke enveloped the Commissioner's face, and out of the smoke his voice said, “I've lived in the same apartment house in Manhattan since I was a baby, and I wouldn't live anywhere else. It's home, and you know what home is? It's where when I want to get angry I get angry, and when I want to smile I smile.”

•

OVERHEARD in a midtown bookstore: “It isn't authentic, of course, but it was worth reading just for the information in it.”

Elders and Betters

WE'VE been talking with a pleasant young man named Robert W. C. Brown, who graduated from the Yale Law School in the class of 1953 and might have headed straight for one of those big law firms downtown. Instead, thanks to grants from a couple of foundations, he headed straight for East Africa, to study native jurisprudence there. As far as he knows, he's the only American with legal training who has ever examined the legal procedures of so-called primitive societies. He returned to this country recently and has settled down in Hempstead to rough out a book on his discoveries. Brown and his wife, Lenni, a painter, conscientiously visited each of the three areas into which East Africa is divided: Uganda, a British protectorate; Kenya, a British crown colony and protectorate; and Tanganyika, a United Nations trusteeship administered by the British. All three have “European” courts, which operate under British law and are used for cases that involve whites; Brown devoted himself primarily to the workings of the native courts.

The Browns' longest stay was among the Wabondei, a valley people living southeast of the Pare Mountains, in Tanganyika. “We spent eight months with them,” Mr. Brown told us. “In the end, we could speak the language well enough to carry on an ordinary barroom conversation. Matter of fact, they had only one barroom there—Dirty George's.” Other tribes that the Browns spent considerable time with were the Wachagga, the Mugandas, the Waziguas, the Wamerus, and the Embus—names that never crossed Brown's lips in his New Haven days.

We asked about the differences between American law and East African law. For one thing, Mr. Brown said, there are no lawyers operating in tribal courts in East Africa. Plaintiffs and defendants are their own advocates, though they don't “argue” a case in our sense of the word; rather, they carry on a long and noisy general discussion of the rights and wrongs of the issue at stake. For another thing, there are no judges. Instead, there's a sort of floating jury, which consists of from three to ten or more elders of the tribe. These elders are men, are at least forty-five years old, are very frequently grandfathers, and are, Brown believes, astonishingly incorruptible. Traditionally, their verdicts are unanimous. “Every last one of them must be convinced, no matter how much talking it takes,” he said. “They carry on their deliberations within the hearing of the defendant, the plaintiff, and the spectators. A free-for-all.”

In this country, a judge who knew a defendant well would automatically disqualify himself from sitting in a case involving him. In East Africa, the reverse is true; the elder who knows the defendant best is the one whose judgment is most respected. Mr. Brown was impressed by the weight that the elders give to a man's character. His conduct toward his wife, the quality of his wedding presents, his record of bartering diseased cattle or stealing from white employers—all these are important factors in determining his innocence or guilt. Brown was also impressed by the fact that the native law depends, as ours does, on precedent. Normally, the elders feel bound to follow previous judgments. Since the tribes are illiterate, the elders' memories have to be formidable. “I doubt if an American judge could keep in his head the hundreds upon hundreds of past judgments that those elders keep in theirs,” he said. “Think of an entire body of law having to be passed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next!”

By tradition, there are no courtrooms in East Africa; a bit of beaten ground under a tree suffices. The average case takes four or five hours to try. “A man tells a story to the elders,” Brown said. “That becomes the theme. Everything after that is variations on the theme. Nobody's in a hurry, so the more variations the better. Eventually, when everyone's talked out, the situation clarifies itself and the elders render judgment.” In the old days, crimes were punishable in fearful ways—for example, the hands of a cattle thief would be chopped off—but the British introduced the Western system of fines and jail sentences. “That was a bigger change than you might think,” Brown said. “In the beginning, jail proved almost no deterrent whatsoever. The guilty parties were delighted to be provided with three square meals a day and a roof over their heads. Now, however, it's as big a disgrace to go to jail in East Africa as it is in New York.”

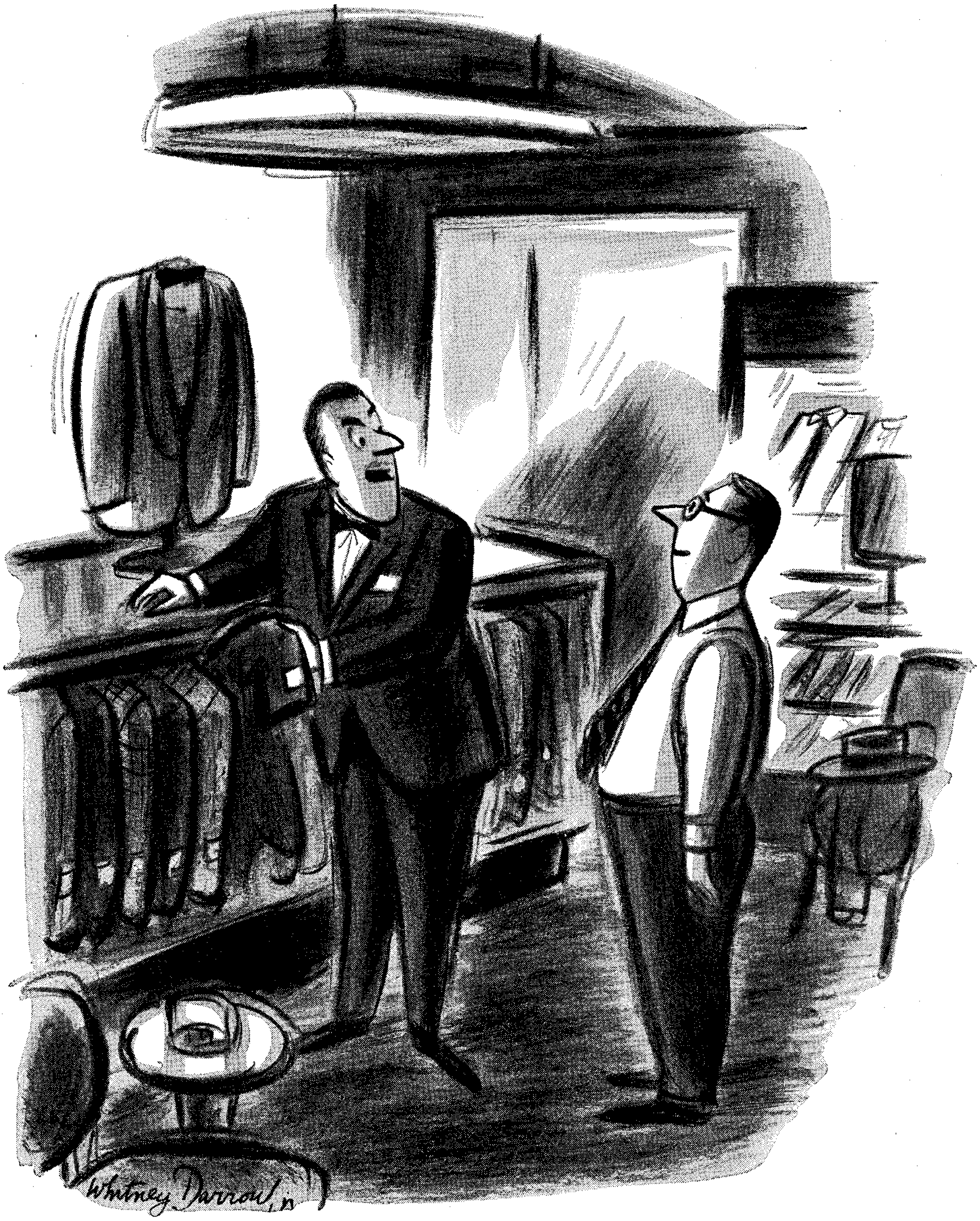
Impersonal Loans

A MAN we know who lives on East Seventy-eighth Street reports that when he left his house the other morning his mailman handed him a crimson folder from the Personal Loan Department of the Manufacturers Trust Company, which asked if he needed three hundred, five hundred, or twenty-five hundred dollars, or more, and suggested that he get in touch. Our man was on his toes that morning and followed the mailman for a few blocks. Sure enough, he left a folder at 1 East Seventy-eighth Street, home of Doris Duke.

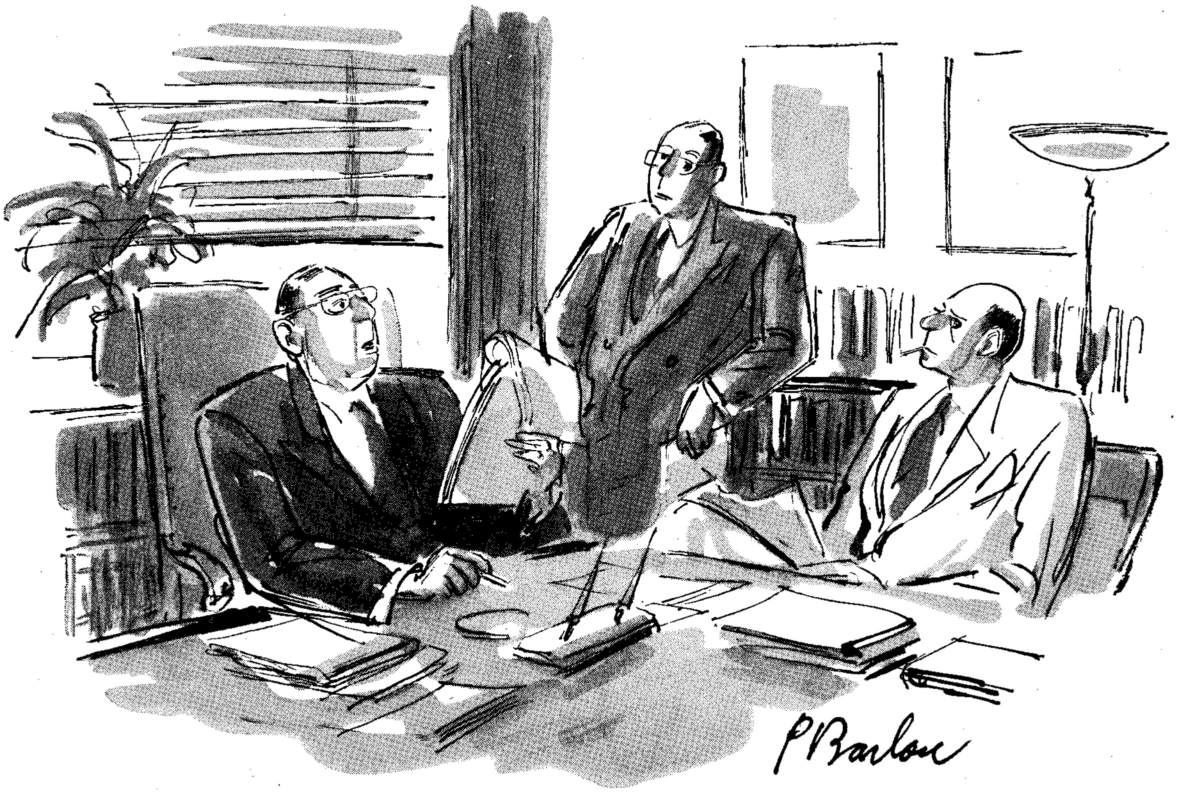
Sex Appeal

TEN years ago, you could inspect and order a private plane at Macy's, and President Truman was carrying around in his wallet a transcript of some lines from "Locksley Hall" that included Tennyson's celebrated prediction of man's conquest of the air: "Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales." If anyone had asked us in those visionary days, we would have freely predicted that by 1957 the air around the city would be well dotted, if not actually jammed, with helicopters, the flying machines clearly most suitable for use in a crowded metropolitan area. Well, here it is 1957, and helicopters don't seem to have proliferated nearly as fast as we, and a lot of other people, thought they would. Still, Manhattan did recently acquire a helicopter airport (its first), so the other day we went over to it and were shown around by two representatives of its chief—and so far, in fact, its almost exclusive—user, New York Airways, Inc. They were Robert L. Cummings, Jr., the corporation's president and an executive type, and John Gallagher, its operations manager and a helicopter-flying type, and between them they told us practically everything about the helicopter situation that anybody could wish to know.

First, the airport. It is officially called a heliport. In the pioneer discussions between British and American aviation authorities concerning the proper name for such a facility, the British wanted "rotor station," but the Americans held out for "heliport," and they won; heliports we shall have, in both the United States and Britain. Manhattan's first heliport is at West Thirtieth Street and the Hudson River; it was built by the Port Authority, with advice from New York Airways, the city's only helicopter airline; it was dedicated on September 26th; and it cost three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The heliport consists of a small one-story building containing radio equipment, a ticket counter, and other accoutrements of conventional airports, and a U-shaped landing-and-parking area that stretches along four hundred feet of waterfront, with the two legs of the U, supported by steel pilings, jutting out some forty feet beyond the shoreline. At the center of each leg there is a painted yellow circle, forty feet in diameter, with a triangle inside it and, inside that, the letter "H." Eventually, the landing section of the area will be extended five hundred feet from the shoreline, and other heliports will be built—on the East Side, in the Wall Street area, and perhaps in Brooklyn. The present one is open for public use, at a fee, and at the time of our visit the members of the public—as opposed to New York Airways—who had used it were Arthur Godfrey and the New York Trap Rock Corporation. As for New York Airways, it has been running scheduled helicopter flights between the three city airports, as well as side excursions to such outlying points as Stamford and Trenton, since 1953, and it has been flying mail from the airports to West Thirtieth Street since dedication day. It began flying passengers between West Thirtieth Street and the airports on December 5th. The fares are five dollars to LaGuardia, six to Newark, and seven to Idlewild, plus tax; the transit times are eleven, twelve, and twenty minutes, respectively; and the



"Let me see, now. Are you on your way up or have you arrived?"



"The trash they're writing these days isn't what it used to be."

flights are made whenever the ceiling is at least five hundred feet. That's high enough to allow you to glide from any point on the trip either to open ground or to water, in case of emergency. Helicopters float.

Now you know all about that, so we'll brief you on the general helicopter situation, as summarized for us by Mr. Gallagher, who has been piloting the machines since 1944. The comparative slowness in civilian development has been caused largely by the demand for military helicopters. Regular helicopter commuting from outlying towns doesn't seem to be an immediate prospect. With present equipment, helicopter travel costs up to fifty-three cents per seat-mile, which means that the monthly bill for a fifty-mile commute could run to well over a thousand dollars. And the obstacles to private helicopter flying are technical as well as economic. According to Gallagher, the contraptions are much harder to fly than fixed-wing planes, chiefly because they have no inherent stability; that is, if you let go of the controls, they don't glide, they plummet. The pilot of a fixed-wing plane needs about seventy-five hours' additional instruction before he is master of a helicopter. Anybody still want one? They start at around thirty-five thousand dollars, plus extras.

As we were preparing to leave the heliport, a large blue-and-white helicopter dropped down accurately onto one of the "H"s and disgorged a bale, presumably a costly one. "Mail delivery," remarked Mr. Cummings. Grasping our arm, he pointed to a screen of corrugated metal, some two feet high, mounted on the riverside railing of the West Side Highway and running the length of the heliport. "That's to keep motorists from being distracted by our operations and cracking up," he explained proudly. "The helicopter business has sex appeal."

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AUSTRALIAN INTELLIGENCE: A sign in the lounge of the Railway Hotel in Cunnamulla, Queensland, reads, "Gentlemen Are Requested to Wear Shirts in This Lounge."

Echoes

IT'S reunion time for summer camps, when the boys and girls who spent the happy summer days swimming, hiking, frog potching, and making leather belts get together to renew old acquaintance, meet with good old Uncle Bill and good old Aunt Jane, and hear a rousing talk from the director. Well, sir, there were four such reunions taking place simultaneously the other Sunday afternoon at the Statler Hotel—Camp Echo in the Grand Ballroom, Camp Exton in the Keystone Room, Camp Cayuga in the Penn Top Room, and Camp Orinsekwa-Sonnikwa in the Skytop Room. The lobby of the Statler when we looked in was a churning mass of shrill juveniles, pounding each other on the back and uttering yips and squeals ("Hi, Stu!" "Hi, Bugsie!"), and a churning mass of parents, most of whom appeared downright scared. We were suddenly pushed from behind into an elevator and whisked to the Grand Ballroom floor (Camp Echo), and decided then and there that Camp Echo's reunion was the reunion we would attend.

"Hi, Uncle Gabe!" boys and girls were shouting at a crisp-looking middle-aged man who was standing in a reception room just off the ballroom. We went over and introduced ourself to Uncle Gabe, who turned out to be Mr. Gabriel Fisher, the director and owner of Echo. "Camp Echo is in Burlingham, New York," said Uncle Gabe. "I want you to meet Aunt Laura, my wife."

We met Aunt Laura.

"We will have movies and slides, ice cream and skits, and door prizes," Aunt Laura told us.

"I will go into that small room over there, which is known as the East Room," said Uncle Gabe, "and meet with the parents and tell them how much finer a place we want to make—*will* make—Camp Echo in 1957." We glanced into the East Room and caught sight of a placard that read, "1957 enrollments accepted here."

"Get your souvenirs here! Get your souvenirs here!" cried Uncle Something-or-Other. He was seated at a desk in the reception room. The boys and girls swarmed about the desk.

"And to you, Mopey," said Uncle Something-or-Other to a small boy, "I now hand a key chain with a real flashlight attached. That's for putting keys into doors."

"I don't have any keys," said Mopey.

"Same old Mopey," said Uncle Something-or-Other.

"Into the ballroom, everybody!" cried Uncle Gabe, and we were pushed from behind into the ballroom, where we took a seat near the rear, alongside a projector standing in the center aisle. Uncle Gabe mounted the platform. "Attention, please!" he said. Pause. "Are we ready, folks?" said Uncle Gabe. "*Please!*" Pause. "Well," continued Uncle Gabe when absolute bedlam had been reduced to bedlam, "Aunt Laura and I want to express our heartfelt thanks to each and every one of you. I will meet later in the East Room with parents, to discuss various problems. Quiet, *please!* I have been thirty-one years in the camp business, and I want you to know that Echo was good last year but I want it finer next year. And now may I introduce Aunt Barbara!"

Aunt Barbara, a handsome young woman, mounted the platform. "We all belong together in a family," said Aunt Barbara. "Nineteen-fifty-seven is going to be *great!*" Applause.

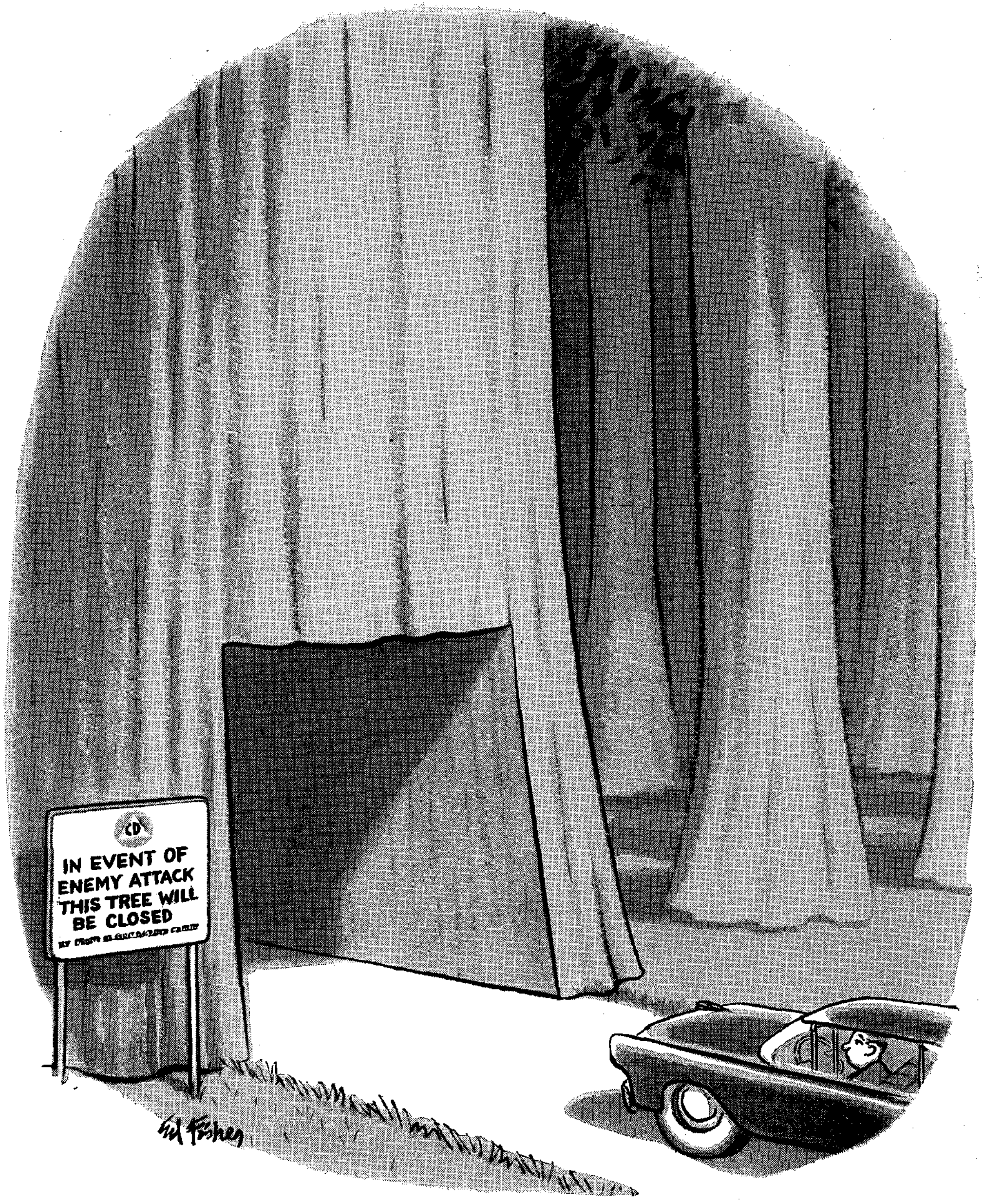
"Thank you, Aunt Barbara," said Uncle Gabe. "And now to discuss the improvements! Quiet, *please!* The entire girls' camp has been gone over with a fine-tooth comb. There will be sixteen more sinks and sixteen more showers, two softball diamonds, a fabulous touch-football field, marvellous field-hockey facilities, and more accommodations in Olympic Hall. I would like to give you a peep at the Camp Echo of 1959, as I envision it. I am looking far ahead. There will be six more tennis courts, a new softball diamond, and two Olympic pools, one for the boys and one for the girls, if the Lord spares me. You may ask why I am waiting until 1959 for these envisioned improvements. Well, friends, the new social hall cost me twice as much as expected. We will get on with the slides, and then the movies. Parents, please, to the East Room! *Please!* In the East Room! Campers stay seated."

Most of the parents dutifully retired to the East Room, to meet with Uncle Gabe. The first slide was upside down. This was quickly righted. It was a picture of trees. We saw, in rapid succession, the entrance to Camp Echo, the lake, the boat dock, and the bridge that connects the boys' camp and the girls' camp. "The bridge," a councillor who was manipulating the slides called out, "is perhaps the most symbolic feature of Camp Echo. We all know the bridge, and love it."

We quietly slipped away, thinking of all the bridges of our youth.

Wordsmith in Turkey

A TEACHER of English in the American College for Girls at Istanbul has forwarded us a kind of Surrealist composition submitted to her by a member of one of her classes. The composition, which we dearly admire, was designed to demonstrate the usage of the words that are italicized. "Who Was Robert?" our essayist begins, and goes on to say, "Robert *implied* a good chair which was very comfortable. He *applied* it to his friends. Everybody liked it, so Robert's eyes were full of *prosperity*. He was not a rich boy. He lived a *modest* life. His father died. His mother hadn't any *brilliant* or diamond but she was happy because her son was *agile*, careful and not lazy but while Robert was eating he always *blurred* his clothes. His mother said to him, 'You are a dirty boy.' Perhaps he was a dirty boy, but he was a good worker. There was deep water in their garden and the donkey *whirled* it. One day when it was whirling suddenly it *vanished*. Robert looked for it every place but didn't find it. Not long after he saw that it fall into the water. It *subsided* to the water, the water was not *superficial* so the donkey was death in the water. Robert liked to make *sophistications* when he was speaking. He went to the *society* which looked after the animals and told them the real story of poor donkey and of course made many sophistications like when he implied a comfortable chair. Now I think Robert died but his childrens or their childrens always remembered him when they sat on Robert's chair and said, 'He was a good man, he liked to make sophistications, he always blurred his clothes but he was agile and could run very quickly.' Although he was not a poet, he wrote poems. He wrote *duplicates* of his poems because he thought perhaps one of them was vanished. He always wanted to leave good things to his children. Although his children didn't see him they liked him. He was a good person I think so."


CD
IN EVENT OF ENEMY ATTACK THIS TREE WILL BE CLOSED
Ed Fisher

THE AMERICAN MAN: WHAT OF HIM?

(An Editorial Left Out of "Life's" Special 35¢ Issue: "The American Woman")

EVER since the history-dimmed day when Christopher Columbus, a Genoese male, turned his three ships (Niña, Pinta, Santa María) toward the United States, men have also played a significant part in the development of our nation. Lord Baltimore, who founded the colony of Maryland for Roman Catholics driven by political persecution from Europe's centuries-old shores, was a man. So was Wyatt Earp, who brought Anglo-Saxon common law into a vast area then in the grip of a *potpourri* of retributive justice, "vigilantism," and the ancient Code Napoléon. Calvin Coolidge, the thirtieth Chief Executive, was male. The list could be extended indefinitely.

Things were not always easy for the American Man. He came here in his water-weathered ships and did not find broad thruways, "cloud-capped towers," and a ready-made Free Way of Life. No, what he found confronting him in this fabled New Land was, principally, trees. Virgin, deciduous, hundreds of feet taller than he, the trees of the Colonization left their scars on his mental makeup in the form of the high rates of alcoholism, suicide, and divorce that distinguish him from the men of Continental Europe or Australasia. While his brethren of the Old World were dandling perfumed coquettes on their silk-garbed knees, he was forging inward, across the Appalachians to the Great Prairie, where his woods-tested faith, tempered in the forge of Valley Forge and honed on the heights of Montcalm's Quebec, took on a new austerity and became Evangelical Methodism. The chevaliers of France didn't give him pause, nor the wetbacks of Mexico. But he did not emerge on the spray-moistened cliffs of California the same man who sailed from Southampton, Brussels, or Rügen. As Robert Frost says, in his quietly affirmative lines:

> The land was ours before we were the land's. . . .
> Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
> Possessed by what we now no more possessed.

What is it that distinguishes the American Man from his counterparts in other climes; what *is* it that makes him so special? He is religious. He is quietly affirmative. He is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. He carries his burdens lightly, his blessings responsibly. Unlike the Oriental mandarin, he shaves his upper lip. Nor does he let his fingernails grow. Unlike the men of England, he does not wear gloves. Generally, he is taller than the men of nations (e.g., Nepal, Switzerland) where the average height is, compared to ours, laughable. All over the world, coolies and fakirs are picking themselves up out of the age-old mire and asking, "How can we become like Yanqui men?" Our State Department, cleansed of intellectual southpaws, works night and day on the answer.

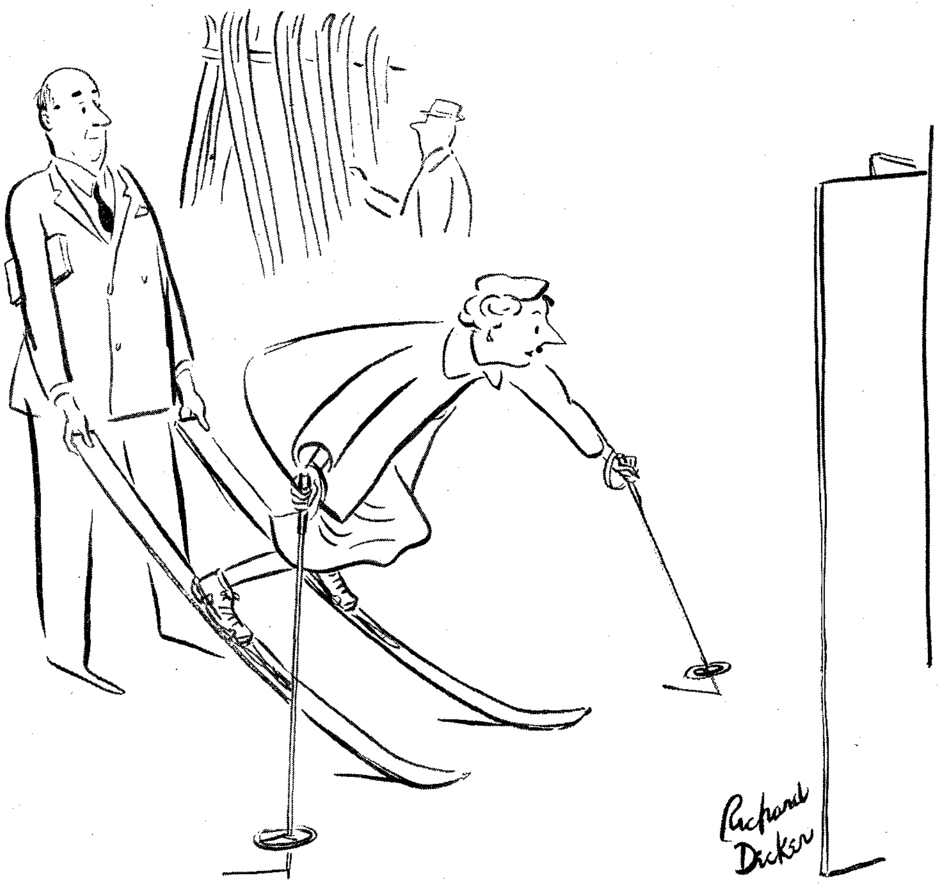
The American Man has his faults, too. He loves speed. Is speed, in every case, desirable, *per se*? The editors, no strangers to speed themselves, wonder, for "the race is not [always] to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The American Man tends to swagger—understandably. He enjoys bowling. He spends more money on bowling each year than the entire income of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg since the Hapsburgs. Our critics in India, perhaps with justice, lift their eyebrows at this. But he is big, *big*—a big man—and he does things in a big way. He smokes too much and laughs too hard. The popcorn alone that he devours every year would outweigh Mont Blanc. He has more insidious shortcomings, too, but space limitations preclude our listing them.

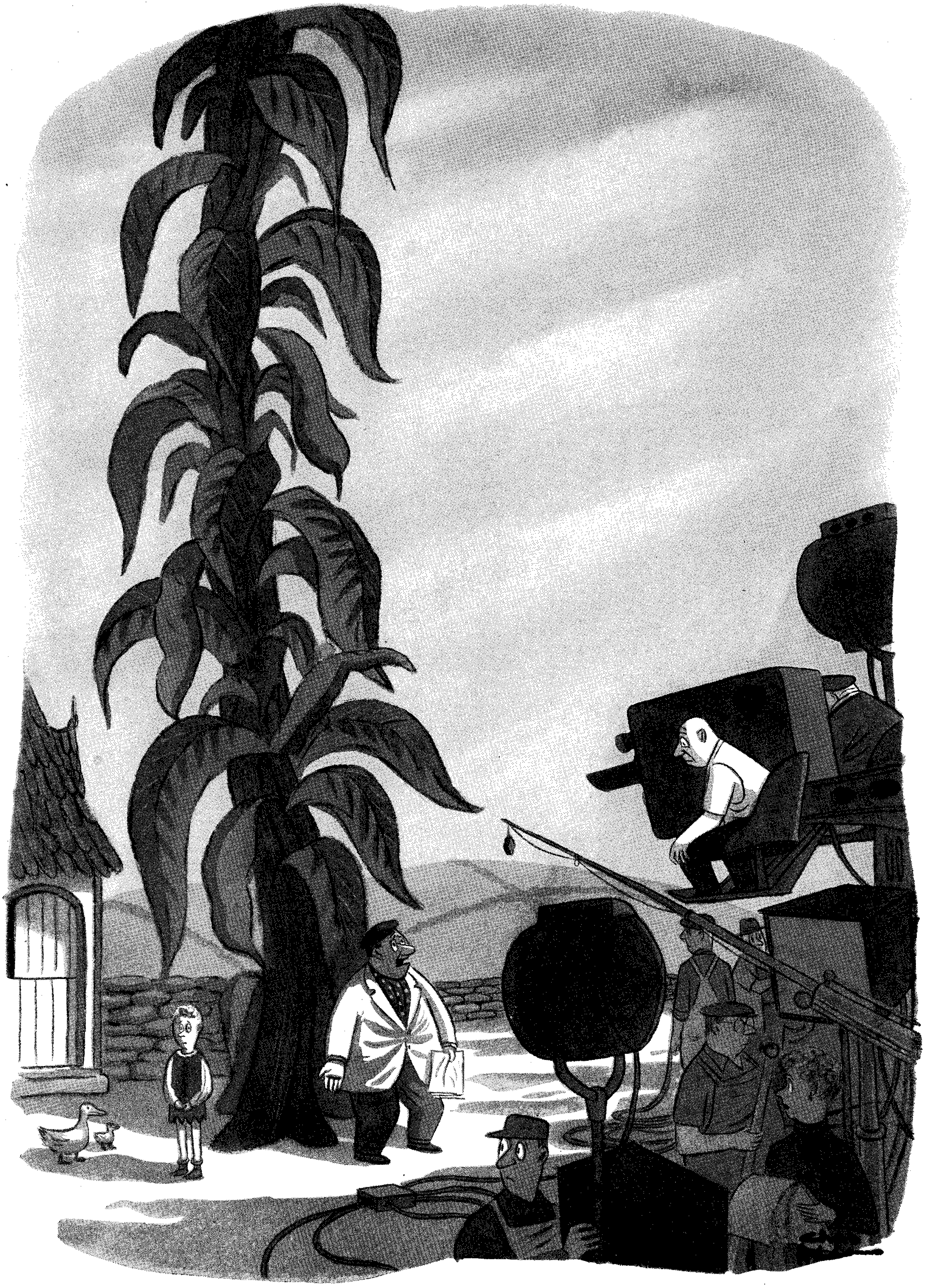
He can look back over a hundred and eighty years of steady betterment with forward-looking pride. Today, men are active in every walk of Life. Politics: Several of our ablest senators are male, and men like John Foster Dulles, Charles Wilson, and Dwight David Eisenhower figure prominently in Washington's innermost councils. Religion: Reinhold Niebuhr has just this year delivered a sermon. Industry: Men are infiltrating the top levels of management, and already dominate such diverse fields as structural engineering, anthracite development, track and field events, and fire control. The Arts: Individual men like Herman Wouk and Archibald MacLeish have authored works in every way comparable to the best of Willa Cather or Mary Roberts Rinehart, the Queen of American Mystery Fiction.

The American Man can be proud of his sex. In the home, though still docile, he cunningly gets his way. In the community, he is a model for all young boys, as to what manhood means. In the state, he pays income tax or sales tax, depending. In the nation, he makes up only slightly less than half the population. Perhaps most importantly, he has solved the millennia-old riddle of the sage:

> What is Man, that thou art mindful of him?

—John Updike





"Heights make him dizzy—now he tells us!"

BERNADETTE

ON the hundred and twenty-sixth day, Bernadette could no longer pretend not to be sure. She got the calendar out from her bureau drawer—a kitchen calendar, with the Sundays and saints' days in fat red figures, under a brilliant view of Alps. Across the Alps was the name of a hardware store and its address on the other side of Montreal. From the beginning of October the calendar was smudged and grubby, so often had Bernadette with moistened forefinger counted off the days: thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six. . . . That had been October, the beginning of fear, with the trees in the garden and on the suburban street a blaze of red and yellow. Bernadette had scrubbed floors and washed walls in a frenzy of bending and stretching that alarmed her employers, the kindly, liberal Knights.

"She's used to hard work—you can see that, of course," Robbie Knight had remarked, one Sunday, almost apologizing for the fact that they employed anyone in the house at all. Bernadette had chosen to wash the stairs and woodwork that day, instead of resting. It disturbed the atmosphere of the house, but neither of the Knights knew how to deal with a servant who wanted to work too much. He sat by the window, enjoying the warm October sunlight, trying to get on with the Sunday papers but feeling guilty because his wife was worried about Bernadette.

"She *will* keep on working," Nora said. "I've told her to leave that hard work for the char, but she insists. I suppose it's her way of showing gratitude, because we've treated her like a human being instead of a slave. Don't you agree?"

"I suppose so."

"I'm so tired," Nora said. She lay back in her chair with her eyes closed, the picture of total exhaustion. She had broken one of her nails clean across, that morning, helping Bernadette with something Bernadette might easily have done alone. "You're right about her being used to hard work. She's probably been working all her life." Robbie tried not answering this one. "It's so much the sort of thing I've battled," Nora said.

He gave up. He let his paper slide to the floor. Compelled to think about his wife's battles, he found it impossible to concentrate on anything else. Nora's weapons were kept sharp for two dragons: crooked politics and the Roman Catholic Church. She had battled for birth control, clean milk, vaccination, homes for mothers, homes for old people, homes for cats and dogs. She fought against censorship, and for votes for cloistered nuns, and for the provincial income tax.

"Good old Nora," said Robbie absently. Nora accepted this tribute without opening her eyes. Robbie looked at her, at the thin, nervous hand with the broken nail.

"She's not exciting, exactly," he had once told one of his mistresses. "But she's an awfully good sort, if you know what I mean. I mean, she's really a good sort. I honestly couldn't imagine not living with Nora." The girl to whom this was addressed had instantly burst into tears, but Robbie was used to that. Unreasonable emotional behavior on the part of other women only reinforced his respect for his wife.

The Knights had been married nearly sixteen years. They considered themselves solidly united. Like many people no longer in love, they cemented their relationship with opinions, pet prejudices, secret meanings, a private vocabulary that enabled them to exchange amused glances over a dinner table and made them feel a shade superior to the world outside the house. Their home held them, and their two daughters, now in boarding school. Private schools were out of line with the Knights' social beliefs, but in the case of their own children they had judged a private school essential.

"Selfish, they were," Robbie liked to explain. "Selfish, like their father." Here he would laugh a little, and so would his listeners. He was fond of assuming a boyish air of self-deprecation—a manner which, like his boyish nickname, had clung to him since school. "Nora slapped them both in St. Margaret's, and it cleared up in a year."

On three occasions, Nora had discovered Robbie in an affair. Each time, she had faced him bravely and made him discuss it, a process she called "working things out." Their talks would be formal, at first—a frigid question-and-answer period, with Robbie frightened and almost sick and Nora depressingly unreproachful. For a few nights, she would sleep in another room. She said that this enabled her to think. Thinking all night, she was fresh and ready for talk the next day. She would analyze their marriage, their lives, their childhoods, and their uncommon characters. She would tell Robbie what a Don Juan complex was, and tell him what he was trying to prove. Finally, reconciled, they were able to talk all night, usually in the kitchen, the most neutral room of the house, slowly and congenially sharing a bottle of Scotch. Robbie would begin avoiding his mistress's telephone calls and at last would write her a letter saying that his marriage had been rocked from top to bottom and that but for the great tolerance shown by his wife they would all of them have been involved in something disagreeable. He and his wife had now arrived at a newer, fuller, truer, richer, deeper understanding. The long affection they held for each other would enable them to start life again on a different basis, the letter would conclude.

The basic notion of the letter was true. After such upheavals his marriage went swimmingly. He would feel flattened, but not unpleasantly, and it was Nora's practice to treat him with tolerance and good humor, like an ailing child.

He looked at the paper lying at his feet and tried to read the review of a film. It was hopeless. Nora's silence demanded his attention. He got up, kissed her lightly, and started out.

"Off to work?" said Nora, without opening her eyes.

"Well, yes," he said.

"I'll keep the house quiet. Would you like your lunch on a tray?"

"No, I'll come down."

"Just as you like, darling. It's no trouble."

He escaped.

Robbie was a partner in a firm of consulting engineers. He had, at one time, wanted to be a playwright. It was this interest that had, with other things, attracted Nora when they had been at university together. Robbie had been taking a course in writing for the stage—a sideline to his main degree. His family had insisted on engineering; he spoke of defying them, and going to London or New York. Nora had known, even then, that she was a born struggler and fighter. She often wished she had been a man. She believed that to balance this overassertive side of her nature she should marry someone essentially feminine, an artist of some description. At the same time, a burning fear of poverty

"Ah, another precinct heard from!"

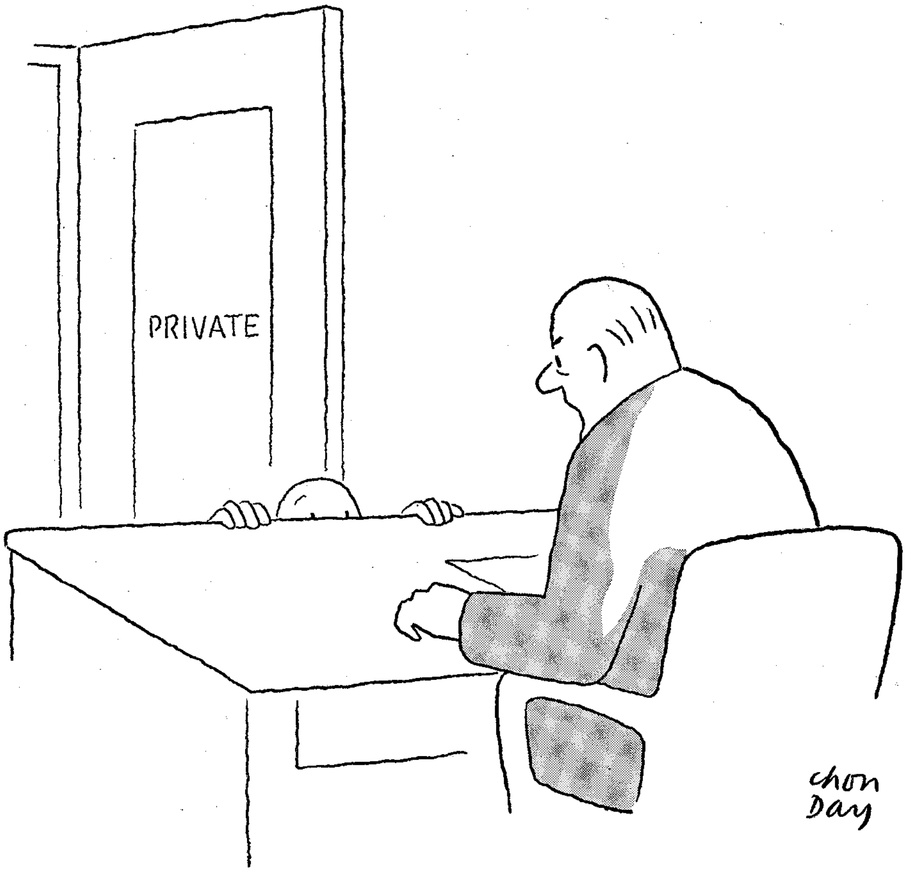
• •

pushed her in the direction of someone with stability, background, and a profession outside the arts. Both she and Robbie were campus liberals; they met at a gathering that had something to do with the Spanish war—the sort of party where, as Nora later described it, you all sat on the floor and drank beer out of old pickle jars. There had been a homogeneous quality about the group that was quite deceptive; political feeling was a great leveller. For Nora, who came from a poor and an ugly lower-middle-class home, political action was a leg up. It brought her in contact with people she would not otherwise have known. Her snobbishness moved to a different level; she spoke of herself as working-class, which was not strictly true. Robbie, in revolt against his family, who were well-to-do, conservative, and had no idea of the injurious things he said about them behind their backs, was, for want of a gentler expression, slumming around. He drifted into a beer-drinking Left Wing movement, where he was welcomed for his money, his good looks, and the respectable tone he lent the group. His favorite phrase at that time was "of the people." He mistook Nora for someone of the people, and married her almost before he had discovered his mistake. Nora then did an extraordinary about-face. She reconciled Robbie with his family. She encouraged him to go into his father's firm. She dampened, ever so gently, the idea of London and New York.

Still, she continued to encourage his interest in theatre. More, she managed to create such a positive atmosphere of playwriting in the house that many of their casual acquaintances thought he *was* a playwright, and were astonished to learn he was the Knight of Turnbull, Knight & Beardsley. Robbie had begun and abandoned many plays since college. He had not consciously studied since the creative-writing course, but he read, and criticized, and had reached the point where he condemned everything that had to do with the English-language stage.

Nora agreed with everything he believed. She doggedly shared his passion for the theatre—which had long since ceased to be real, except when she insisted—and she talked to him about his work, sharing his problems and trying to help. She knew that his trouble arose from the fact that he had to spend his daytime hours in the offices of the firm. She agreed that his real life was the theatre, with the firm a practical adjunct. She was sensible: she did not ask that he sell his partnership and hurl himself into uncertainty and insecurity—a prospect that would have frightened him very much indeed. She understood that it was the firm that kept them going, that paid for the girls at St. Margaret's and the trip to Europe every second summer. It was the firm that gave Nora leisure and scope for her tireless battles with the political and ecclesiastical authorities of Quebec. She encouraged Robbie to write in his spare time. Every day, or nearly, during his "good" periods, she mentioned his work. She rarely accepted an invitation without calling Robbie at his office and asking if he wanted to shut himself up and work that particular night. She could talk about his work, without boredom or exhaustion, just as she could discuss his love affairs. The only difference was that when they were mutually explaining Robbie's infidelity, they drank whiskey. When they talked about his play and his inability to get on with it, Nora would go to the refrigerator and bring out a bottle of milk. She was honest and painstaking; she had at the tip of her tongue the vocabulary needed to turn their relationship and marriage inside out. After listening to Nora for a whole evening, agreeing all the way, Robbie would go to bed subdued with truth and totally empty. He felt that they had drained everything they would ever have to say. After too much talk, he would think, a couple should part; just part, without another word, full of kind thoughts and mutual understanding. He was afraid of words. That was why, that Sunday morning toward the end of October, the simple act of leaving the living room took on the dramatic feeling of escape.

He started up the stairs, free. Bernadette was on her knees, washing the painted baseboard. Her hair, matted with a cheap permanent, had been flattened into curls that looked like snails,



"Bascomb, why don't you come back when you have more courage?"

• •

each snail held with two crossed bobby pins. She was young, with a touching attractiveness that owed everything to youth.

"Bonjour, Bernadette."

"'Jour."

Bending, she plunged her hands into the bucket of soapy water. A moment earlier, she had thought of throwing herself down the stairs and making it seem an accident. Robbie's sudden appearance had frightened her into stillness. She wiped her forehead, waiting until he had closed the door behind him. Then she flung herself at the baseboard, cloth in hand. Did she feel something—a tugging, a pain? *"Merci, mon Dieu,"* she whispered. But there was nothing to be thankful for, in spite of the walls and the buckets of water and the bending and the stretching.

NOW it was late December, the hundred and twenty-sixth day, and Bernadette could no longer pretend not to be certain. The Knights were giving a party. Bernadette put the calendar back in the drawer, under her folded slips. She had counted on it so much that she felt it bore witness to her fears; anyone seeing it would know at once.

For weeks she had lived in a black sea of nausea and fear. The Knights had offered to send her home to Abitibi for Christmas, had even wanted to pay her fare. But she knew that her father would know the instant he saw her, and would kill her. She preferred going on among familiar things, as if the normality, the repeated routine of getting up in the morning and putting on Mr. Knight's coffee and Mrs. Knight's tea would, by force of pattern, cause things to be the way they had been before October. So far, the Knights had noticed nothing, although the girls, home for Christmas, teased her about getting fat. Thanks to St. Joseph, the girls had now been sent north to ski with friends, and there was no longer any danger of their drawing attention to Bernadette's waist.

Because of the party, Bernadette was to wear a uniform, which she had not done for some time. She pressed it and put it back on its hanger without trying it on, numb with apprehension, frightened beyond all thought. She had spent the morning cleaning the living room. Now it was neat, unreal, like a room prepared for a color photo in a magazine. There were flowers and plenty of ashtrays. It was a room waiting for disorder to set in.

"Thank you, Bernadette," Nora had said, taking, as always, the attitude that Bernadette had done her an unexpected service. "It looks lovely."

Nora liked the room; it was comfortable and fitted in with her horror of ostentation. Early in her marriage she had decided that her taste was uncertain; confusing elegance with luxury, she had avoided both. Later, she had discovered French-Canadian furniture, which enabled her to refer to her rooms in terms of the simple, the charming, even the amusing. The bar, for example, was a *prie-dieu* Nora had discovered during one of her forays into rural Quebec just after the war, before American tourists with a nose for a bargain had (as she said) cleaned out the Province of its greatest heritage. She had found the *prie-dieu* in a barn and had bought it for three dollars. Sandpapered, waxed, its interior recess deepened to hold bottles, it was considered one of Nora's best *trouvailles*. The party that evening was being given in honor of a priest—a liberal priest from Belgium, a champion of modern ecclesiastical art, and another of Nora's finds. (Who but Nora would have dreamed of throwing a party for a priest?)

Robbie wondered if the *prie-dieu* might not offend him. "Maybe you ought to keep the lid up, so he won't see the cross," he said.

But Nora felt that would be cheating. If the priest accepted her hospitality, he must also accept her views.

"He doesn't know your views," Robbie said. "If he did, he probably wouldn't come." He had a cold, and was spending the day at home, in order to be well for the party. The cold made him interfering and quarrelsome.

"Go to bed, Robbie," said Nora kindly. "Haven't you anything to read? What about all the books you got for Christmas?"

Considering him dismissed, she coached Bernadette for the evening. They rehearsed the handing around of the tray, the unobtrusive clearing of ashtrays. Nora noticed that Bernadette seemed less shy. She kept a blank, hypnotized stare, concentrating hard. After a whole year in the household, she was just beginning to grasp what was expected. She understood work, she had worked all her life, but she did not always understand what these terrifying, well-meaning people wanted. If, dusting a bookcase, she slowed her arm, lingering, thinking of nothing in particular, one of them would be there, like a phantom, frightening her out of her wits.

"Would you like to borrow one of these books, Bernadette?"

Gentle, tolerant, infinitely baffling,

Mr. or Mrs. Knight would offer her a book in French.

"For me?"

"Yes. You can read in the afternoon, while you are resting."

Read while resting? How could you do both? During her afternoon rest periods, Bernadette would lie on the bed, looking out the window. When she had a whole day to herself, she went downtown in a bus and looked in the windows of stores. Often, by the end of the afternoon, she had met someone, a stranger, a man who would take her for a drive in a car or up to his room. She accepted these adventures as inevitable; she had been so overwarned before leaving home. Cunning prevented her giving her address or name, and if one of her partners wanted to see her again, and named a time and a street number, she was likely to forget or to meet someone else on the way. She was just as happy in the cinema, alone, or looking at displays of eau de cologne in shops.

Reduced to perplexity, she would glance again at the book. Read?

"I might get it dirty."

"But books are to be read, Bernadette."

She would hang her head, wondering what they wanted, wishing they would go away. At last she had given in. It was in the autumn, the start of her period of fear. She had been dusting in Robbie's room. Unexpectedly, in that ghostly way they had, he was beside her at the bookcase. Blindly shy, she remembered what Mrs. Knight, all tact and kindness and firm common sense, had said that morning: that Bernadette sometimes smelled of perspiration, and that this was unpleasant. Probably Mr. Knight was thinking this now. In a panicky motion her hand flew to "L'Amant de Lady Chatterley," which Nora had brought from Paris so that she could test the blundering ways of censorship. (The English version had been held at customs, the French let through, which gave Nora ammunition for a whole winter.)

"You won't like that," Robbie had said. "Still . . ." He pulled it out of the bookcase. She took the book to her room, wrapped it carefully in newspaper, and placed it in a drawer. A few days later she knocked on the door of Robbie's room and returned "L'Amant de Lady Chatterley."

"You enjoyed it?"

"*Oui. Merci.*"

He gave her "La Porte Etroite." She wrapped it in newspaper and placed it in a drawer for five days. When she gave it back, he chose for her one of the Claudine series, and then, rather doubtfully, "Le Rouge et le Noir."

"Did you like the book by Stendhal, Bernadette?"

"*Oui. Merci.*"

To dinner guests, Nora now said, "Oh, our Bernadette! Not a year out of Abitibi, and she was reading Gide and Colette. She knows more about French literature than we do. She goes through Stendhal like a breeze. She adores Giraudoux." When Bernadette, grim with the effort of remembering what to do next, entered the room, everyone would look at her and she would wonder what she had done wrong.

During the party rehearsal, Robbie, snubbed, went up to bed. He knew that Nora would never forgive him if he hadn't recovered by evening. She regarded a cold in the head as something that could be turned off with a little effort; indeed, she considered any symptom of illness in her husband an act of aggression directed against herself. He sat up in bed, bitterly cold in spite of three blankets and a bathrobe. It was the chill of grippe, in the center of his bones; no external warmth could reach it. He heard Nora go out for some last-minute shopping, and he heard Bernadette's radio in the kitchen.

"*Sans amour, on est rien du tout,*" Edith Piaf sang. The song ended and a commercial came on. He tried not to hear.

On the table by his bed were books Nora had given him for Christmas. He had decided, that winter, to reread some of the writers who had influenced him as a young man. He began this project with the rather large idea of summing himself up as a person, trying to find out what had determined the direction of his life. In college, he remembered, he had promised himself a life of action and freedom and political adventure. Perhaps everyone had then. But surely he, Robbie Knight, should have moved on to something other than a pseudo-Tudor house in a suburb of Montreal. He had been considered promising—an attractive young man with a middling-good brain, a useful background, unexpected opinions, and considerable charm. He did not consider himself unhappy, but he was beginning to wonder what he was doing, and why. He had decided to carry out his reassessment program in secret. Unfortunately, he could not help telling Nora, who promptly gave him the complete Orwell, bound in green.

He read with the conviction of habit. There was Orwell's Spain, the Spain of action and his university days. There was also the Spain he and Nora knew as tourists, a poor and dusty country where tourists became colicky because of the oil. For the moment, he forgot what he had seen, just as he could sometimes forget he had not become a playwright. He regretted the Spain he had missed, but the death of a cause no longer moved him. So far, the only result of his project was a feeling of loss. Leaving Spain, he turned to an essay on England. It was an essay he had not read until now. He skipped about, restless, and suddenly stopped at this: "I have often been struck by the peculiar easy completeness, the perfect symmetry as it were, of a working-class interior at its best. Especially on winter evenings after tea, when the fire glows in the open range and dances mirrored in the steel

fender, when Father, in shirt-sleeves, sits in the rocking chair at one side of the fire reading the racing finals, and Mother sits on the other with her sewing, and the children are happy with a penn'orth of mint humbugs, and the dog lolls roasting himself on the rag mat. . . ."

Because he had a cold and Nora had gone out and left him on a snowy miserable afternoon, he saw in this picture everything missing in his life. He felt frozen and left out. Robbie had never been inside the kitchen of a working-class home; it did not occur to him that the image he had just been given might be idyllic or sentimental. He felt only that he and Nora had missed something, and that he ought to tell her so; but he knew that it would lead to a long bout of analytical talk, and he didn't feel up to that. He blew his nose, pulled the collar of his dressing gown up around his ears, and settled back on the pillows.

Bernadette knocked at the door. Nora had told her to prepare a tray of tea, rum, and aspirin at four o'clock. It was now half past four, and Bernadette wondered if Mr. Knight would betray her to Mrs. Knight. Bernadette's sleeves were rolled up, and she brought with her an aura of warmth and good food. She had, in fact, been cooking a ham for the party. Her hair was up in the hideous snails again, but it gave her, Robbie thought, the look of a hard-working woman—a look his own wife achieved only by seeming totally exhausted.

"*Y a un* book, too," said Bernadette, in her coarse, flat little voice. She put the tray down with care. "*Je l'ai mis sur le* tray." She indicated the new Prix Goncourt, which Robbie had lent her the day it arrived. He saw at once that the pages were still uncut.

"You didn't like it?"

"Oh, *oui*," she said automatically. "*Merci.*"

Never before had a lie seemed to him more pathetic, or more justified. Instead of taking the book, or his tea, he gripped Bernadette's plump, strong forearm. The room was full of warmth and comfort. Bernadette had brought this atmosphere with her; it was her native element. She was the world they had missed sixteen years before, and they, stupidly, had been trying to make her read books. He held her arm, gripping it. She stared back at him, and he saw that she was frightened. He let her go, furious with himself, and said, rather coldly, "Do you ever think about your home in Abitibi?"

"*Oui*," she said flatly.

"Some of the farms up there are very modern now, I believe," he said, sounding as if he were angry with her. "Was yours?"

She shrugged. "*On a pas la* television, *nous*," she said.

"I didn't think you had. What about your kitchen. What was your kitchen like at home, Bernadette?"

"*Sais pas*," said Bernadette, rubbing the released arm on the back of her dress. "It's big," she offered, after some thought.

"Thank you," said Robbie. He went back to his book, still furious, and upset. She stood still, uncertain, a fat dark little creature not much older than his own elder daughter. He turned a page, not reading, and at last she went away.

Deeply bewildered, Bernadette returned to the kitchen and contemplated the cooling ham. She seldom thought about home. Now her memory, set in motion, brought up the image of a large, crowded room. The prevailing smell was the odor of the men's boots as they came in from the outbuildings. The table, masked with oilcloth, was always set between meals, the thick plates turned upside down, the spoons in a glass jar. At the center of the table, never removed, were the essentials: butter, vinegar, canned jam with the lid of the can half opened and wrenched back, ketchup, a tin of molasses glued to its saucer. In winter, the washing hung over the stove. By the stove, every year but the last two or three, had stood a basket containing a baby—a wailing, swaddled baby, smelling sad and sour. Only a few of Bernadette's mother's children had straggled up past the infant stage. Death and small children were inextricably knotted in Bernadette's consciousness. As a child she had watched an infant brother turn blue and choke to death. She had watched two others die of diphtheria. The innocent dead became angels; there was no reason to grieve. Bernadette's mother did all she could; terrified of injections and vaccines, she barred the door to the district nurse. She bound her infants tightly to prevent excess motion, she kept them by the flaming heat of the stove, she fed them a bouillon of warm water and cornstarch to make them fat. When Bernadette thought of the kitchen at home, she thought of her mother's pregnant figure, and her swollen feet, in unlaced tennis shoes.

Now she herself was pregnant. Perhaps Mr. Knight knew, and that was why he had asked about her mother's kitchen. Sensing a connection between her mother and herself, she believed he had seen it as well. Nothing was too farfetched, no wisdom, no perception, for these people. Their mental leaps and guesses were as mysterious

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AIR FOR A PLASTIC HAUTBOY

> The development of a ruling class, as distinct from a merely monied clique, is necessary to the Americans. In this development . . . heraldry has considerable part to play.
> —*L. G. Pine, editor of Burke's Peerage, in "The Story of Heraldry."*

A Wivern Gules for Mr. Jones, a Bordure and a Bend Per Fess.
(The Morris Plan called in his loans, and left him armed but penniless.)
A gentleman, he lived to fall on
The Field of the Cloth of Orlon.

Three Griffins Or for Mr. Brown, engrailed beneath a Crest of lawn.
(The National City Bank—Downtown—had warned him he was overdrawn.)
Noblesse oblige; he led his file on
The Field of the Cloth of Nylon.

Six Cantons Vert for Mr. Smith, with Checky Pales and Trefoils satin.
(He died bequeathing to his kith a mortgage held by Chase Manhattan.)
An autocrat, he saved the day on
The Field of the Cloth of Rayon.

But monied, cliquy Mr. Bartlett has lost his station in society
(sans Cross Patonce, sans Azure Martlet, sans Pelican in Vorant Piety).
He shirked—with funded friends from Akron—
The Field of the Cloth of Dacron.

—Robert A. Knowlton

to her as those of saints, or of ghosts.

Nora returned and, soon afterward, Robbie wandered downstairs. His wife had told him to get up (obviously forgetting that it was she who had sent him to bed) so that she could tidy the room. She did not ask how he felt and seemed to take it for granted that he had recovered. He could not help comparing her indifference with the solicitude of Bernadette, who had brought him tea and rum. He began comparing Bernadette with other women he had known well. His mistresses, *faute de mieux*, had been girls with jobs and little apartments. They had in common with Nora a desire to discuss the situation; they were alarmingly likely to burst into tears after lovemaking because Robbie didn't love them enough or because he had to go home for dinner. He had never known a working-class girl, other than the women his wife employed. (Even privately, he no longer used the expression "of the people.") As far as he could determine now, girls of Bernadette's sort were highly moral, usually lived with their parents until marriage, and then disappeared from sight, like Moslem women. He might have achieved an interesting union, gratifying a laudable social curiosity, during his college days, but he had met Nora straightaway. He had been disappointed to learn that her father did not work in a factory. There was an unbridgeable gap, he had since discovered, between the girl whose father went off to work with a lunch pail and the daughter of a man who ate macaroni-and-cheese in the company cafeteria. In the midst of all her solicitude for the underprivileged, Nora never let him forget it. On the three occasions when she had caught him out in a love affair, among her first questions had been "Where does she come from? What does she do?"

Robbie decided to apologize to Bernadette. He had frightened her, which he had no right to do. He no longer liked the classic role he had set for himself, the kindly educator of young servant girls. It had taken only a glimpse of his thin, busy wife to put the picture into perspective. He allowed himself one last, uncharitable thought, savoring it: Compared with Bernadette, Nora looked exactly like a furled umbrella.

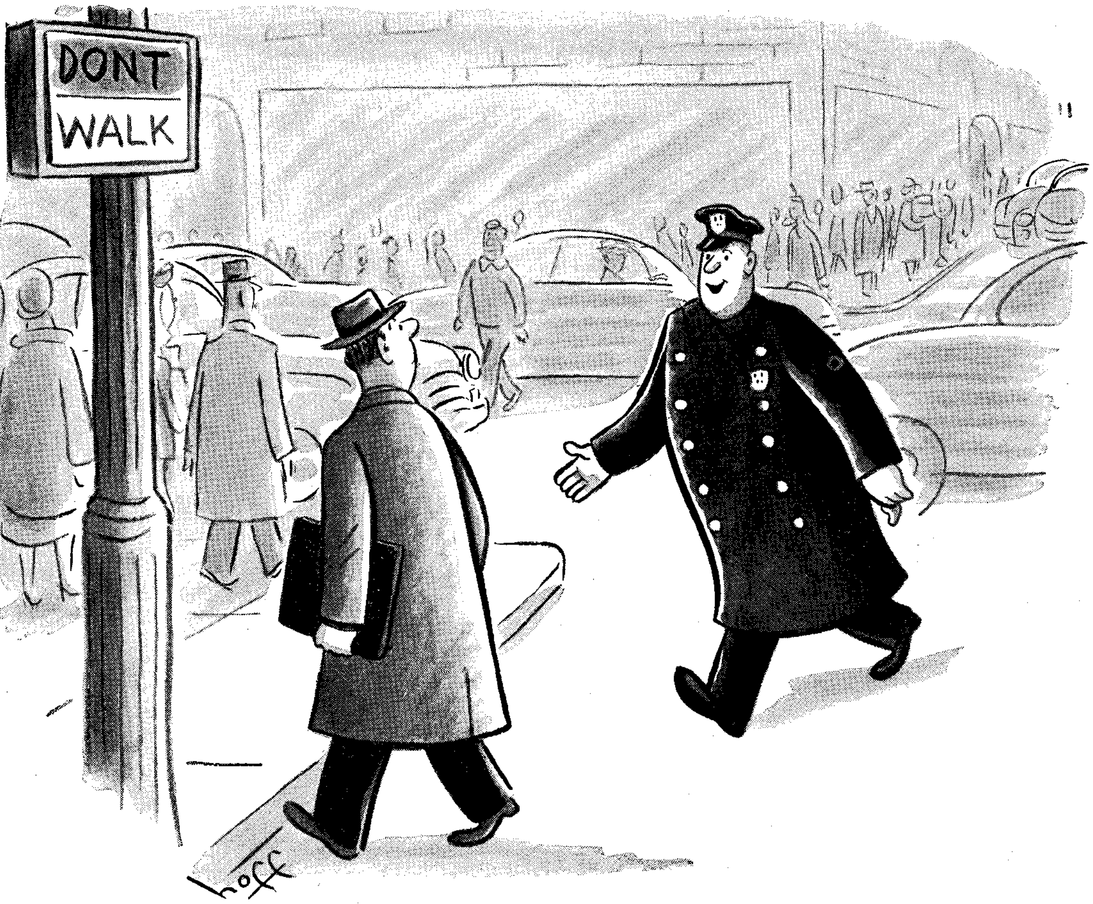
Bernadette was sitting at the kitchen table. The ham had been put away, the room aired. She was polishing silver for the party, using a smelly antiseptic pink paste. He no longer felt the atmosphere of warmth and food and comfort Bernadette had brought up to his room. She did not look up. She regarded her own upside-down image in the bowl of a spoon. Her hands moved slowly, then stopped. What did he want now?

Before coming to Montreal, Bernadette had been warned about the licentious English—reserved on the surface, hypocritical, infinitely wicked underneath—and she had, in a sense, accepted it as inevitable that Mr. Knight would try to seduce her. When it was over, she would have another sin to account for. Mr. Knight, a Protestant, would not have sinned at all. Unique in her sin, she felt already lonely. His apology sent her off into the strange swamp world again, a world in which there was no footing; she had the same feeling as when they tried to make her read books. What was he sorry about? She looked dumbly around the kitchen. She could hear Nora upstairs, talking on the telephone.

Robbie also heard her and thought: Bernadette is afraid of Nora. The idea that the girl might say something to his wife crossed his mind, and he was annoyed to realize that Nora's first concern would be for Bernadette's feelings. His motives and his behavior they would discuss later, over a drink. He no longer knew what he wanted to say to Bernadette. He made a great show of drinking a glass of water and went out.

By evening, Robbie's temperature was over ninety-nine. Nora did not consider it serious. She felt that he was deliberately trying to ruin the party, and said so. "Take one good stiff drink," she said. "That's all you need."

He saw the party through a feverish haze. Nora was on top of the world, controlling the room, clergy-baiting, but in the most charming manner. No priest could possibly have taken offense, particularly a nice young priest from Belgium, interested in modern art and preceded by a liberal reputation. He could not reply; his English was lim-



"Congratulations, sir. I couldn't help noticing that you didn't walk when the sign said 'Don't Walk.'"

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ited. Besides, as Nora kept pointing out, he didn't know the situation in Quebec. He could only make little grimaces, acknowledging her thrusts, comically chewing the stem of a cold pipe.

"Until you know this part of the world, you don't know your own Church," Nora told him, smiling, not aggressive.

The English-Canadians in the room agreed, glancing nervously at the French. French Canada was represented by three journalists huddled on a couch. (Nora had promised the priest, as if offering hors d'oeuvres, representatives of what she called "our chief ethnic groups.") The three journalists supported Nora, once it was made plain that clergy-baiting and French-baiting were not going to be combined. Had their wives been there, they might not have concurred so brightly; but Nora could seldom persuade her French-Canadian finds to bring their wives along. The drinking of Anglo-Saxon women rather alarmed them, and they felt that their wives, genteel, fluffy-haired, in good little dresses and strings of pearls, would disappoint and be disappointed. Nora never insisted. She believed in emancipation, but no one was more vocal in deploring the French-Canadian who spoke hard, flat English and had become Anglicized out of all recognition. Robbie, feverish and disloyal, almost expected her to sweep the room with her hand and, pointing to the trio of journalists, announce, "I found them in an old barn and bought them for five dollars each. I've sandpapered and waxed them, and there they are."

From the Church she went on to Bernadette. She followed the familiar pattern, explaining how environment had in a few months overcome generations of intellectual poverty.

"Bernadette reads Gide and Lawrence," she said, choosing writers the young priest was bound to disapprove of. "She adores Colette."

"Excellent," he said, tepid.

Bernadette came in, walking with care, as if on a tightrope. She had had difficulty with her party uniform and she wondered if it showed.

"Bernadette," Nora said, "how many children did your mother have?"

"Thirteen, Madame," said the girl. Accustomed to this interrogation, she continued to move around the room, remembering Nora's instructions during the rehearsal.

"In how many years?" Nora said.

"Fifteen."

"And how many are living?"

"Six, Madame."

The young priest stopped chewing his pipe and said quietly, in French, "Are you sorry that your seven brothers and sisters died, Bernadette?"

Jolted out of her routine, Bernadette replied at once, as if she had often thought about it, "Oh, no. If they had lived, they would have had to grow up and work hard, and the boys would have to go to war, when there is war, to fight—" About to say, "fight for the English," she halted. "Now they are little angels, praying for their mother," she said.

"Where?" said the priest.

"In Heaven."

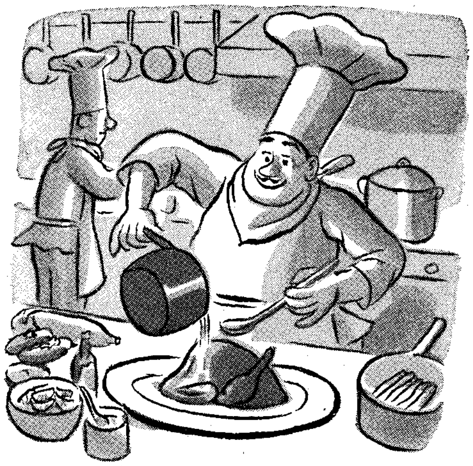
"What does an angel look like, Bernadette?" he said.

She gave him her hypnotized gaze and said, "They are very small. They have small golden heads and little wings. Some are tall and wear pink and blue dresses. You don't see them because of the clouds."

"I see. Thank you," said Nora, cutting in, and the student of Gide and Colette moved off to the kitchen with her tray.

IT ruined the evening. The party got out of hand. People stopped talking about the things Nora wanted them to talk about, and the ethnic groups got drunk and began to shout. Nora heard someone talking about the fluctuating dollar, and someone else said to her, of television, "Well, Nora, still holding out?"—when only a few months ago anyone buying a set had been sheepish and embarrassed and had said it was really for the maid.

When it was all over and Nora was running the vacuum so that there would be less for Bernadette to do the next day, she frowned and looked tired and rather old. The party had gone wrong. The guest of honor had slipped away early. Robbie had gone to bed before midnight without a word to anybody. Nora had felt outside the party, bored and disappointed, wishing to God they would all clear out. She had stood alone by the fireplace, wondering at the access of generosity that had led her to invite these ill-matched and noisy people to her home. Her parties in the past had been so different: everyone had praised her hospitality, applauded her leadership, exclaimed at her good sense. Indignant with her over some new piece of political or religious chicanery, they had been grateful for her combativeness, and had said so—more and more as the evening wore on. Tonight, they seemed to have come just as they went everywhere else, for the liquor and good food. A rot, a feeling of complacency, had



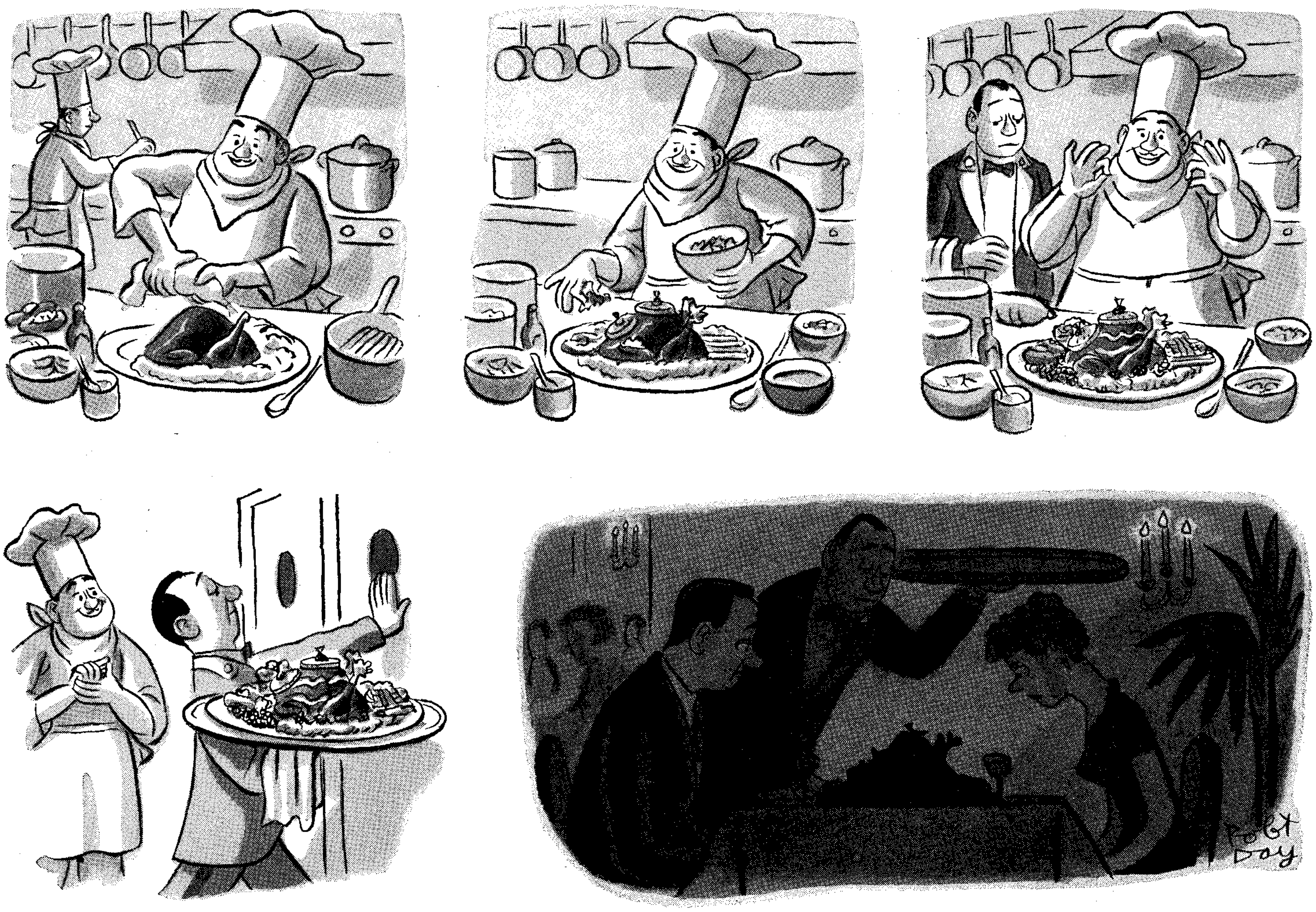
set in. She had looked around the room and thought, with an odd little shock: How old they all seem! Just then one of her ethnic treasures—a recently immigrated German doctor—had come up to her and said, "That little girl is pregnant."

"What?"

"The little servant girl. One has only to look."

Afterward, she wondered how she could have failed to notice. Everything gave Bernadette away: her eyes, her skin, the characteristic thickening of her waist. There were the intangible signs, too, the signs that were not quite physical. In spite of her own motherhood, Nora detested, with a sort of fastidious horror, any of the common references to pregnancy. But even to herself, now, she could think of Bernadette only in terms of the most vulgar expressions, the terminology her own family (long discarded, never invited here) had employed. Owing to a "mistake," Bernadette was probably "caught." She was beginning to "show." She was at least four months "gone." It seemed to Nora that she had better go straight to the point with Bernadette. The girl was under twenty-one. It was quite possible that the Knights would be considered responsible. If the doctor had been mistaken, then Bernadette could correct her. If Bernadette were to tell Nora to mind her own business, so much the better, because it would mean that Bernadette had more character than she seemed to have. Nora had no objection to apologizing in either instance.

BECAUSE of the party and the extra work involved, Bernadette had been given the next afternoon off. She spent the morning cleaning. Nora kept out of the way. Robbie stayed in bed, mulishly maintaining that he wasn't feeling well. It was after lunch, and Bernadette was dressed and ready to go



downtown to a movie, when Nora decided not to wait any longer. She cornered Bernadette in the kitchen and, facing her, suddenly remembered how, as a child, she had cornered field mice with a flashlight and then drowned them. Bernadette seemed to know what was coming; she exuded fear. She faced her tormentor with a beating, animal heart.

Nora sat down at the kitchen table and began, as she frequently had done with Robbie, with the words "I think we ought to talk about a certain situation." Bernadette stared. "Is there anything you'd like to tell me?" Nora said.

"No," said Bernadette, shaking her head.

"But you're worried about something. Something is wrong. Isn't that true?"

"No."

"Bernadette, I want to help you. Sit down. Tell me, are you pregnant?"

"I don't understand."

"Yes, you do. *Un enfant. Un bébé.* Am I right?"

"*Sais pas,*" said Bernadette. She looked at the clock over Nora's head.

"*Bernadette.*"

It was getting late. Bernadette said, "Yes. I think so. Yes."

"You poor little mutt," said Nora. "Don't keep standing there like that. Sit down here, by the table. Take off your coat. We must talk about it. This is much more important than a movie." Bernadette remained standing, in hat and coat. "Who is it?" said Nora. "I didn't know you had . . . I mean, I didn't know you knew anyone here. Tell me. It's most important. I'm not angry." Bernadette continued to look up at the clock, as if there were no other point in the room on which she dared fix her eyes. "Berna*dette!*" Nora said. "I've just asked you a question. Who is the boy?"

"*Un monsieur,*" said Bernadette.

Did she mean by that an older man, or was Bernadette, in using the word "*monsieur,*" implying a social category? "*Quel monsieur?*" said Nora.

Bernadette shrugged. She stole a glance at Nora, and something about the oblique look suggested more than fear or evasiveness. A word came into Nora's mind: sly.

"Can you . . . I mean, is it someone you're going to marry?" But no. In that case, he would have been a nice young boy, someone of Bernadette's own background. Nora would have met him. He would have been caught in the kitchen drinking Robbie's beer. He would have come every Sunday and every Thursday afternoon to call for Bernadette. "Is it someone you *can* marry?" Nora said. Silence. "Don't be afraid," said Nora, deliberately making her voice kind. She longed to shake the girl, even slap her face. It was idiotic; here was Bernadette in a terrible predicament, and all she could do was stand, shuffling from one foot to the other, as if a movie were the most important thing in the world. "If he isn't already married," Nora said, "which I'm beginning to suspect is the case, he'll marry you. You needn't worry about that. I'll deal with it, or Mr. Knight will."

"*Pas possible,*" said Bernadette, low.

"Then I was right. He *is* married." Bernadette looked up at the clock, desperate. She wanted the conversation to stop. "A married man," Nora repeated. "*Un monsieur.*" An unfounded and wholly outrageous idea rushed into her mind. Dismissing it, she said, "When did it happen?"

"*Sais pas.*"

"Don't be silly. That really is a very silly reply. Of course you know. You've only had certain hours out of this house.”

The truth of it was that Bernadette did not know. She didn’t know his name or whether he was married or even where she could find him again, even if she had desired such a thing. He seemed the least essential factor. Lacking words, she gave Nora the sidelong glance that made her seem coarse and deceitful. She is so uninnocent, Nora thought, surprised and a little repelled. It occurred to her that in spite of her long marriage and her two children, she knew less than Bernadette. While she was thinking about Bernadette and her lover, there came into her mind the language of the street. She remembered words that had shocked and fascinated her as a child. That was Bernadette’s fault. It was Bernadette’s atmosphere, Nora thought, excusing herself to an imaginary censor. She said, “We must know when your baby will be born. Don’t you think so?” Silence. She tried again: “How long has it been since you . . . I mean, since you missed . . .”

“One hundred and twenty-seven days,” said Bernadette. She was so relieved to have, at last, a question that she could answer that she brought it out in a kind of shout.

“My God. What are you going to do?”

“*Sais pas.*”

“Oh, Bernadette!” Nora cried. “But you must think.” The naming of a number of days made the whole situation so much more immediate. Nora felt that they ought to be doing something—telephoning, writing letters, putting some plan into motion. “We shall have to think for you,” she said. “I shall speak to Mr. Knight.”

“No,” said Bernadette, trembling, suddenly coming to life. “Not Mr. Knight.”

Nora leaned forward on the table. She clasped her hands together, hard. She looked at Bernadette. “Is there a special reason why I shouldn’t speak to Mr. Knight?” she said.

“*Oui.*” Bernadette had lived for so many days now in her sea of nausea and fear that it had become a familiar element. There were greater fears and humiliations, among them that Mr. Knight, who was even more baffling and dangerous than his wife, should try to discuss this thing with Bernadette. She remembered what he had said the day before, and how he had held her arm. “He must know,” said Bernadette. “I think he must already know.”

“You had better go on,” said Nora, after a moment. “You’ll miss your bus.” She sat quite still and watched Bernadette’s progress down the drive. She looked at the second-hand imitation-seal coat that had been Bernadette’s first purchase (and Nora’s despair) and the black velveteen snow boots trimmed with dyed fur and tied with tasselled cords. Bernadette’s purse hung over her arm. She had the walk of a fat girl—the short steps, the ungainly little trot.

It was unreasonable, Nora knew it was unreasonable; but there was so much to reinforce the idea—“*Un monsieur,*” and the fact that he already knew (“He must know,” Bernadette had said)—and then there was Bernadette’s terror when she said she was going to discuss it with him. She thought of Robbie’s interest in Bernadette’s education. She thought of Robbie in the past, his unwillingness to remain faithful, his absence of courage and common sense. Recalling Bernadette’s expression, prepared now to call it corrupt rather than sly, she felt that the girl had considered herself deeply involved with Nora; that she knew Nora much better than she should.

Robbie had decided to come downstairs, and was sitting by the living-room fire. He was reading a detective novel. Beside him was a drink.

“Get you a drink?” he said, without lifting his eyes, when Nora came in.

“Don’t bother.”

He went on reading. He looked so innocent, so unaware that his life was shattered. Nora remembered how he had been when she had first known him, so pleasant and dependent and good-looking and stupid. She remembered how he had been going to write a play, and how she had wanted to change the world, or at least Quebec. Tears of fatigue and strain came into her eyes. She felt that the failure of last night’s party had been a symbol of the end. Robbie had done something cheap and dishonorable, but he reflected their world. The world was ugly, Montreal was ugly, the street outside the window contained houses of surpassing ugliness. There was nothing left to discuss but television and the fluctuating dollar; that was what the world had become. The children were in boarding school because Nora didn’t trust herself to bring them up. The living room was full of amusing peasant furniture because she didn’t trust her own taste. Robbie was afraid of her and liked humiliating her by demonstrating again and again that he preferred nearly any other woman in bed. That was the truth of things. Why had she never faced it until now?

She said, “Robbie, can I talk to you?” Reluctant, he looked away from his book. She said, “I just wanted to tell you about a dream. Last night I dreamed you died. I dreamed that there was nothing I could do to bring you back, and that I had to adjust all my thoughts to the idea of going on without you. It was a terrible, shattering feeling.” She intended this to be devastating, a prelude to the end. Unfortunately, she had had this dream before, and Robbie was bored with it. They had already discussed what it might mean, and he had no desire to go into it now.

“I wish to God you wouldn’t keep on dreaming I died,” he said.

She waited. There was nothing more. She blinked back her tears and said, “Well, listen to this, then. I want to talk about Bernadette. What do you know, exactly, about Bernadette’s difficulties?”

“Has Bernadette got difficulties?” The floor under his feet heaved and settled. He had never been so frightened in his life. Part of his mind told him that nothing had happened. He had been ill, a young girl had brought warmth and comfort into his room, and he wanted to touch her. What was wrong with that? Why should it frighten him so much that Nora knew? He closed his eyes. It was hopeless; Nora was not going to let him get on with the book. Nora looked without any sentiment at all at the twin points where his hairline was moving back. “Does she seem sort of unsettled?” he asked.

“That’s a way of putting it. Sometimes you have a genuine talent for irony.”

“Oh, hell,” said Robbie, suddenly fed up with Nora’s cat-and-mouse. “I don’t feel like talking about anything. Let’s skip it for now. It’s not important.”

“Perhaps you’d better tell me what you consider important,” Nora said. “Then we’ll see what we can skip.” She wondered how he could sit there, concerned with his mild grippe, or his hangover, when the whole structure of their marriage was falling apart. Already, she saw the bare bones of the room they sat in, the rugs rolled, the cracks that would show in the walls when they took the pictures down.

He sighed, giving in. He closed his book and put it beside his drink. “It was just that yesterday when I was feeling so lousy she brought me— she brought me a book. One of those books we keep lending her. She hadn’t even cut the pages. The whole thing's a farce. She doesn't even look at them."

"Probably not," said Nora. "Or else she does and that's the whole trouble. To get straight to the point, which I can see you don't want to do, Bernadette has told me she's having a baby. She takes it for granted that you already know. She's about four months under way, which makes yesterday seem rather pointless."

Robbie said impatiently, "We're not talking about the same thing." He had not really absorbed what Nora was saying; she spoke so quickly, and got so many things in all at once. His first reaction was astonishment, and a curious feeling that Bernadette had deceived him. Then the whole import of Nora's speech entered his mind and became clear. He said, "Are you crazy? Are you out of your mind? Are you completely crazy?" Anger paralyzed him. He was unable to think of words or form them on his tongue. At last he said, "It's too bad that when I'm angry I can't do anything except feel sick. Or maybe it's just as well. You're crazy, Nora. You get these— I don't know— You get these ideas." He said, "If I'd hit you then, I might have killed you."

It had so seldom occurred in their life together that Robbie was in the right morally that Nora had no resources. She had always triumphed. Robbie's position had always been indefensible. His last remark was so completely out of character that she scarcely heard it. He had spoken in an ordinary tone of voice. She was frightened, but only because she had made an insane mistake and it was too late to take it back. Bravely, because there was nothing else to do, she went on about Bernadette. "She doesn't seem to know what to do. She's a minor, so I'm afraid it rather falls on us. There is a place in Vermont, a private place, where they take these girls and treat them well, rather like a boarding school. I can get her in, I think. Having her admitted to the States could be your end of it."

"I suppose you think that's going to be easy," Robbie said bitterly. "I suppose you think they admit pregnant unmarried minors every day of the year."

"None of it is easy!" Nora cried, losing control. "Whose fault is it?"

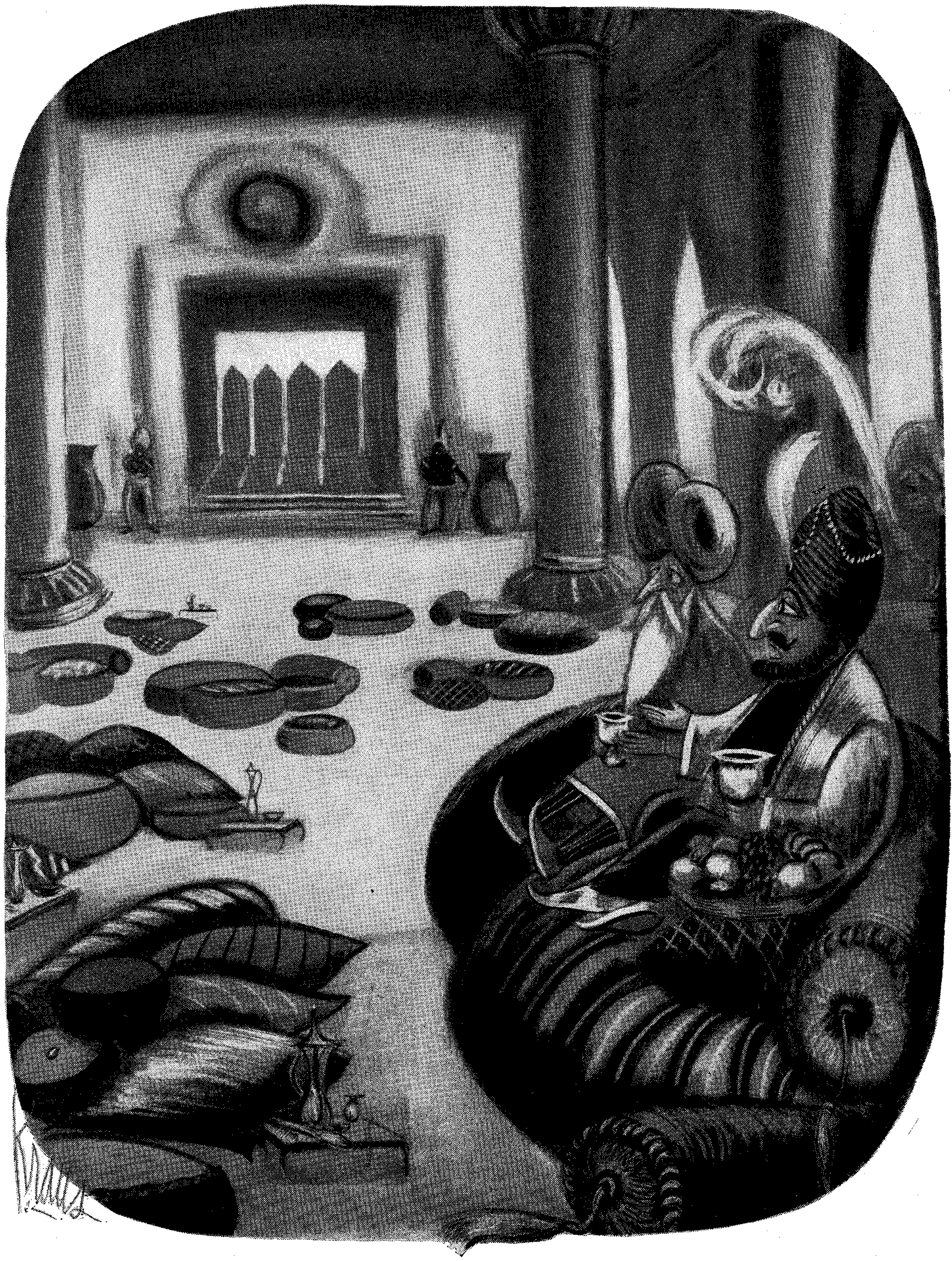
"It's got nothing to do with me!" said Robbie, shouting at her. "Christ Almighty, get that through your head!"

They let silence settle again. Robbie found that he was trembling. As he had said, it was physically difficult for him to be angry.

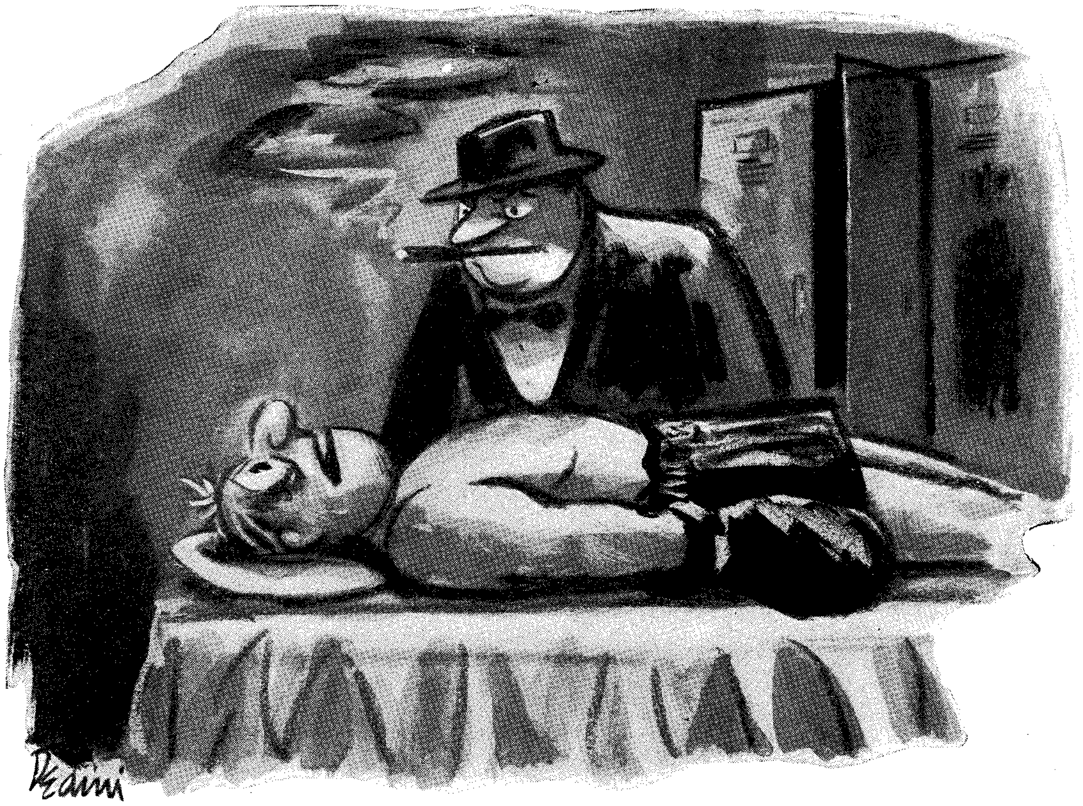
Nora said, "Yes, Vermont," as if she were making notes. She was determined to behave as if everything were normal. She knew that unless she established the tone quickly, nothing would ever be normal again.

"What will she do with it? Give it out for adoption?" said Robbie, in spite of himself diverted by details.

"She'll send it north, to her family,"



"One day they all up and left me. The whole kit and caboodle."



"Well, at least I didn't do all that worrying for nothing."

• •

said Nora. "There's always room on a farm. It will make up for the babies that died. They look on those things, on birth and on death, as acts of nature, like the changing of the seasons. They don't think of them as catastrophes."

Robbie wanted to say, You're talking about something you've read, now. They'll be too ashamed to have Bernadette or the baby around; this is Quebec. But he was too tired to offer a new field of discussion. He was as tired as if they had been talking for hours. He said, "I suppose this Vermont place, this school or whatever it is, has got to be paid for."

"It certainly does." Nora looked tight and cold at this hint of stinginess. It was unnatural for her to be in the wrong, still less to remain on the defensive. She had taken the position now that even if Robbie were not responsible, he had somehow upset Bernadette. In some manner, he could be found guilty and made to admit it. She would find out about it later. Meanwhile, she felt morally bound to make him pay.

"Will it be expensive, do you think?"

She gave him a look, and he said nothing more.

BERNADETTE sat in the comforting dark of the cinema. It was her favorite kind of film, a musical comedy in full color. They had reached the final scene. The hero and heroine, separated because of a stupid quarrel for more than thirty years, suddenly found themselves in the same night club, singing the same song. They had gray hair but youthful faces. All the people around them were happy to see them together. They clapped and smiled. Bernadette smiled, too. She did not identify herself with the heroine, but with the people looking on. She would have liked to have gone to a night club in a low-cut dress and applauded such a scene. She believed in love and in uncomplicated stories of love, even though it was something she had never experienced or seen around her. She did not really expect it to happen to her, nor to anyone she knew.

For the first time, her child moved. She was so astonished that she looked at the people sitting on either side of her, wondering if they had noticed. They were looking at the screen. For the first time, then, she thought of it as a child, here, alive—not a state of terror but something to be given a name, clothed, fed, and baptized. Where and how and when it would be born she did not question. Mrs. Knight would do something. Somebody would. It would be born, and it would die. That it would die she never doubted. She was uncertain of so much else: her own body was a mystery, nothing had ever been explained. At home, in spite of her mother's pregnancies, the birth of the infants was shrouded in secrecy and, like their conception, suspicion of sin. This baby was Bernadette's own; when it died, it would pray for her, and her alone, for all of eternity. No matter what she did with the rest of her life, she would have an angel of her own, praying for her. Oddly secure in the dark, the dark of the cinema, the dark of her personal fear, she felt protected. She thought: *Il prie pour moi.* She saw, as plainly as if it had been laid in her arms, her child, her personal angel, white and swaddled, baptized, innocent, ready for death.

—MAVIS GALLANT

• •

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

Gray haunted eyes, absent-mindedly glaring
From wide, uneven orbits; one brow drooping
Somewhat over the eye
Because of a missile fragment still inhering,
Skin-deep, as a foolish record of old-world fighting.

Crookedly broken nose (low tackling caused it);
Cheeks, furrowed; coarse gray hair, flying phrenetic;
Forehead, wrinkled and high;
Jowls, prominent; ears, large; jaw, pugilistic;
Teeth, few; lips, full and ruddy; mouth, ascetic.

I pause with razor poised, scowling derision
At the mirrored man whose beard needs my attention,
And once more ask him why
He still stands ready, with a boy's presumption,
To court the queen in her high silk pavilion.

—ROBERT GRAVES

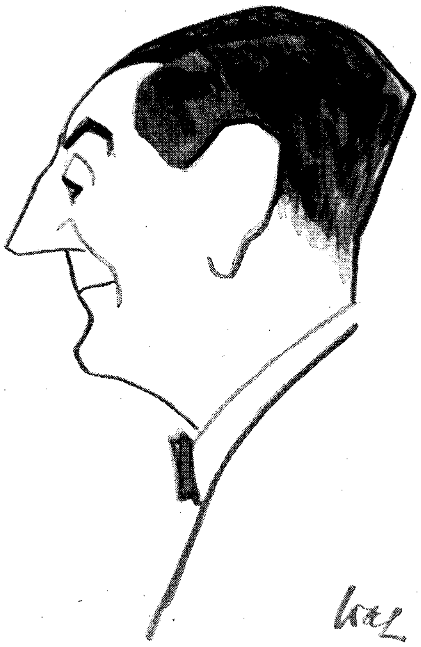
PROFILES

POWDER YOUR FACE WITH SUNSHINE—II

A PSYCHOLOGIST would perhaps consider it quite natural that a man whose vocational life has been marked by placid conservatism should choose as an avocation a sport that is at once thrilling and risky. For thirty years, Guy Lombardo has been one of the nation's most successful band leaders, and throughout that time he has clung tenaciously to the mild, cautious style that makes his music distinctive. For the last decade, he has also been one of the nation's most successful speedboat racers—a dashing daredevil, eager to take chances that men who live a more consistently rigorous physical life would shudder at. Lombardo, who, with his orchestra, the Royal Canadians, has appeared in a number of motion-picture musicals, has written an as yet unproduced movie script about his hobby. A non-musical, it is entitled "Gold Cup," after the most coveted trophy in the field—a trophy that he himself won in 1946. Lombardo does not especially want to play in any film that might be made from his script; he just wants to be its technical director. The story centers on two speedboat racers—one a veteran, with set, reactionary ideas about racing, and the other a young upstart, full of radical notions on the subject. The standpatter has a beautiful daughter, who falls in love with the younger man. In the end, he whips her father to win the Gold Cup, and wins the girl, too.

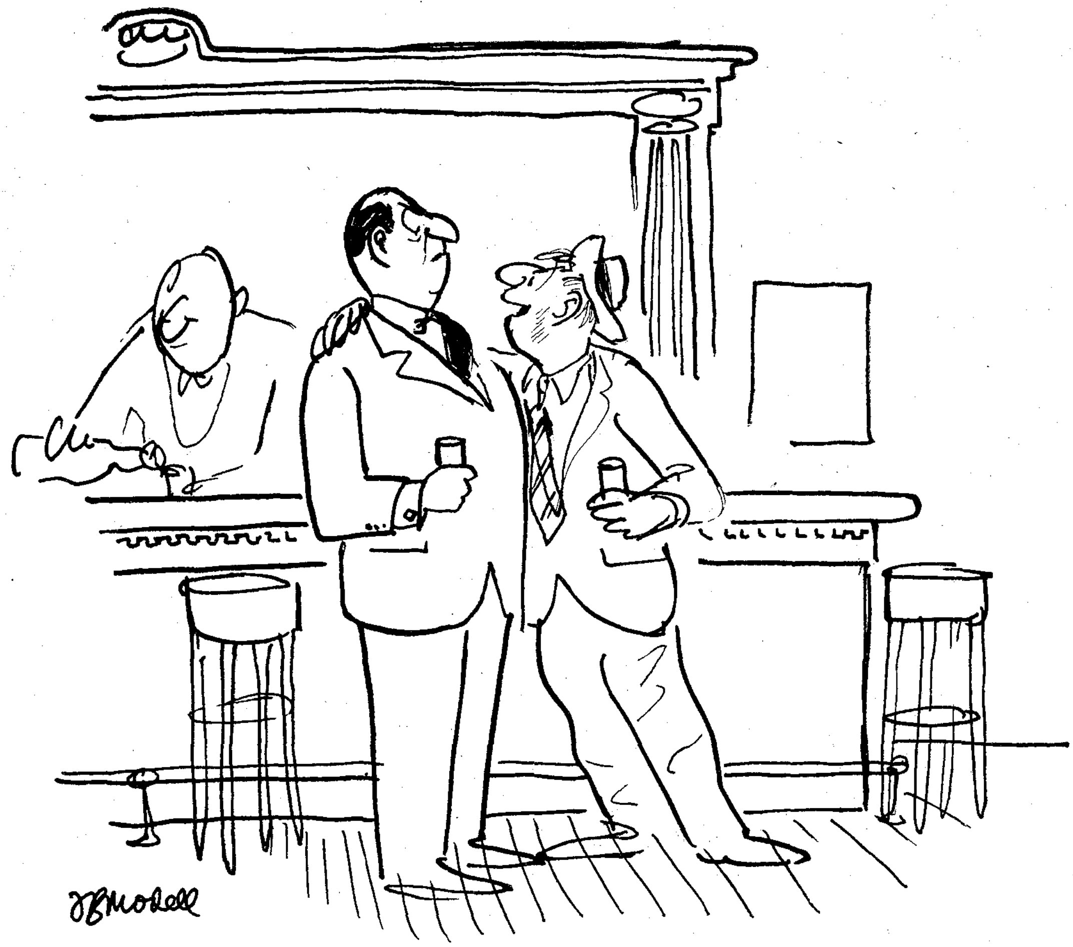
It is likely that if Lombardo were ever to write a script about band leaders, it would have an entirely different ending, in which, when the chips are down, the orthodox older man triumphs, and the impetuous young pup gets not his girl but his comeuppance. While dance orchestras do not hold quite as important a position in the entertainment world nowadays as they did a generation ago, they still flourish, for the simple reason that people like to dance. The dulcet, tremulous dance music that Lombardo keeps grinding out year after year, though ridiculed by most jazz cognoscenti, has also won praise from some critics, including one who, in a book published in 1939, summed it up as "coming about as close as anything does to being the folk music of the great mass of Americans." One of the traits that have won Lombardo such a large and loyal following—and have made many of his fellow band leaders, ordinarily a highly competitive lot, look on him less as a rival than as an institution—is his absolute predictability. His notes may waver but his style never does. "There are millions of people who don't like to be surprised," a composer friend of his said not long ago. "For them, Guy's music is ideal—a bland, inoffensive concoction, as familiar and unvarying as Pepsi-Cola." Lombardo's partisans would be horrified if he were to alter his traditional recipe by so much as a soupçon of unbridled brass. They like him as he is, and they have made it evident that their appetite doesn't weary of the same dish over and over again.

One of the Royal Canadians' stock numbers is "Toot, Toot, Tootsie!," and sometimes, in introducing it to an audience, Lombardo proudly declares that as the band plays it today it is precisely the same "Toot, Toot, Tootsie!" he served up forty years ago to divert meetings of a ladies' euchre club in London, Ontario, where he and his brothers Carmen, Lebert, and Victor—all members of his present band—were born and raised. In his enthusiasm for demonstrating resistance to change, Lombardo is overstating his case a bit here, since his orchestra numbered only four men during its euchre phase and now numbers fifteen. However that may be, the Ontario ladies liked the early Lombardo, and as for the contemporary Lombardo, practically all the citizens of London—a city of some ninety-five thousand, about a hundred and twenty miles northeast of Detroit—look upon him and his musical brothers as the community's favorite sons. In 1947, a new street in the city was named Lombardo Avenue, and a year and a half ago a Lombardo Day was designated as part of a round of municipal ceremonies celebrating London's centennial. A highlight of Lombardo Day was a parade in honor of the bandsmen, and in describing this event a reporter for the London *Free Press*, which has editorially hailed the Lombardos as "our boys," wrote, "Londoners who watched the procession compared it favorably with the 1954 visit of the Duchess of Kent, the 1951 tour of the then Princess Elizabeth, and the 1939 tour of the late King George VI and Queen Elizabeth." All four of London's boys are American citizens now, but they are still loyal supporters of their birthplace. At the Grill of the Hotel Roosevelt, where the Royal Canadians have played from fall to spring every season but two since 1929, Guy Lombardo makes a point of ordering Canadian pea soup, and at a seafood restaurant called Guy Lombardo's East Point House, which Guy, Carmen, and Lebert operate at Freeport, Long Island, the waiters recommend Labatt's India Pale Ale, which is brewed in London.



Guy Lombardo

GUY LOMBARDO, the eldest of seven children—five boys and two girls—was born on June 19, 1902. He was christened Gaetano, after his father, a native of Italy. Gaetano senior crossed the Atlantic in 1887, as a boy of fourteen; settled in Ontario; and, at the age of twenty-eight, married Lena Palladino, reputedly the first child of Italian parents to be born in London. He was a custom tailor, who liked his work so much that in 1935, when he and his wife moved into a twenty-five-room house their sons had bought for them in Stamford, he had one room fixed up as a shop, and continued to cut and stitch his own clothes. Gaetano, who died in 1954, was not a musician himself, but he had a strong affection for music, encouraged his children to start studying it at an early age, and more or less arbitrarily decided which instrument each should tackle. Guy, as he has always been known, was assigned the violin. He never became a better-than-middling fiddler, and he became a silent one twenty-five years ago, when he concluded that his band, then ten strong, had sufficient volume without him. Carmen, who is now predominantly a saxophonist and at one time was the band's vocalist, started out on the flute, and Victor, also a reed man these days, on the piano. Lebert began with the



"That's the wonderful thing about a democracy. You and I can stand here and shoot the breeze, and you don't know who the hell I am, and I don't know who the hell you are."

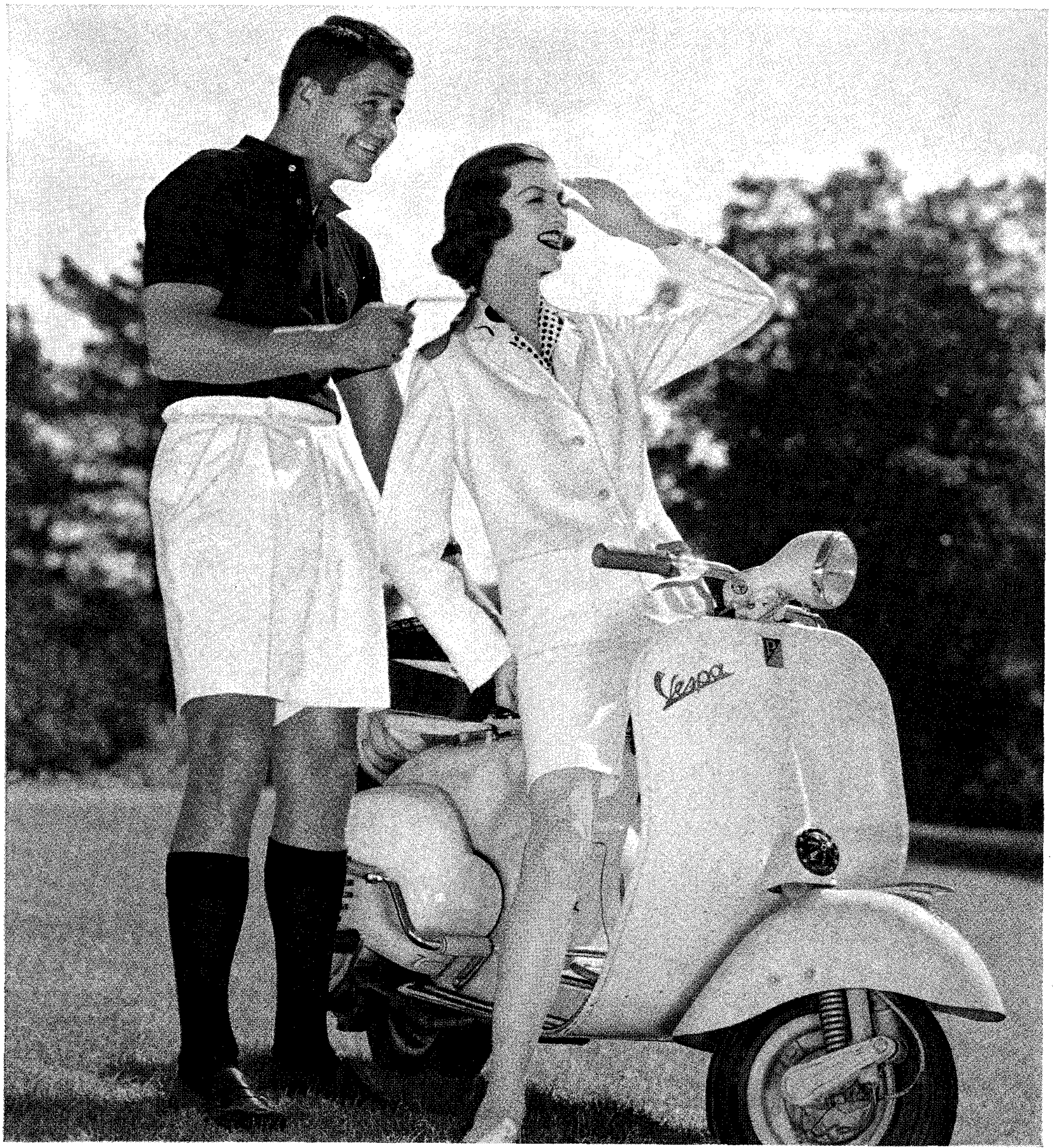
trumpet and is the band's principal trumpet player today (his brothers sometimes call him Gabriel), but he had a brief fling as a drummer before settling down with the instrument his father had chosen for him. The fifth brother, Joseph, was handed a trombone as a boy, but he had little interest in music, and grew up to become a New York interior decorator and dealer in antiques.

Of the two Lombardo sisters, the elder, Elaine, studied piano for a while but has never played professionally. She is now the wife of Kenny Gardner, the current ranking singer with the Royal Canadians. The younger—and the youngest Lombardo of all—is Rosemarie, who was born on November 22, 1926, when Guy, Carmen, and Lebert were filling a band engagement in Cleveland. Their father called them that morning to inform them of the baby's arrival, and they told him they'd pick out an appropriate name for her during the day and make it known on a radio broadcast they had scheduled in the evening. The trio leafed through their arrangements, debating the merits of Susie, Margie, Adeline, Mary Lou, Dinah, and Coquette, and finally agreed on Rosemarie, the now almost forgotten heroine of the Rudolf Friml ballad. On Rosemarie's sixteenth birthday, she joined the family band as a vocalist, and sang with it, on and off, for six years. She then retired, and is now the wife of a hotel proprietor on Long Island.

In 1912, when Guy was ten and Carmen nine, the two boys used to spend a couple of hours a day practicing violin-and-flute duets in the rear of their father's tailor shop, and were rewarded from time to time by being invited to show off their talents at gatherings of their mother's friends. Two years later, they teamed up with an eleven-year-old London pianist named Fred Kreitzer, and began performing on an amateur basis at local garden parties, church picnics, and the like. In 1917, Lebert Lombardo, then twelve and in his drumming period, was added to the group. Carmen was beginning to feel that the flute was a rather limited instrument, so he taught himself to play the saxophone, and this gave the band such a lift that its organizers fell to wondering what *two* saxophones might accomplish. Since no second saxophonist within their age bracket was available, however, they left the question unresolved until 1919, when Carmen collared a local twelve-year-old named Fred Higman and taught him to play the instrument. That same year, Lebert switched back to the trumpet, and another neighborhood boy—fourteen-year-old George Gowans—was recruited to fill his place at the drums. Kreitzer, Higman, and Gowans have been with the Lombardo band ever since.

Although the young musicians were handicapped by having to attend school and devote some attention to homework, they began a gradual change from amateur to professional status, playing one-night stands at nearby resorts on weekends and operating on a full-time schedule during summer vacations. On Labor Day, 1919, Lombardo *père*, who in a sense was responsible for the band's existence, very nearly wrecked it when he dropped in at a pavilion where it was playing and found that the management was squeezing an extra fifteen minutes of playing time out of the musicians. Outraged by this exploitation, the father ordered them all home, impounded their instruments, and urged his sons to take up some less oppressive occupation. Before the roadhouses around London opened up the next spring, however, he had relented.

By 1923, when Guy Lombardo was twenty-one, the band had acquired three more musicians, for a total of nine (Victor joined up in 1930, when he was nineteen), and was fairly well established in London, working more or less steadily at a dance hall there called the Winter Garden and occasionally getting a week's engagement at a local vaudeville theatre. Appearing on the same vaudeville bill one week was a singer from the United States named Corinne Arbuckle, and Guy Lombardo, who was eager to break in across the border, where the opportunities for dance bands were richer, hopefully suggested to her that she enhance her act by adding his outfit to it. Miss Arbuckle was obliged to confess that she wasn't enough of a draw to support herself graciously, let alone a retinue, but when



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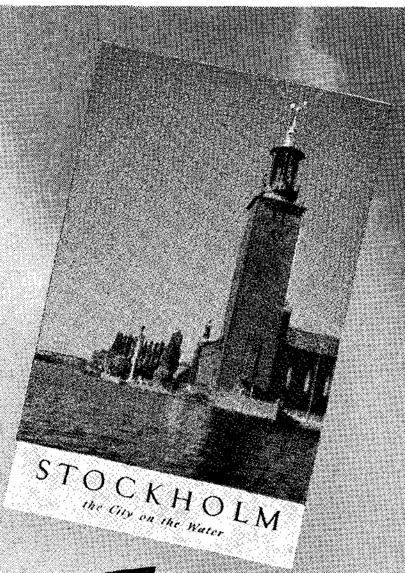
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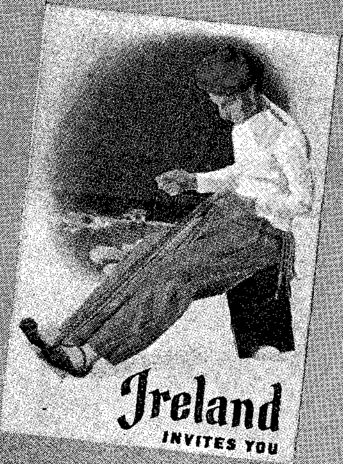
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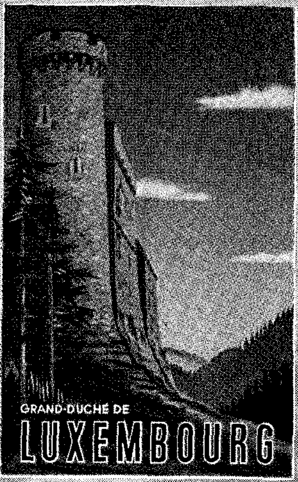
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she returned home, she put in a good word for Lombardo with her agent, a Cleveland man named Mike Shea. He called the band in for an audition and then got it a night's work at an Elks' convention in Cleveland. When the Elks seemed pleased enough, Shea followed this up with a whole week in an Akron garage whose proprietors were euphemistically proclaiming it a dance palace.

But then things went bad. For the next few weeks, Lombardo and his troupe, pressed for funds and yet reluctant to admit defeat and start home, hung around Cleveland, beseeching what few impresarios they could flush there to give them a hearing. Finally, Guy wangled an audition with a restaurant owner named Louis Bleet, who, after listening dubiously to a couple of numbers, said, "You play too loud." Lombardo promised they would tone things down—a pledge he has fanatically kept ever since—and Bleet hired the band for his restaurant, a place called the Claremont Inn. Soon Lombardo was broadcasting from there over Cleveland's station WTAM, and had begun to accumulate a small coterie of fans. One of the most ardent of these was an attractive local girl named Lilliebell Glenn, and in 1926 she and Guy were married. Lombardo's career has been much influenced by his wife's instinctive critical judgment. "If she likes something, we know that the general public will, too," he says. "If she doesn't like it, we change it." During the thirty years of their marriage, Lombardo has almost invariably telephoned his wife after a radio or television broadcast to get her reaction to it, and even when his performances are not broadcast, he usually calls her anyway, just for reassurance. "I got to check in," he will say, heading for the nearest phone.

Among the patrons of the Claremont Inn who were favorably impressed by Bleet's discovery were two brothers named Jules and William Stein. Not long before the Lombardo band arrived in the city, the Steins had organized a talent agency, the Music Corporation of America, and they made the band one of the first attractions in their then modest stable. Presently, they succeeded in persuading Al Quodbach, the operator of the Granada Café, a Chicago night club, to visit Cleveland and hear the band, and he was so taken with it that in the fall of 1927 he booked it into his establishment. Until that time, the band had been known simply as Guy Lombardo and Company, but Quodbach felt that for Chicago a somewhat grander name was in order. It was a

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common practice in those days for bands to stake out territorial claims—Fred Waring, for example, had his Pennsylvanians and Abe Lyman his Californians—so it was not surprising that the newcomers at the Granada Café should be billed by the only slightly more grandiose title of Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

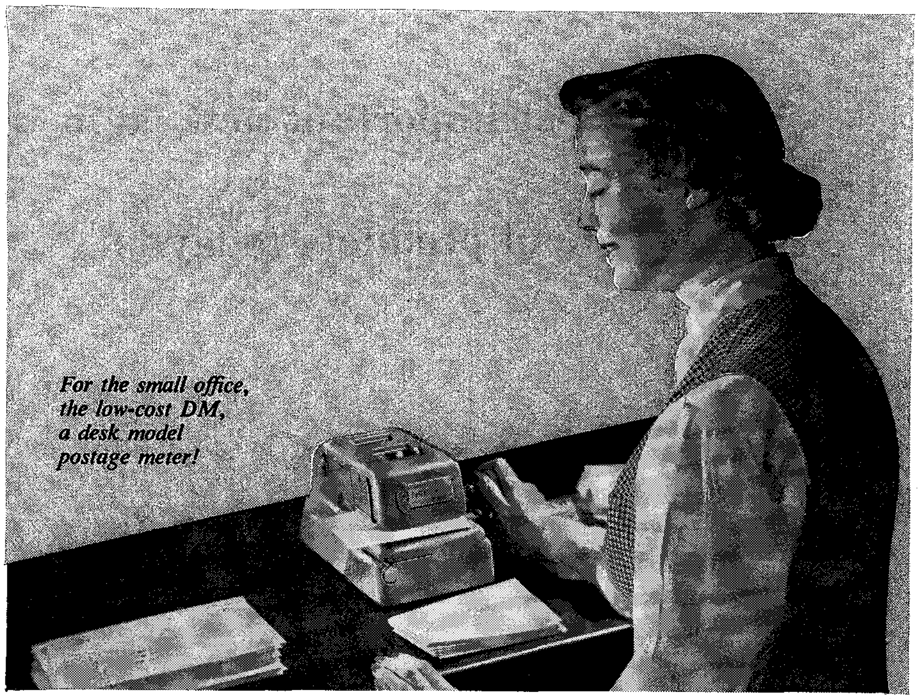
Despite this regal mantle, attendance at the Granada was distressingly skimpy until Lombardo talked Quodbach into arranging for the band to broadcast from the place. Since most bands playing in Chicago at the time were of the Dixieland persuasion, to hear Lombardo's restrained melodies over the air was a strange and tonic experience for many residents of the region, and they began flocking to the Granada. A number of the gangsters then prominent in the city's social life were among the customers who found his gentle offerings particularly soothing to their nerves. One night, while Lombardo was standing in the middle of the dance floor announcing a number, a playful thug lurched toward him and tried to wrest the microphone away from him. Lombardo seized the man's necktie, dragged him to the edge of the floor, and flung him onto a table, while the members of a rival gang cheered heartily. Piqued at this loss of face, the demonstrative guest returned a week later and restored his dignity by shooting two patrons.

BY the end of 1928, the Royal Canadians had become such a big attraction in the Midwest that they were able to command a salary of four thousand dollars for a week's engagement on the stage of the Palace Theatre, a Chicago vaudeville house. In an effort to provide the diversity of entertainment that he thought theatre audiences expected of an orchestra, Lombardo presented, along with his conventional repertoire of popular songs, several novelty numbers, in which his men put on funny hats, sang comic ditties, and indulged in random nonsense. After the first show, the manager of the Palace told Lombardo that he had been hired to provoke sighs, not belly laughs. "For four thousand a week I can get a real comedy act," the manager said. "Cut out the horseplay." By and large, Lombardo has concentrated on provoking sighs—romantic or nostalgic—ever since. He now presides over an extremely successful television program that consists of little more than people dancing to his music. For three months last year, in a moment of weakness, he let himself be talked into putting on another television show, in which, during long, arid pauses between musical numbers, he read aloud letters that explained why their authors were fond of certain tunes. After thirteen weeks, the show's sponsors let their option lapse, and the program disappeared from view. "We went the way of all flesh and fell for a gimmick," Lombardo said afterward. "We discovered that our fans won't stand for that. I wouldn't do another gimmick show if it meant I'd never be on television again."

One of the people who caught Lombardo's second, no-funny-hats performance at the Palace was the late Ashton Stevens, the drama critic for the Chicago *Herald & Examiner*. It was fortunate for the Royal Canadians that he missed the first show, because in his review, which appeared on a page that also dealt with such musical peers of the 1928 Lombardo as Ganna Walska, Roland Hayes, and John Philip Sousa, he called the Royal Canadians "the softest and sweetest jazzmen on any stage this side of Heaven." A variant of this tribute—"the sweetest music this side of Heaven"—was immediately devised and played up by Lombardo and his press agents, and they have been kicking it around ever since. There have even been variants of the variant. Carmen Lombardo, a prolific songwriter, put together the lyrics for "You're the Sweetest Girl This Side of Heaven;" the napkins at Guy Lombardo's East Point House advertise a dish called Lobster Lombardo as being made of "the sweetest lobsters this side of Heaven;" and the band leader was once given a watch inscribed "May your time be the sweetest this side of Heaven." (Lombardo is a big stockholder in a company engaged in making restaurant equipment, including a coffee urn that is being advertised at the moment as "The Cadillac of Coffee Urns" but that at least one of his friends has declared is almost sure to wind up as "The Sweetest Coffee Urn This Side of Heaven.") Possibly not content with mere proximity to celestial harmony, Lombardo once had some publicity pictures made up showing him surrounded by cherubim who are blissfully tootling away on sundry instruments—a scene suggesting that the Master's music is considered the sweetest the Heaven side of Heaven, too.

LOMBARDO made his début at the Roosevelt Grill and over the New York airwaves in October, 1929. At the time, few Easterners except travelling salesmen and his own agents knew much about him. To enlighten them, the hotel's advertisements described his music as something that "smoulders and glows like a living coal . . . now soft with the lilting cadence of a dreamy melody . . . now vivid with pulsating jazz rhythms . . . in turn seductive and tumultuous, alternately tender and unrestrained." Lombardo survived the challenge posed by this throbbing analysis, and he also survived the stock-market crash, which occurred two weeks after his opening and drastically cut down the number of people who were in the mood to be seduced by any kind of coal.

Back in Chicago, Lombardo had picked up the first of the many radio sponsors who have contributed in a very material way to his band's success through the years. This was Wrigley's Gum, made by a firm whose president, the late William Wrigley, Jr., was a great Lombardo booster. Wrigley found the music of the Royal Canadians every bit as agreeably stimulating as Juicy Fruit, and in later years, after he had retired to Catalina Island and Lombardo had come on to New York, he arranged to have his company sponsor the band on a radio network at 11 P.M., E.S.T., so that he could hear it on the West Coast during his dinner hour. Lombardo, who has been in business longer than radio itself, was one of the Columbia Broadcasting System's earliest attractions; during the Royal Canadians' first season at the Grill, William S. Paley, the president of the young network, used to show up there before every broadcast and personally attend to the installation of the microphones and cables. In the early thirties, a popular song's best chance of becoming a hit lay in its catching the fancy of some established band leader, who would thereupon play it on the radio. Each time Lombardo was heard on the radio—and he was practically *always* being heard on the radio—he introduced another brand-new song, and so potent was his endorsement considered that more than once, on starting home, he found the latest effort of some hopeful songwriter tucked under the windshield wiper of his car. Although the subject is a controversial one, there is little doubt that Lombardo soon came to be, and remained for some years, the nation's preëminent maker of hits, for it can be fairly argued that he gave the decisive sendoff to at least three hundred songs that ultimately reached that category. His influence as a sponsor of new tunes is still far from negligible in the opinion of songwriters, including one young fellow who not long ago went to the trouble of getting a job as a busboy at the Lombardos' Long Island restaurant in the hope of catching the band leader's



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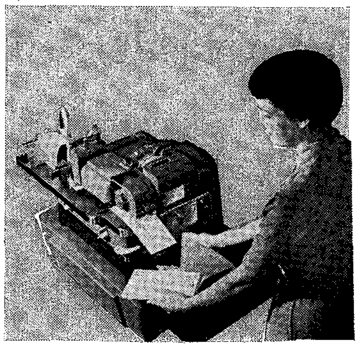
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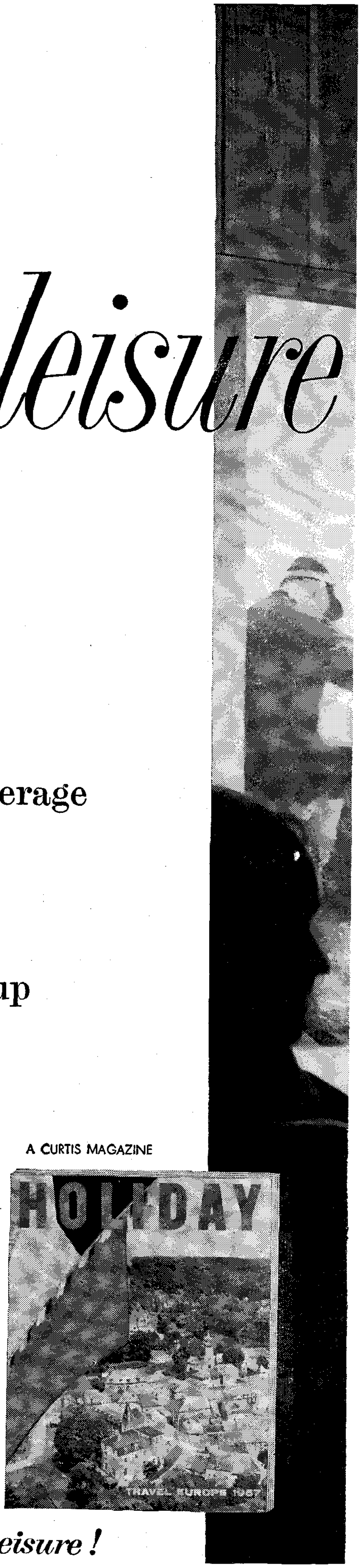
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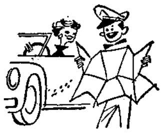

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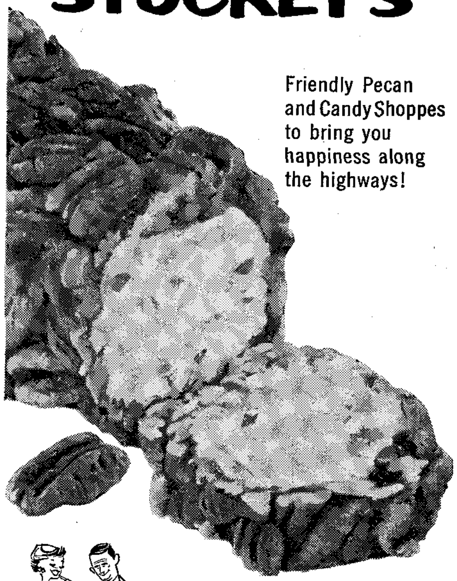

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ear. He did, but Lombardo explained that, like all successful leaders, he has had to make it a point to avert his gaze from unsolicited manuscripts, or run the risk of getting involved in the kind of nuisance suit that professionals are forever being exposed to by resentful amateurs who suspect them of plagiarism.

The restaurant wasn't a bad place to make the try, though, since the Lombardos, unlike many celebrities who lend their names to sideline business ventures, take an intense personal interest in the establishment, and run it as a family enterprise. Built in 1949, on the foundations of an earlier restaurant, Guy Lombardo's East Point House—a mammoth place shaped like a ship and surrounded on three sides by the waters of Great South Bay—was designed by the nonmusical brother, Joseph; was decorated by Joseph and Guy's wife; and is managed by Guy's wife's sister's husband. It is only a few blocks from Guy's home, and he is likely to drop in any morning and look things over. Naturally, he can't be on hand very often in the evening, but on Sundays the Roosevelt Grill is closed, and he and a dozen or so other Lombardos frequently gather at the East Point House for Sunday-night dinner, ordering from a menu that offers, along with the sweetest non-celestial lobsters anywhere, such temptations as Lombardo Gin Cocktail, Antipasto Lombardo, Baked Clams à la Lombardo, Lombardo Cold Platter, Royal Canadian Hot Platter, and Poire Lilliebell.

SOME musicians who disapprove of the Lombardos' style say contemptuously, if not enviously, that the brothers are always sacrificing art to money. The trade magazine *Down Beat* reflected this attitude when, in a discussion of the Royal Canadians, it made the evil-begets-evil observation that "syrup is the father of sugar." There is no denying that the Lombardos do make a lot of money—about a million a year, from all sources. Of this sum, Guy, Carmen, and Lebert receive equal shares; Victor gets a smaller one, because in 1946 he left the band to conduct one of his own, and did not return for five years. The brothers' varied business interests—oil, musical shows, and so on—are handled by four family-owned corporations, with offices in the Brill Building, a musicians' haven on Broadway at Forty-ninth Street. They share space with a certified public accountant, who spends much of his time attending to the details of their finances. One of the few unsuccessful ventures the brothers have ever embarked on was a company called the Long Island Airlines, which was organized to provide shuttle-plane service between Manhattan and several communities to the east. Even that might have panned out if Guy hadn't soured on it after two years, as a consequence of flying some friends to Montauk Point for lunch one day; the party got fogged in and had to drive back to town, which made him late for his evening performance at the Grill. The Lombardos cannot abide anything that interferes with the orderly pattern of their band's operations. Carmen once perplexed a desk sergeant in a West Side police station, where he was itemizing some jewels his wife had lost, by suddenly informing the officer that the Royal Canadians were scheduled to get under way at the Grill in twenty minutes and walking off without completing the list of valuables.

The leader of the Royal Canadians does not feel that more than a quarter of a century of success entitles the band to take things easy. "As far back as I can remember, Guy has bawled us out at the beginning of every year for not having performed better the year before," Carmen said recently. "Any day now, we'll get chewed out for 1956. Guy is constantly trying to improve us. It takes us a minute to run through a chorus, and he can't stand the idea of wasting a single one of those sixty seconds on a mediocre performance. We have no letdown nights, no letdown medleys. We go to work every evening as if we were making our first New York appearance." While presiding over his band in public, Lombardo by no means gives the impression that he is driving his men hard, or even that he cares much how a chorus turns out; in fact, he goes to the other extreme. Many band leaders, even when conducting an arrangement they have heard a thousand times before, behave as if the number were entirely new to them, shaking their heads in wonderment and emitting yips of surprise and pleasure. Lombardo, however, affects the air of a man who takes his work casually, almost indifferently—but only when he is on the bandstand. During rehearsals and at recording sessions, he is an entirely different kind of band leader—grim, serious, painstakingly attentive to every nuance of his craft, often rumpling the hair that is always impeccably sleek for the public.

The Royal Canadians have made around a thousand phonograph recordings, but their leader approaches each new recording date as though his whole career depended on its outcome. "Powder Your Face with Sunshine" (lyrics

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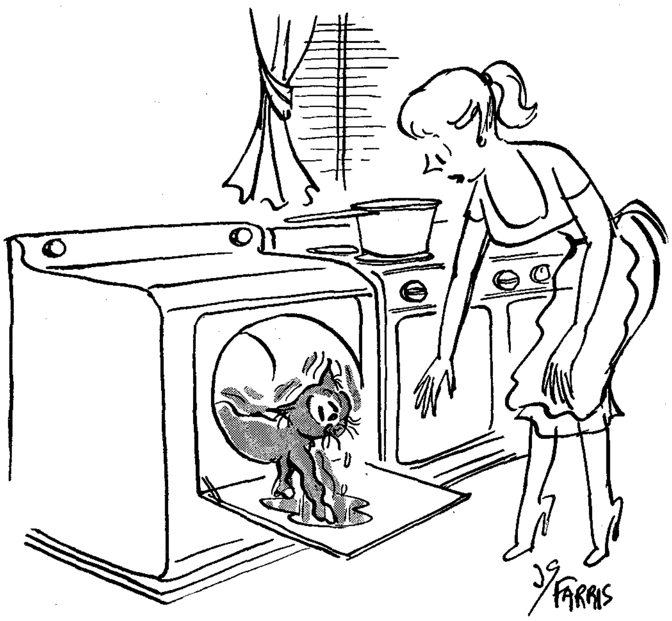

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by Carmen Lombardo) gets as much scrupulous rehearsal as Liszt's "Liebestraum." Before Lombardo's musicians arrive at the studio, he has nails driven into the floor to mark the precise spot where he wants each of their chairs to be placed. His conscientious handling of these sessions has been amply rewarded; approximately a hundred million of his records have been sold—a number that far eclipses the achievement of any other band in history. He has attained this total in spite of the fact that few of his recordings have been sensational best-sellers; indeed, only five of them ("Congratulations," "Winter Wonderland," "Humoresque," "Easter Parade," and "The Third Man Theme") have sold over a million—a figure that most recording companies consider noteworthy enough to celebrate by awarding a solid-gold copy of the record to the individual chiefly responsible for it. Hardly any Lombardo recording, however, has sold less than a hundred and fifty thousand. Just as there are many people who will buy a certain author's latest book without even bothering to read what the critics say about it, so are there thousands who will blindly—or, rather, deafly—buy any record Lombardo puts out. They know that it will embody the reassuring, companionable rhythms that have marked all his previous recordings. The Decca Record Company, which handled Lombardo's recordings for twenty-two years (he went over to Capitol last winter), frequently used him to "cover" hits put out by rival companies; that is, when a number bearing another label began to catch on, Decca would issue Lombardo's version of it. "No matter what a song is, there always seem to be people who want to hear how Lombardo treats it," a prosperous record dealer said the other day. Such people are to be found anywhere and everywhere, but it is in the vast, culturally uncharted hinterland where not even *Variety* has a correspondent that Lombardo seems to be most solidly entrenched. A few years ago, seventeen recording companies—including Decca, with Lombardo—covered a hit put out by a competitor. The head of the company that had started the commotion presently asked his sales manager if any of the covering records were showing signs of overtaking the original. "Not yet," the man replied. "But I'm a little worried. Lombardo is beginning to move in northern Michigan."

Periodically, Lombardo takes his band on a road tour, playing a night here, a week there, and invariably drawing large, adoring crowds. The Royal

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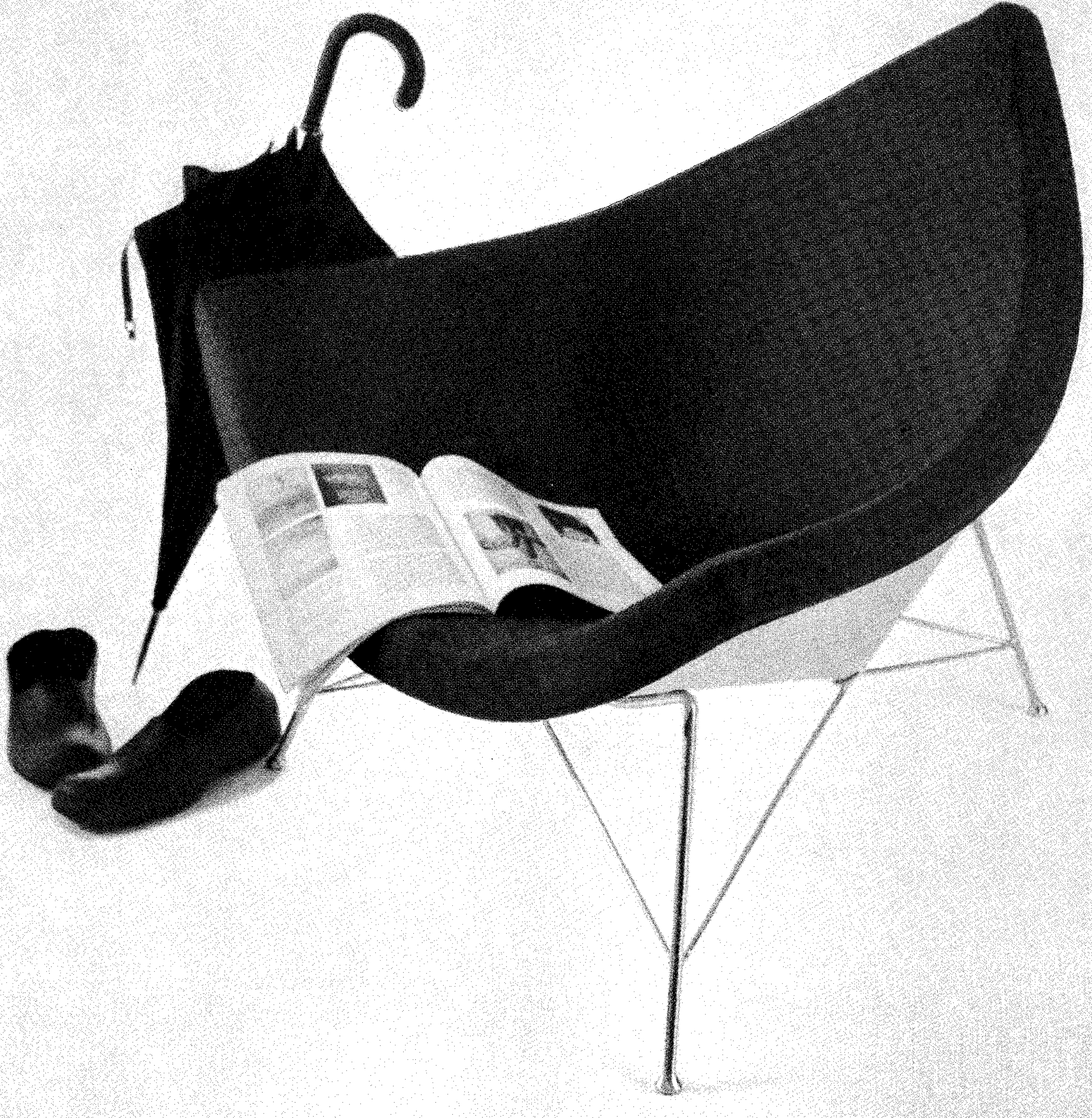

#5569 Coconut chair by George Nelson

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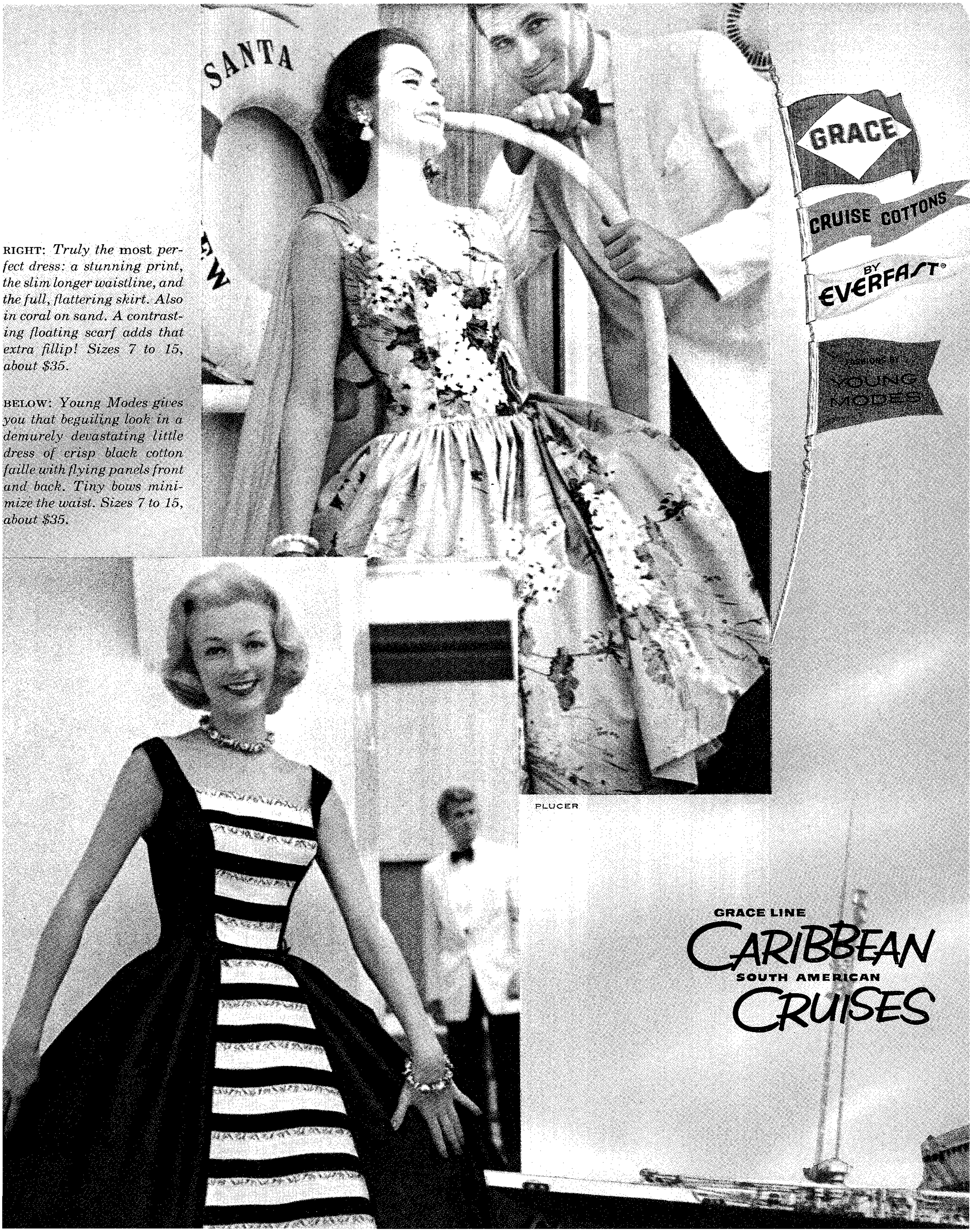
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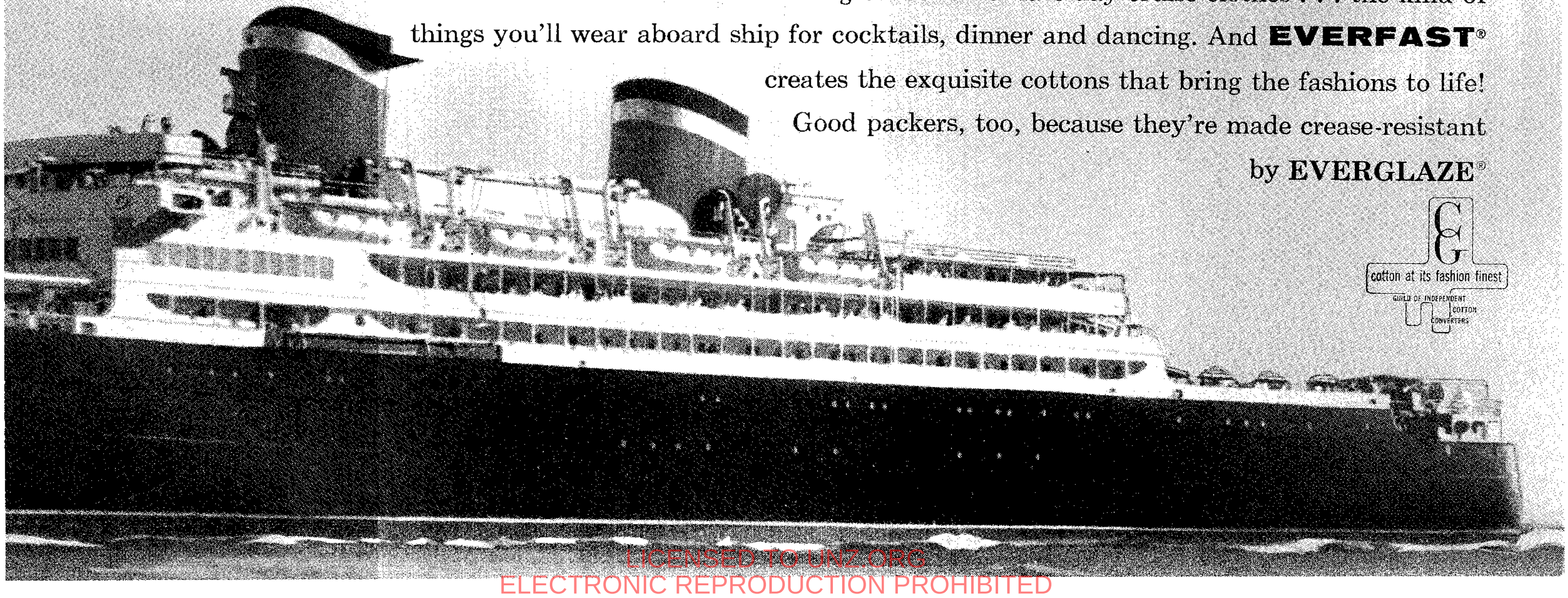

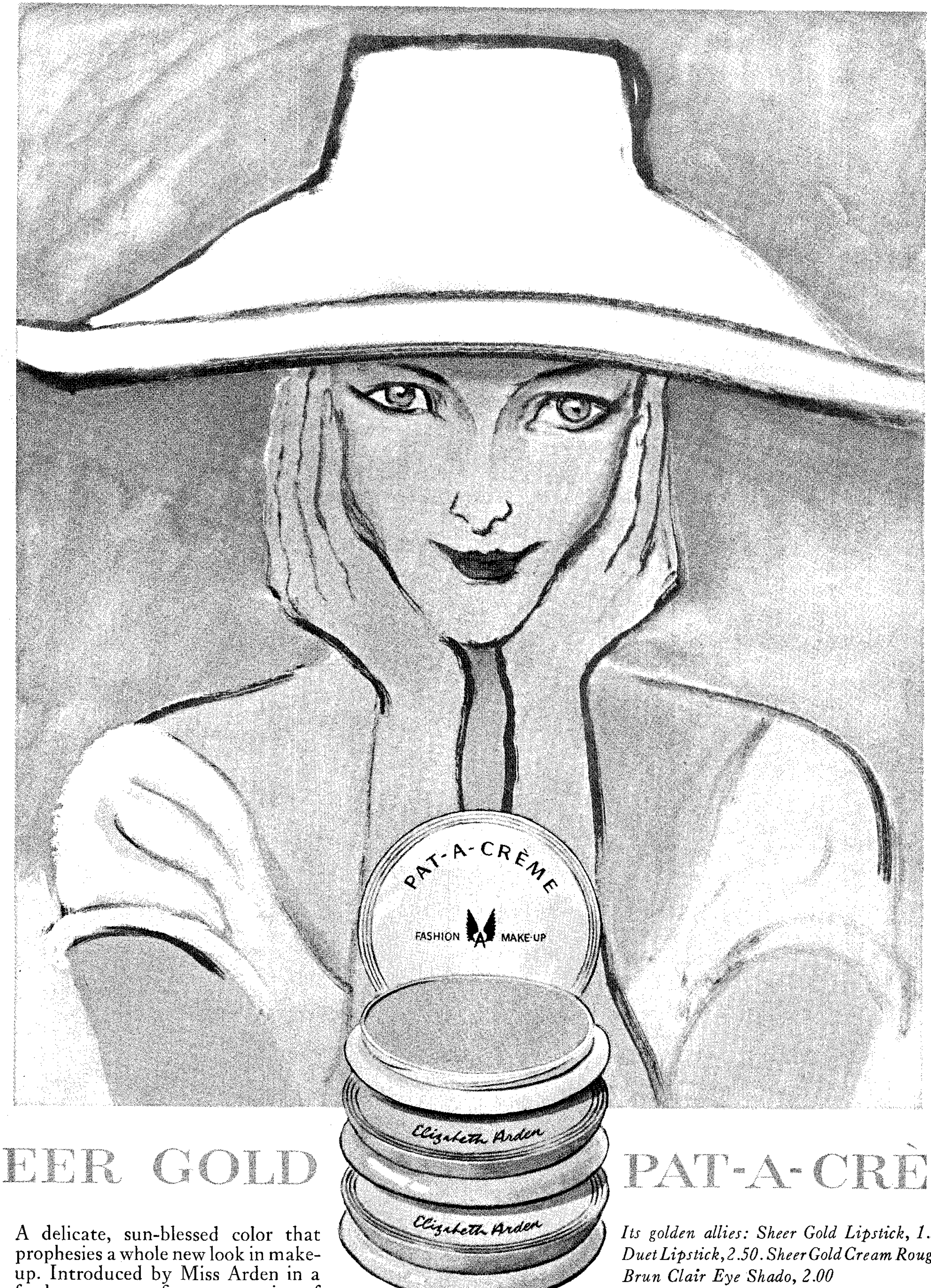

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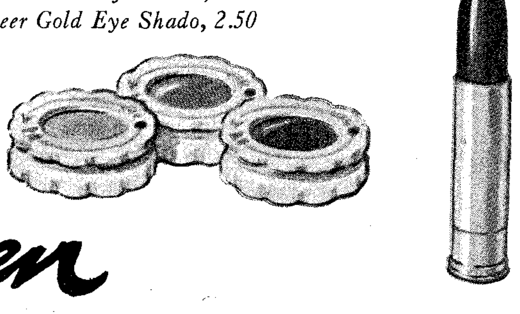

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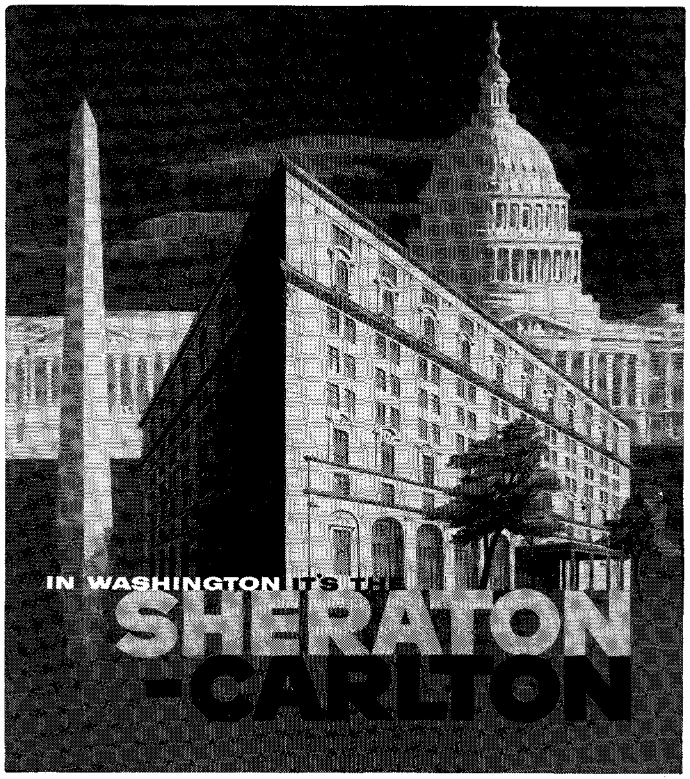
Canadians can squeeze money out of the most unlikely backwaters; for instance, their share for a single week's engagement at something called a Corn Palace Festival, in Mitchell, South Dakota (pop. 12,123), in 1952, came to thirty thousand dollars. Lombardo's contracts for appearances on tour assure the band of sixty per cent of whatever it grosses. On their sorties, the Royal Canadians get about by chartered bus, except in New England, where, because so many of the parkways are restricted to private cars, the band uses a fleet of automobiles. When travelling by bus, the musicians observe a rigid protocol as to seating arrangements. Lebert and Victor occupy the two seats up front, across from the driver, with Guy and a vacant seat directly behind them; the two seats opposite the leader are reserved for Carmen; and so it goes. If there is a change in personnel, the newcomer is assigned his predecessor's seat. The band has had half a dozen tuba players over the years, and every one of them has ridden in the inside seat to the right of the aisle, five rows back.

Up to three years ago, he would generally travel for a couple of months a summer and rake in a couple of hundred thousand dollars during that time, but since 1954 Lombardo's rural idolaters have had only occasional opportunities to worship him in person, because from mid-June until Labor Day, at the invitation of Robert Moses, another institution, he has been producing outdoor musical extravaganzas at the Jones Beach Marine Theatre. In 1954 and 1955, Lombardo's Jones Beach offering was "The Arabian Nights" (lyrics by Carmen Lombardo), a vast production, with a cast that included Lauritz Melchior and two elephants. Last summer, he put on a revival of "Show Boat" (lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II), which compensated for its lack of avoirdupois by being presented on an actual showboat—the first time in the twenty-nine-year history of this musical that such a thing had been done. Lombardo's showboat, designed by Albert Johnson, was a hundred and forty feet long, twenty-eight feet across, and thirty-four feet high, and along an eighty-foot stretch of one of its sides was a canvas drop that, when rolled up, revealed a stage, on which a lot of the action took place. "The biggest goddam thing ever invented!" Lombardo says gleefully. The budget for this production was pretty big, too; Guy, Carmen, and Lebert, the sole backers, invested three hundred thousand dollars in it, and made out very well indeed. For "The Arabian Nights," Guy Lom-



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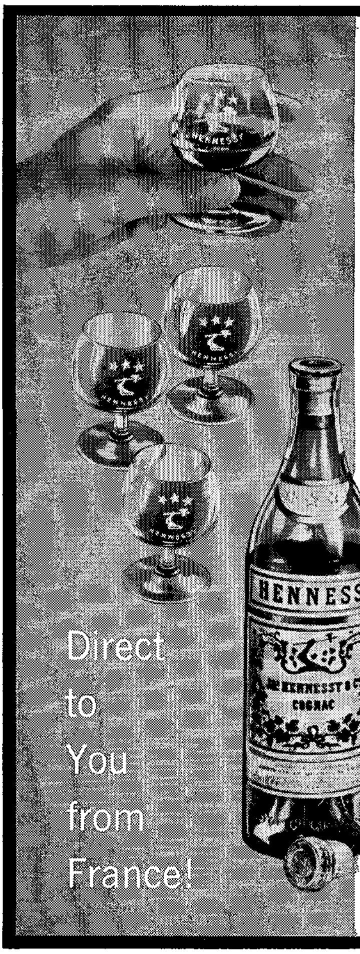

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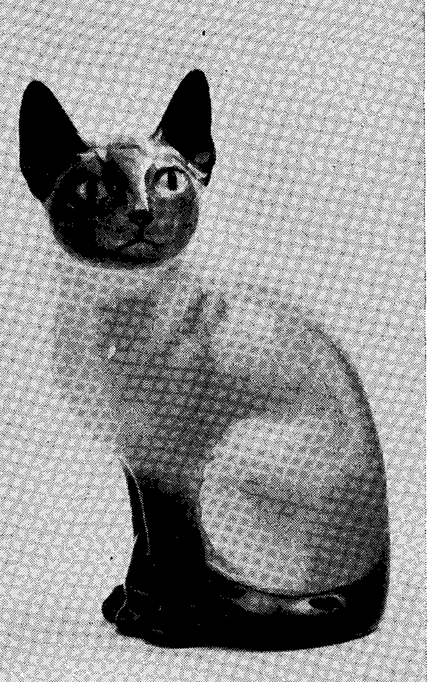
bardo recruited a conventional pit orchestra (he kept his own bandsmen busy by accepting one-night bookings within reasonable distance of Jones Beach, so he could keep an eye on things there), but for "Show Boat" he used the Royal Canadians, considerably augmented. To his fifteen regulars he added two dozen outsiders, including several whose instruments—oboe, French horn, and so on—were alien to the Lombardo tradition. For a while, he was worried about the possible effect that such swollen ranks might have upon the standard Lombardo style, but after a few rehearsals he felt reassured. "Our sound is still there," he said. To make sure it stayed there, he personally conducted the overture at every performance before stepping aside for an understudy—perhaps the only producer of musicals ever to reign in his own orchestra pit.

AS a boy in Canada, Lombardo rode the fastest bicycle in town—until he happened to ride it down a flight of concrete steps, a mishap that left him unconscious for thirty-six hours. As an adult, he has been flagged down while exceeding speed limits in many parts of the United States. "I have an inborn craving for speed," he says. His brothers consider this a wholly accurate statement, and none of them will ride in a car he is driving if they can help it. In view of traffic conditions on Long Island these days, and the stuffy attitude of the officers patrolling its highways, Lombardo finds that speedboating best satisfies his craving. He entered this field in 1931, with a sluggish craft that crept along at a mere forty miles an hour; in 1939 he bought a boat that could do twice that, and he has been buying speedier and speedier boats ever since. His present speedboat is the Tempo VII, which can do a hundred and eighty.

At one time or another, Lombardo has won just about every major speedboat-racing trophy in the United States, and in the course of competing he has had his share of narrow squeaks. Once, he insisted on finishing a race despite the fact that scalding oil from a broken pipe was spouting across his legs, and on another occasion he was lucky enough to escape with nothing worse than a broken arm when he deliberately capsized his boat, which was travelling at well over a hundred miles an hour, in order to avoid crashing into a disabled competitor. (The last time he tried to take out life insurance was in 1945. His application was granted only after he had been questioned searchingly about



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the boat he was then racing, which had a top speed of ninety. "They didn't know I had my eye on one that would do a hundred and twenty," he said later.) His dangerous avocation has given the other Royal Canadians some moments of uneasiness, and they would be relieved to hear that he had abandoned it, even though the band has benefited from the fame he has achieved as a skipper. Cradled in an enormous trailer, the Tempo VII often travels ahead of the band, like an advance man, during a tour; both boat and trailer are painted in Lombardo's racing colors—yellow and blue—and the stories written about them as they meander along are inevitably embellished with reminders of the forthcoming visit of the Royal Canadians. Wherever the trailer goes, it draws crowds and, since it is thirty feet long and twelve feet wide, stops traffic. Barnum could hardly have asked for more.

Lombardo is fond of all kinds of boats, even stationary ones. In the middle thirties, he bought a waterfront tract in Freeport with the idea of building on it, and then lived for five years on a houseboat moored just off his property before he got around to putting up a house onshore. Lombardo and his wife, who are childless, now share this house with half a dozen dogs and as many cats. Underneath their living room is a boathouse with a slip large enough to accommodate a forty-five-foot vessel. Its present warm-weather tenant is a forty-four-foot mahogany cabin cruiser, the Tempo I, with a maximum speed of forty miles an hour, which the Lombardos use for unhurried family outings; the Tempo VII stays on dry land until it is time for a race. All Lombardo's boats have been named Tempo. " 'Tempo' sort of fits a boat belonging to me," he says.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the second of two articles on Guy Lombardo.)

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OUT OF CONTROL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

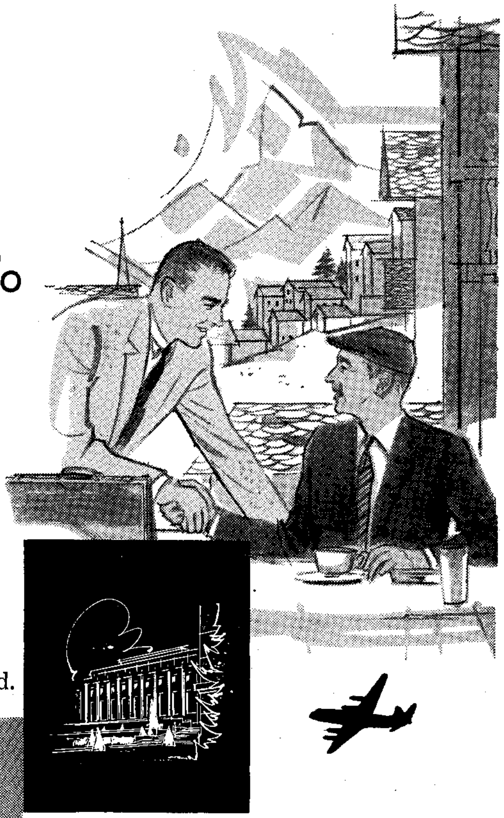
Sir,—As I waited in the rain on the steps of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge I noticed that, in the semi-circular high-relief above the entrance, Phoebus Apollo (who apparently shared with Boadicea of Westminster a misplaced confidence in remote control) is driving the chariot of the sun without any reins. No wonder we have such unspeakable weather!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. VASSALL ADAMS.

Weir Cottage, Marlow, Buckinghamshire. —*London Times.*

Nonsense, it's these bomb tests.



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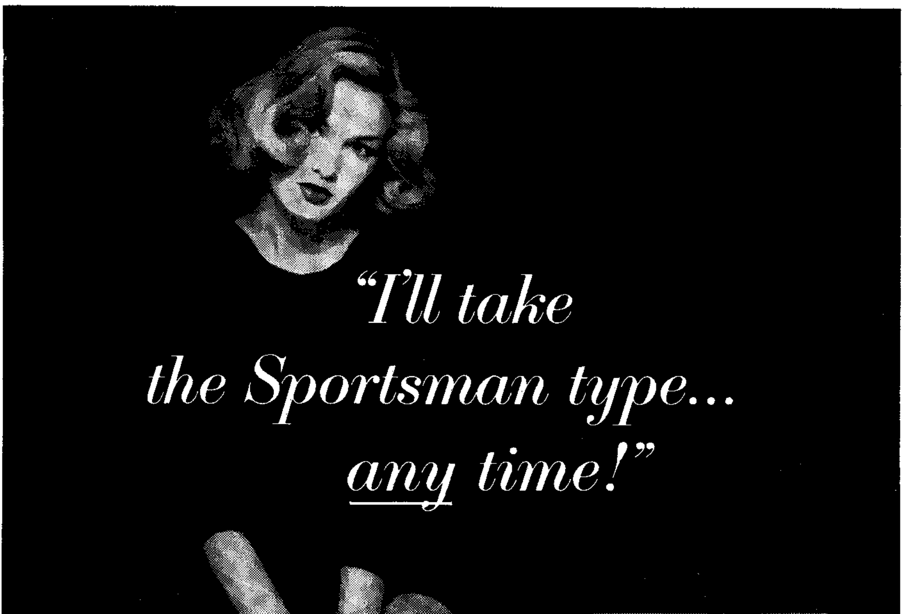
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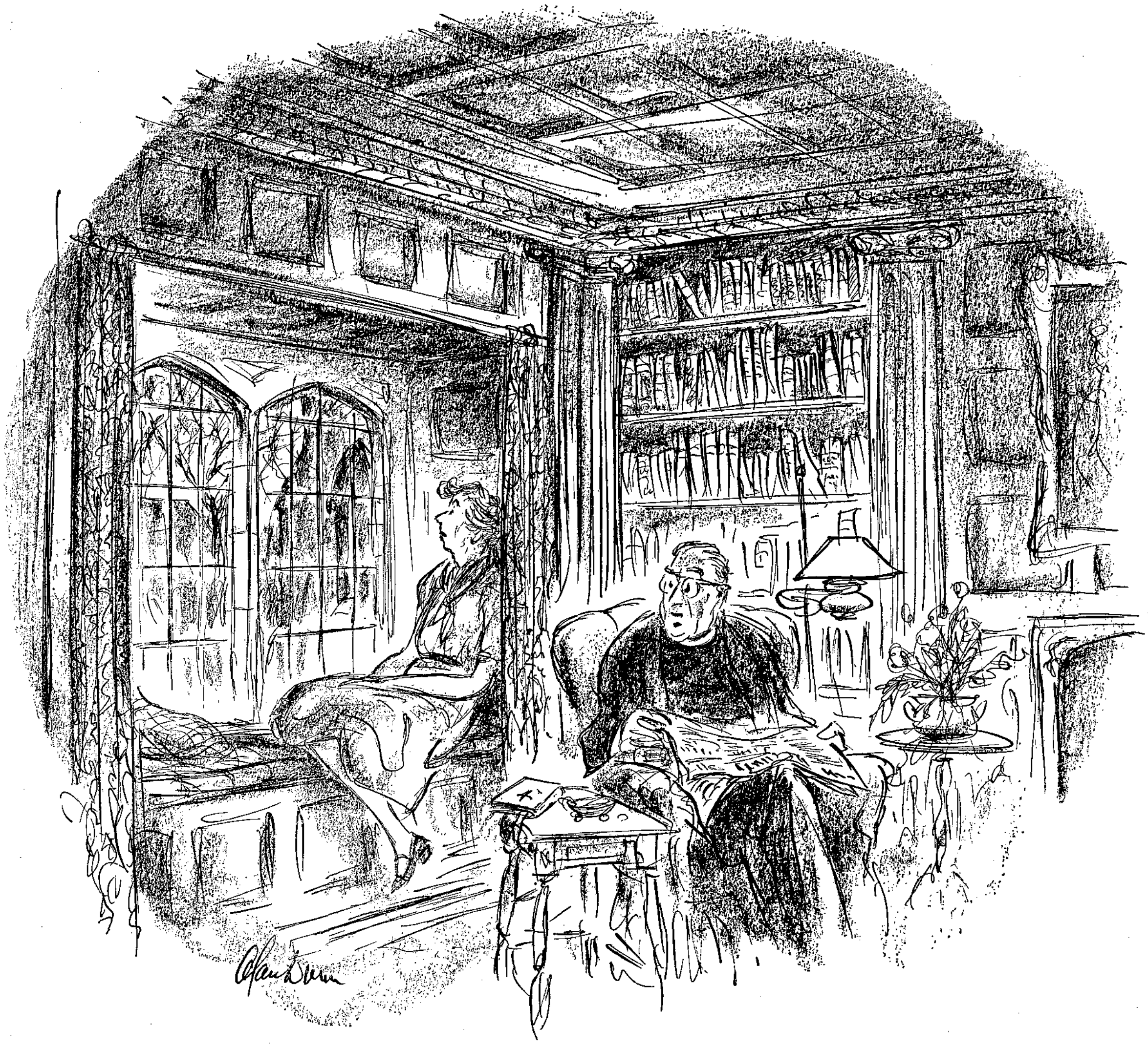
THE THEATRE

TWO MINOR SKIRMISHES

I DON'T suppose that the late Robert E. Sherwood will ever be regarded as one of the major dramatists of our time, but, with two or possibly three exceptions, the dozen of his plays that were produced during his life showed pace, animation, and considerable skill in theatrical construction. It is particularly sad, then, to have to report that the one staged so shortly after his death is almost entirely lacking in all these qualities. This work, called "Small War on Murray Hill," and now visible at the Ethel Barrymore, is charming to look at; the speech, on the whole, is pleasant enough to listen to; and I suspect that it is just about as vacant and shapeless as a paper bag that once contained peppermints.

The plot is not difficult to summarize. General Sir William Howe, in a position to entrap and destroy the Revolutionary Armies led by Israel Putnam and George Washington, stops off briefly for refreshment at the East River mansion owned by a Tory merchant named Robert Murray. As it happens, this gentleman is absent on business, but his beautiful young wife, whose sympathies are fiercely with the Colonies, receives the British commander and entertains him so deftly and enthusiastically that by the time all the alcohol and gallantry have subsided the rebel troops have made their escape. There is a subsidiary romance between a young English officer and Mrs. Murray's pretty young sister, and the proceedings are frequently interrupted by comedy routines involving Hessian officers, British sentries, domestic servants, and local patriots, but mainly the evening is devoted to the conversation between the two principals. This, as I've said, is agreeably phrased, but it doesn't really amount to much, since in essence it says little except that war is always unpleasant, freedom is a desirable condition, and love is possible even under the most unlikely circumstances—all notions that Mr. Sherwood has advanced before, usually with a good deal more vivacity. It is also rather deficient in the drama that arises from conflicting points of view, since the lady and the General appear to be in substantial and courteous agreement about practically everything, including retiring upstairs to the West Room after dinner. The humor is not very distinguished, either, consisting of elaborately turned epigrams about social behavior ("Don't you often think that the cardinal sin is indiscretion?") or else of endless quips about the quaint place names, such as Kip's Bay, Canarsie, and Spuyten Duyvil, with which the region abounds.

As Howe and Mrs. Murray, Leo Genn and Jan Sterling not only seem ideally suited physically to this kind of costume romance but also play with a fastidious style that often gives the illusion that their vehicle is much wittier than it is. The rest of the cast, admirably directed by Garson Kanin, includes Daniel Massey, as Howe's young aide; Nicholas Joy, as another member of his staff; Stefan Schnabel, as a Hessian general who considers it a mistake to mix up women and war; Patricia Bosworth, as the heroine's delectable sister; Francis Compton, as a Colonial banker; Joseph Holland, who, as Mr. Murray, is pleased that the General finds his household so engaging; Vinnette Carroll, as a cook with



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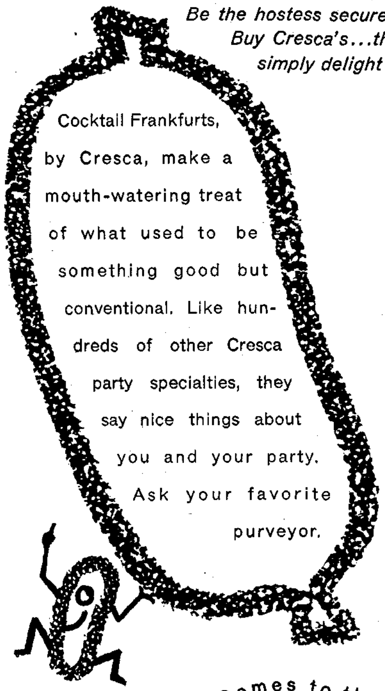

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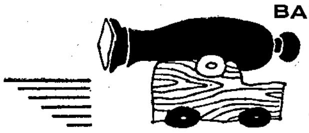

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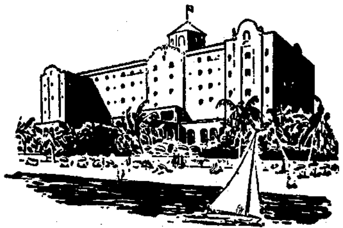

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an extraordinary bass voice; and Jonelle Allen, who is as enchanting a little colored girl as I have ever seen. Boris Aronson's Colonial mansion is among the season's handsomest designs.

FROM time to time, it occurs to Faye Emerson, one of the most energetic performers in the entertainment world, that she ought to do a Broadway play, and recently, after what appear to have been some fairly distressing experiences on the road, she turned up for three performances as the star of something called "Protective Custody," at the Ambassador. This vehicle, the work of Howard Richardson and William Berney, was concerned with the tribulations suffered by an American newspaperwoman held prisoner behind the Iron Curtain; it involved more rotating scenery and eerie sound effects than any other non-musical production I can remember; in spirit, it recalled such innocent amusements of my youth as "Ben Hur," "Three Faces East," and "The Yellow Ticket;" and I am afraid that it was almost no good at all. The things that the heroine's villainous adversaries did to her in the course of their brainwashing were too terrible to contemplate. They cut off her long, golden hair; they stole her typewriter and her obviously expensive dress; they made her sleep on the floor; they questioned her interminably under lights certainly guaranteed to addle anybody's brains; and they discussed her sex life in a manner that I hope would be impossible in a more decorous society. Miss Emerson was represented as a syndicated journalist with twenty million readers, who had achieved a kind of immortality, as well as a Pulitzer Prize, with a column called "The Man Behind the Door," and, as such, she was, of course, a perpetual embarrassment to the Kremlin. Her writings were quoted profusely, and while I find it hard to understand why anybody would consider them either interesting or damaging, the Russians are clearly a sensitive race, who react very badly to anything that can be construed as criticism, and they treated their captive with extraordinary malevolence—almost, in fact, as if she were one of the Alsop brothers.

There is not much else that seems worth reporting to you about "Protective Custody." I was mildly astonished when a man said to be from the American Embassy greeted the chief of the heroine's prosecutors briskly as "Comrade;" I wasn't entirely convinced that Miss Emerson was losing her mind just because she couldn't remember the

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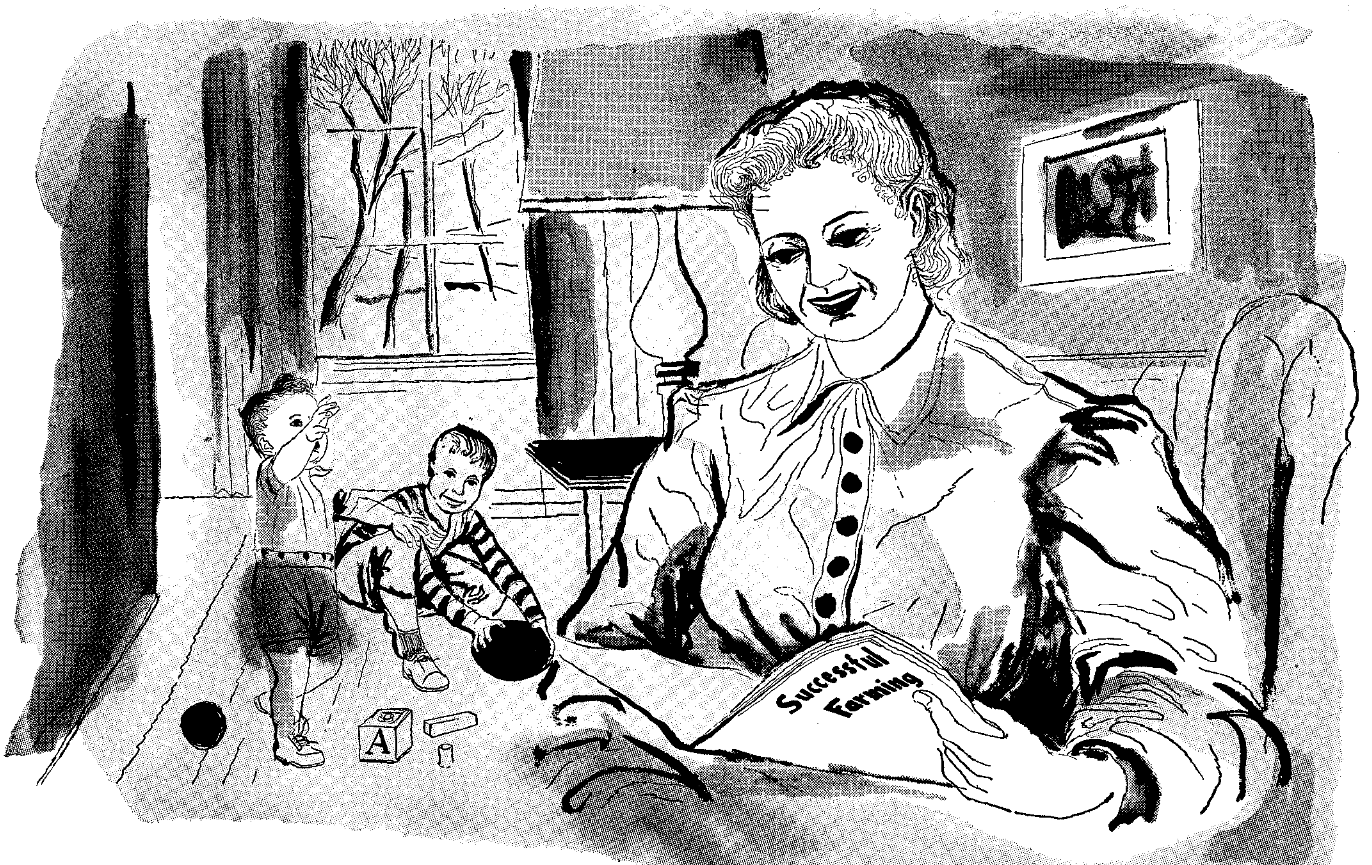

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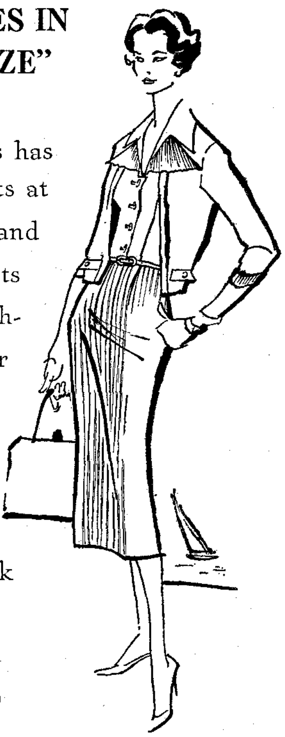

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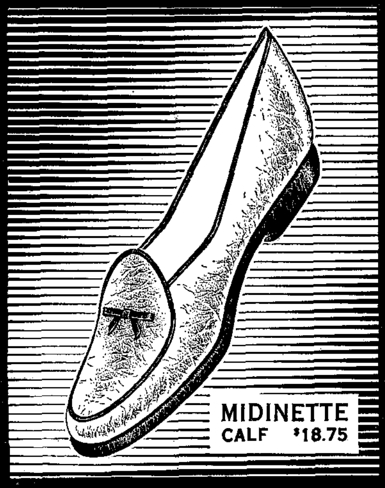

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words of the Gettysburg Address, though she did all right with "Mary Had a Little Lamb;" and I guess it gave me something of a start when somebody's conscience spoke up loud and clear from a microphone on the balcony. Otherwise, however, if you except the frantic revolutions of the scenery, nothing happened that would have been surprising in the early works of E. Phillips Oppenheim, and the conversation, though alternately very noble indeed and almost incredibly unprincipled, added little to what I already knew about political reëducation as conducted by the Communists. If I was reminded at all of "Darkness at Noon," which also had to do with a strong disagreement about theories of government, it was only because the present authors seemed to be engaged in an extremely ill-advised parody of it.

Miss Emerson's performance is hard to evaluate, since her part was so remote from what I have been led to suppose is her natural disposition, which is that of a cheerful, competent girl, unlikely to allow herself to be pushed around by anybody. The impression of suffering was there, especially when she was banging her pretty head against the floor of her cell, but I couldn't help feeling that, inside, the lady remained imperturbable, or just exasperated at most. The assisting company included Fritz Weaver, as a wicked recruit from the West; Thayer David, as an inquisitor who really enjoyed his work; and Barbara Lester, who was apparelled as a nun but still struck me as being as tough as anybody on the premises. Their conduct was as sinister as the management could possibly have wished. The settings, designed by Peter Larkin, showed us various chambers in a former convent, and while they were impressive, in their ominous way, somehow or other they contributed an extra bit of absurdity to the evening. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

PUBLISHERS OF "FLOOD," MEET DAVID DEMPSEY, AUTHOR OF "FLOOD"

At Camp Davis, near the Delaware River at Stroudsburg, Nancy Johnson decided to spend the evening at home with her parents in the family cabin. . . . By midnight the cabin had been swept away, water was racing through the treetops, and Nancy was swimming for her life.—*Blurb for "Flood" (Ballantine).*

Nancy Johnson, who could not swim, found herself clinging to the branches of a tree.—*"Flood," page 30.*

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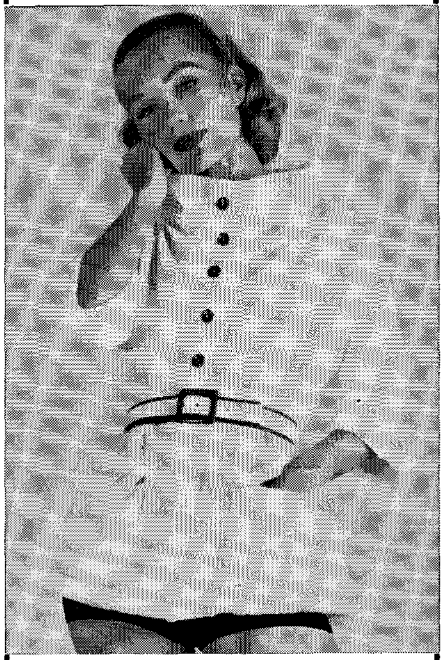

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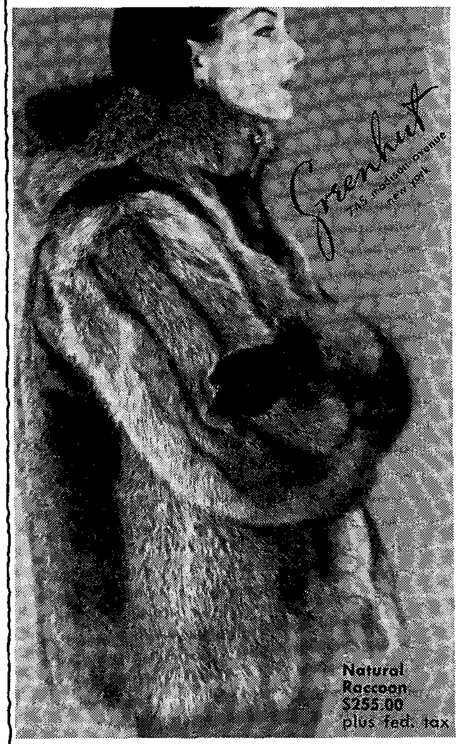

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AVARICE AND THE YAWNING DOG

WHEN I was eleven years old, I was sent to a boarding school for girls at a place I will call Lypiatt, on the east coast of England, a hundred miles from home. It wasn't at all a bad school. We were well fed, and of the few rules only one gave me any trouble. We were not permitted to faint.

The usual fainting season was the summer term, and the place for fainting was the seniors' assembly hall, where evening concerts were given every second Tuesday. Most of the time, juniors and seniors were segregated—we juniors on the sea front, in what had once been a luxury-trade hotel, the seniors in handsome red brick buildings a mile or so inland—but on alternate Tuesday nights we all came together in the assembly hall. I doubt whether any of us younger ones enjoyed the concerts much. They began after our normal bedtime, and the hall was not large enough to accommodate the whole school in any comfort. On warm evenings—and the concerts always seemed to take place on warm evenings—the atmosphere was often stifling. But to faint during a concert—or, for that matter, to be left behind at the hotel because you had fainted the last time—was looked upon by everybody, teachers and pupils alike, as an appalling disgrace, akin to admitting yourself unfit to be out of diapers.

My own fainting problem was, I fancy, worse than most of the others', because it arose twice as often. I never felt like fainting at concerts, but during my last term in the junior section, when I was thirteen, it was all I could do not to faint every Sunday morning in church. Looking back now, I realize that the sensation I thought was faintness may not have been anything of the kind, but at the time I was convinced that it was, and only the fear of what my peers would say to me—at thirteen, one is a person of some stature in a junior school—kept me from finding out from experience.

The school was undenominational, but once a week, whatever our views or those of our parents, we all had to go to church. The seniors had a small chapel of their own; we juniors went to churches in town. Every Sunday morning, Catholics, Jews, Presbyterians, and various other groups were driven off to their places of worship in a fleet of taxis. The Church of England contingent, to which I belonged, walked; it was far the largest, because, in accordance with normal British practice in these circumstances, it included everybody left over. We attended Lypiatt Cathedral.

The town of Lypiatt is built on one of the few hills that rise out of the fenlands. In the Middle Ages, Lypiatt was a large and important city, which accounts for the size of its great cathedral, but by the twentieth century it was no bigger than many other flourishing market towns. The cathedral (its foundation stone was laid in 1086) is at the top of Lypiatt Hill. Several steep streets, two of which are really flights of long, shallow steps, lead up to it.

The guides like to describe it as several cathedrals, rather than one, for each generation has either added to the work of its predecessors or torn down parts of the structure and built anew. (One of the men who did a lot of rebuilding was a duke who married Chaucer's sister-in-law.) The dominant style is Gothic, and the outside is impressive. But the inside is disappointing, at first. Nave and transept, chancel and chapel are lined to the last foot of wall space with tombs and busts and carved-marble figures. Whole families are depicted in these memorials, some of the figures being larger than life-size, and all are dressed in the correct Sunday clothes of their day. Wigs, ruffles, buckles, and crinolines have been carefully reproduced, and here and there among Victorian business suits a winged female in a stone nightdress points firmly upward. All this weighty statuary gives the cathedral a perpetually crowded feeling; even when almost no one is in it, the place seems full of people, and of animals, too. Several memorial groups include the family dog. There are lion cubs, falcons, and doves; there are even mice and lizards, and a fox playing a harp on top of a pillar.

One of the most notable characteristics of the cathedral is the number of devils in it. They are on the window frames, in pier-cap designs, on bosses, and on corbels. There is almost nowhere you can look without seeing a small, wicked face looking back. Usually, little of a devil is depicted besides his head, and this is often inappropriately crowned with a halo of water-lily leaves or set off by a rich bunch of grapes. In contrast to the expressions of colorless piety worn by the effigies

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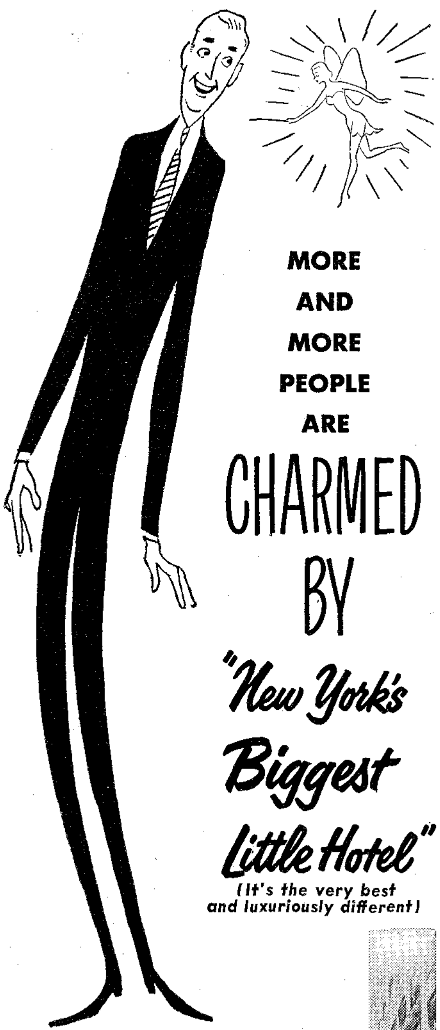

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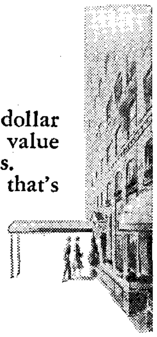

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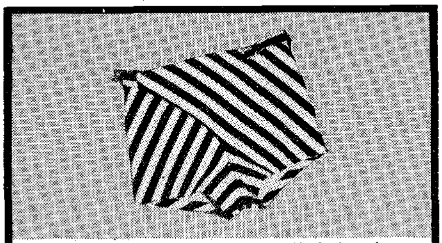

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crowding the aisles, the devils' faces are full of character. Most of them are grinning broadly, and those that aren't are looking sly, as if they had just heard a good story that they had not yet had an opportunity to pass on. Historians explain these profane presences in cathedrals by saying that they are the work of medieval cartoonists who intended them as caricatures of certain local citizens. There must, I think, have been a great many unpopular people living in Lypiatt while its cathedral was being built.

The pews we juniors occupied were in the north transept. They were high and massive and made of dark wood, and on their ends were the remains of carvings of the seven deadly sins and the seven cardinal virtues, one sin or one virtue to a pew. Cromwell's soldiers had defaced them, attacking the virtues first. There was almost nothing left of Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, Chastity, and Fortitude, whereas one could still see varying amounts of Pride, Wrath, Envy, Lust, Gluttony, Avarice, and Sloth. Avarice was the best preserved. He had a wide, open mouth, small eyes, and beautifully curled nostrils. It was possible, if one was careful, to balance one's collection penny on the hump of his tongue, and leave it there until the usher came for it.

From where I liked to sit, next to Avarice, I could see three devils, one mouse, the harp-playing fox, and a small bear in the act of scratching himself between the ears with his left front paw. If the girl sitting at my end of the row two pews ahead of me happened to be short, I could also catch a glimpse of a little dog that sat at the foot of the tomb of a family named Croker-Pyddoke. This dog had a pinched, sad face, as if attending on the Croker-Pyddokes for so many decades had sapped all his small vitality. Beyond him, through an archway, I could see an Etruscan-style sarcophagus, on the top of which a stout middle-aged couple reclined under a terra-cotta counterpane. The counterpane was too short for them; all four of their feet stuck out.

In our transept, we could hear very little of a service, and could see none of it. The only intimation we had that proceedings had started was when, somewhere far off, a voice began to intone in that plaintive pitch peculiar to minor canons. This sound was followed by the faint cries of a choir, in whose tiny efforts the congregation was not expected to join. We never thought, however, that the hours we spent in Lypiatt Cathedral were dull. Our school discipline was based on keeping

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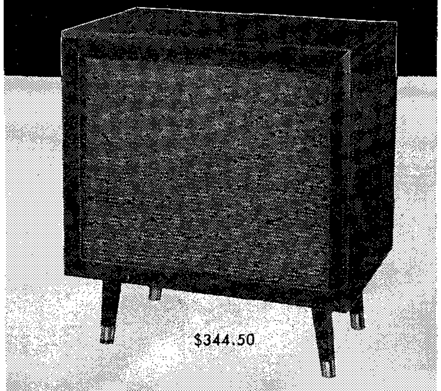

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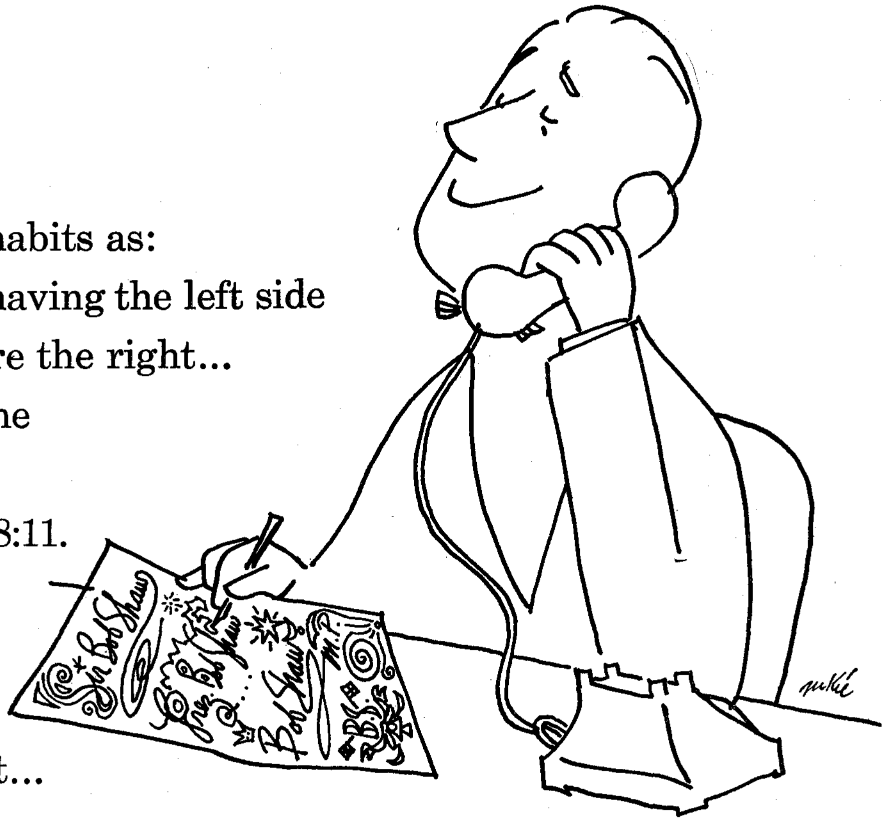

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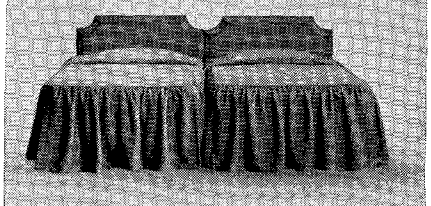

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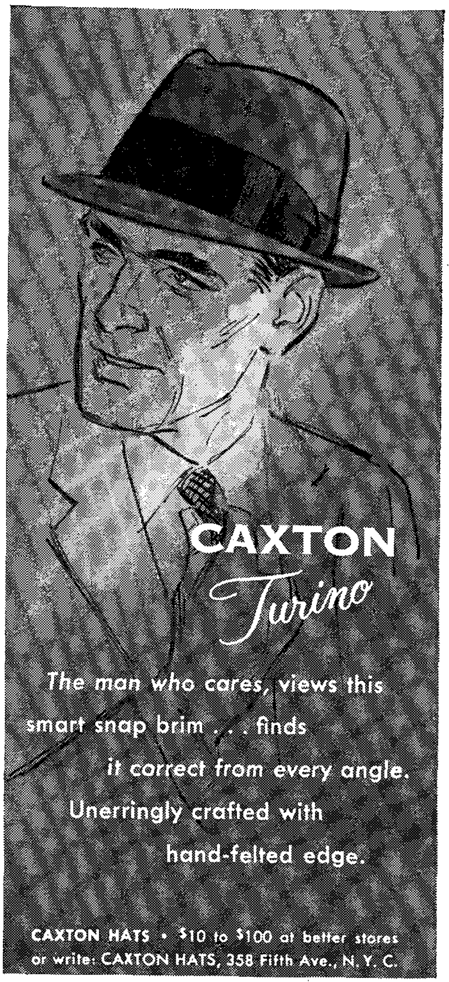
us on the run all day long, so we welcomed the restful time in the cathedral. We stood or sat or knelt as expected, but we felt as free as if we were not in church at all.

Lypiatt Cathedral had its own distinctive smell. It was as if the prayers of the faithful throughout history had not all ascended to God but had become wedged in the rafters and gone bad up there. Cleaning a cathedral is an expensive business, and what we smelled was, I suppose, a combination of dust, stale air, damp woollen clothing, mothballs, and candle grease.

It was this smell, more than anything else, that first made me want to faint. One Sunday morning, early in my last summer term as a junior, I was late starting for church, and to make sure of my seat next to Avarice I ran most of the way up one of the steep stairway streets. I got the seat all right, but after I had settled myself into it, breathing hard, I realized that the smell of the place was almost overpowering. My head ached and I felt dizzy. As the service proceeded, I felt better and worse by turns. In the middle of the sermon, the devils and the bear and the Croker-Pyddoke dog began to move. The bear scratched himself, the dog yawned, and one of the devils winked. Their movements were extremely slight—almost imperceptible—but they were perfectly clear to me, and I found them fascinating. I was thinking that I had never enjoyed a sermon so much when it occurred to me that what was really happening was not that the animals and devils had acquired consciousness but that I was about to lose mine. (One of the more regular concert fainters had told me that her only warning was that the floor beneath her feet seemed to move.) The floor was steady enough in my case, but all the same I was seized with panic. To faint now, at my advanced age, was more than my reputation would stand.

At thirteen years, one really is too young to have to grapple on a weekly basis with the temptations of the underworld. For the rest of that term, I knew no peace. Every Sunday morning, some, if not all, of the devils and animals that I could see scratched, winked, shook themselves, or otherwise made me advances that I found delightful and all but irresistible. Sometimes the pew ends joined in (all that was left of Lust was a claw, which flexed itself), and the effect would have been like a nightmare if I had not found it so enchanting. Although I dared not faint, I could not bring myself not to



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look at the carvings. I always looked, hoping as I did so that they would come alive. I knew that if I concentrated on listening to the clerical goings on beyond the archway, I should be all right, but I did not want to be all right that much. When the devils and animals moved, they involved me, in a way that was more disturbing and more exhilarating than any experience I had previously known. I longed to watch them past the point of safety—that is, of consciousness—but I did not have sufficient courage. I could never quite let go.

I did not tell any of my friends what went on in the cathedral. I doubt whether, even if I had wanted to, I could have found the words. Attending church became more and more exhausting for me as the term progressed—so much so that the matron, a nearsighted woman who rarely noticed whether we looked ill or well, put me on a special diet.

IN September, thinner for the summer's experience in spite of the belated diet, I entered the senior section. From then on, I spent my Sunday mornings in a building designed to serve, without tangible aids to inspiration, the spiritual needs of all. The chapel on the senior campus was barren of carving and ornament, and was permanently filled with icy fresh air that seemed to blow without impediment straight from Denmark. In due course, I stopped thinking about the sins and the devils, but I never went inside Lypiatt Cathedral again.

I do not suppose I would ever have remembered the events of that summer if I had not dreamed of them, vividly, one night many years later, in America. There I was, back in the old cathedral, sitting up close to Avarice, smelling the same heady smell, and hearing the same distant, religious noises. There were the carvings, just as I had known them—the sins and the devils, the little dog, the couple in bed—and inside me there was the same excitement and apprehension. And then, quite suddenly, I realized that this time I had nothing to fear. I was married, and a married woman is free to faint as often as she chooses.

—JOYCE WARREN

•

After both parents have put their child to bed, a husband who does not feel assailed by feminine duties may even voluntarily help ttfothrenrepasAbt-mvU..vehtup with the chore of dish-washing.—*Dr. Rose Franzblau in the Post.*

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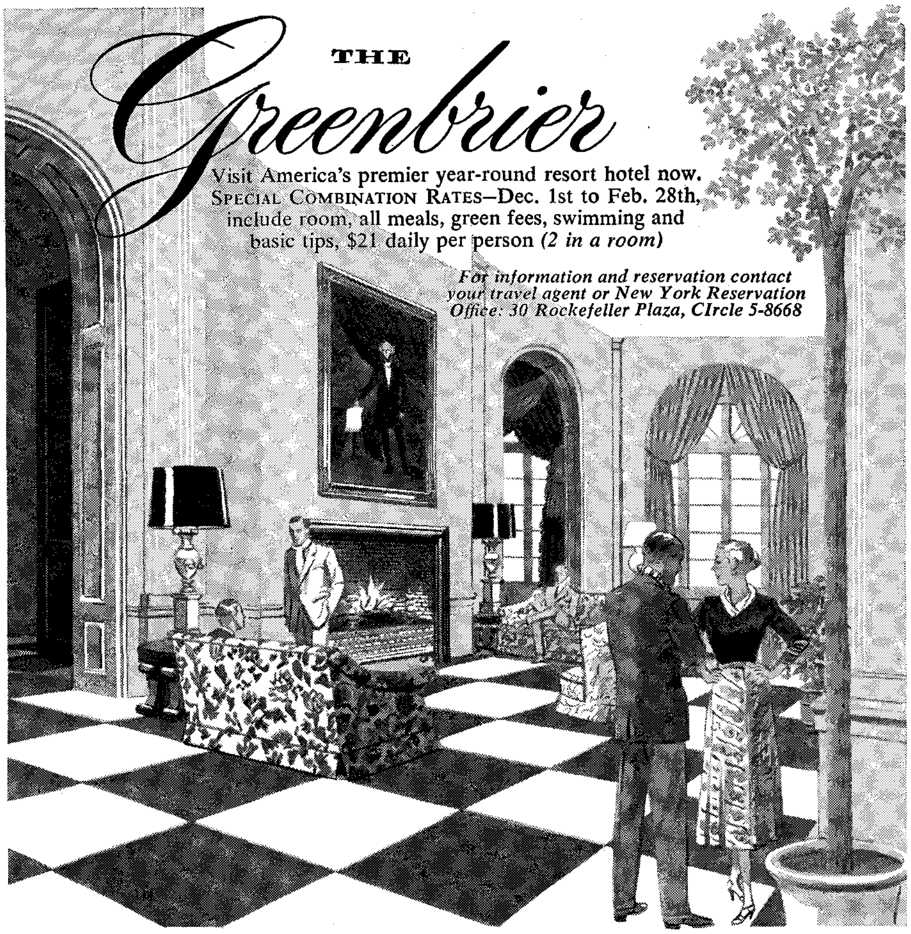

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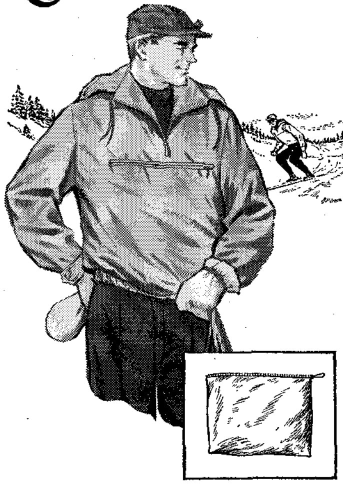

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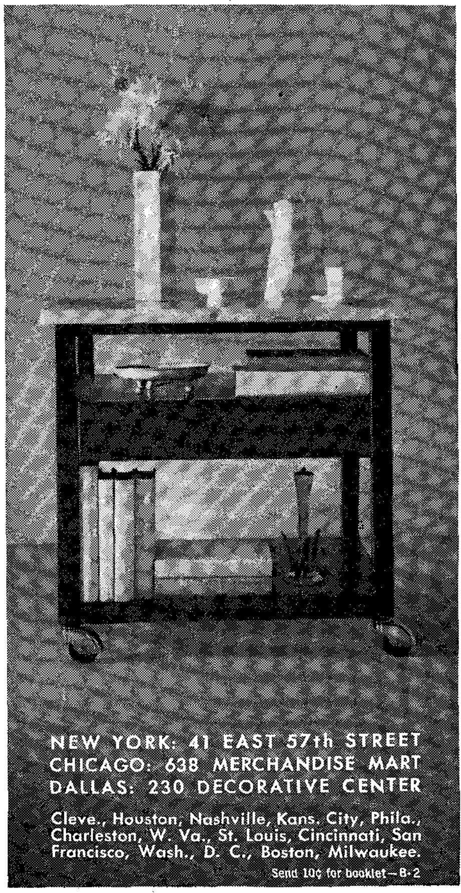

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THE ART GALLERIES

Picture Story

IT'S a bit of a trip up to the Academy of Arts and Letters, at 155th Street and Broadway, but I believe it is worth the journey to see the big memorial exhibition of paintings, drawings, and other works by Gifford Beal. Beal, who died last year at the good age of seventy-seven, was about the last of that group of American artists—William Glackens, Ernest Lawson, Maurice Prendergast, John Sloan, Robert Henri, and George Luks among them—who, setting to work shortly after the turn of the present century, did so much to liberate American painting from the academicism into which it had fallen. Though the work of many of them, Beal's included, may seem a trifle tame now, they were rebels, and they were so regarded at the time. Sloan, Glackens, Lawson, and the others of the famous Eight got the brunt of the "ash-can" accusation, being condemned for taking their subjects from the presumably ugly and noisome life around them instead of seeking their themes in the nobler realms of mythology and the past. Henri, who had travelled extensively abroad and was seemingly a born teacher, was the strongest influence, and it was he who, through his relations with others and through the school he conducted, did the most to spread the news of the new styles and techniques being practiced abroad. This, of course, brought the further accusation of knuckling under to foreign "isms." Yet there is a paradox peculiar to the arts; by paying attention to the innovations elsewhere the artists were not enslaving American painting but were liberalizing it, and by turning to native, contemporary subjects they were starting to instill into it that independence and vitality it has retained to this day.

Beal himself was not one of the prime movers in these developments. He was not enough of a militant by nature, apparently, for that. But he was active in them, and during his years at the Art Students League (he was its president, except for a couple of years, from 1915 to 1930, the longest term of office in its history) he unquestionably had a considerable effect on the generation of artists who came after him. As the new show reveals, he was open to pretty much all the contemporary trends. It's a big affair, with some seventy oils, in addition to a sizable array of works in other mediums, and its range in time is from a small, very carefully drawn, and quite charming study of the Grand Canal in Venice, done in 1906, during the first of his two excursions abroad, to a group of oils ("Palm Trees, Haiti," "Summer Flowers," and so on) done the year before his death. In between, one is faced with what amounts to a running history of the styles and subjects popular in his day.

There are, to begin with, the paintings of his more or less purely Impressionist phase. These are mainly early pieces, such as the lively little deck scene called "Excursion Boat" and "Puff of Smoke," the somewhat Monetesque but truly handsome view of the freight yards along the Hudson River. Both of these are dated 1912. But they're not all early, by any means. Beal, it seems, liked occasionally to turn back to the Impressionist techniques all through his life. Perhaps because his approach to the style was partly experimental, he was given to a certain amount of "borrowing" in connection with it, and so one finds, dated 1910, a small "Circus" (really a study of the crowd outside the tent), done in the exaggeratedly Pointillist style of Maurice Prendergast, and, as late as 1954, a group (such as "Road to Port-au-Prince" and "Terrace, Ibo Lili") painted in almost exactly the same manner. His "Armistice Day," of 1917, on the other hand, has more than a touch of Glackens, while, in quite another vein, his seascapes, "Gray Gale" and "Mending the Nets off Straitsmouth," both late, are reminiscent of Homer.

Beal appears never to have been greatly attracted to the school of social commentary that Sloan and others of the Eight set in motion, and when he did venture into that field—as in "Elevated, Columbus Avenue" and "Excursion Boat"—his point of view was a good deal gentler and less acid than theirs. Like most artists of his era, though, he was a true devotee of the American scene (as I believe it was just then beginning to be called), and it is interesting to note how his paintings in this genre parallel, in subject and atmosphere, the works of his contemporaries. In this respect, there's a curious relation between these men and those of a generation earlier, particularly in their landscape paintings. For if the nineteenth-century artists—conditioned, perhaps, by the notion that man is vile and only untouched nature is truly sublime—went far afield in their search for subjects, the men of Beal's generation stayed closer to home, and as the stir and excitement of the city's streets had a much greater attraction for them than it had had for their elders, they tended to substitute Central Park for the Catskill and Adirondack settings that had been so dear to the Hudson River painters.

There it was, close at hand, as picturesque, if one wanted to see it so, as anything in the wilderness, and with the piquancy of its metropolitan milieu as well, and the result was that for a whole generation nearly everyone painted there. The little esplanade at one end of the Mall, overlooking the lake, was a favorite subject, and Beal has an example—and a very attractive one—called "Mall, Central Park," dated 1914. "Winter, Central Park," small and mistily gray in atmosphere, is nice, too. So, in addition, are the late "May, Central Park" (again in his Pointillist vein) and the lively "May Day," of 1922, and one feels that the Park was a continuing interest throughout Beal's life.

The circus also attracted him, as—perhaps because of the free play it gave to the use of bright color—it did a great many of his contemporaries. But I don't want to belabor the similarities between him and his contemporaries, for to a certain extent every artist follows his fellows in this fashion, nor do I want to tie him too closely to a period that was only a part of his long career. As Beal outlived the others, so his interests outgrew them, and in the end his range of subjects included just about everything, from landscapes to flower studies, and from city scenes to marines. He was not a great painter, and, especially when he tackled "big" subjects, he tended to descend toward the static and the merely illustrative. But in his gentler, more intimate moments he could be charming indeed, and most of his work gives one the agreeable feeling of a deeply conscientious, perceptive artist at work.

—Robert M. Coates

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the program of "Middle of the Night"]

Synopsis of Scenes

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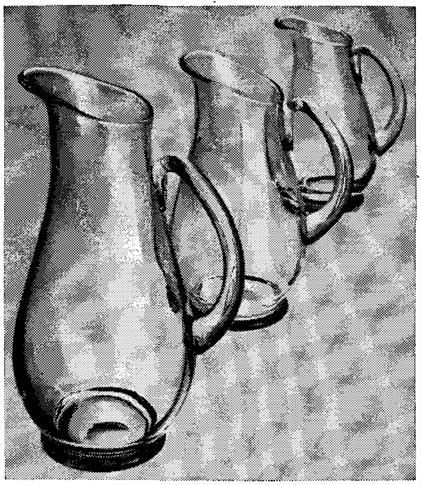

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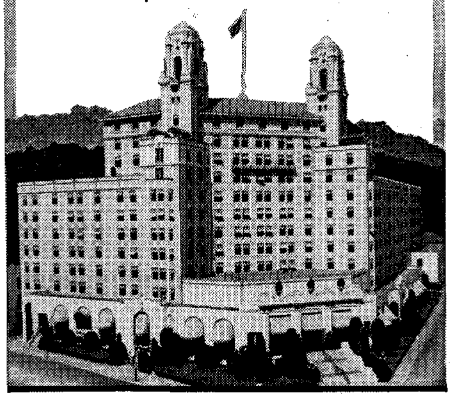


LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 1

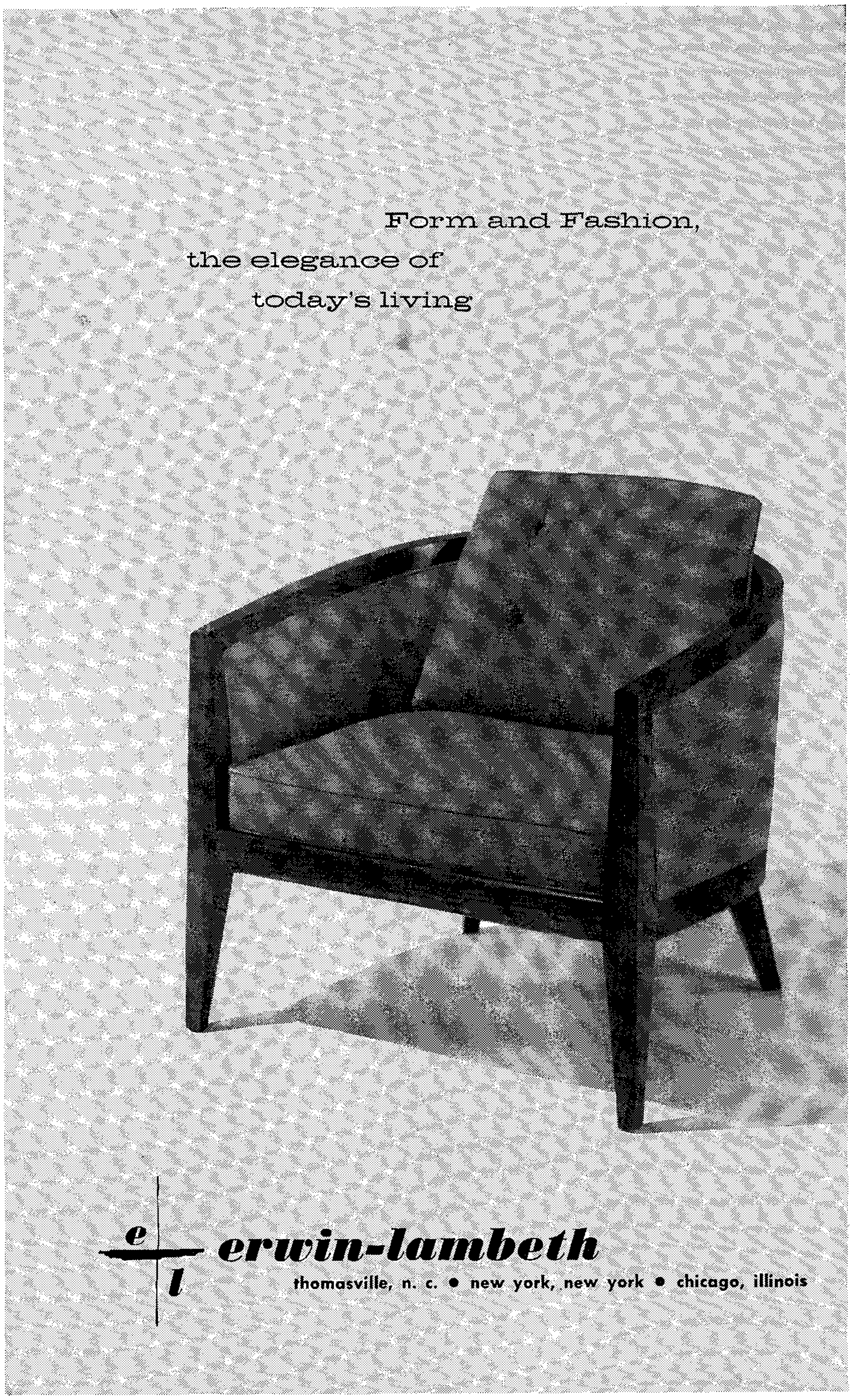
THE old year that made its unlamented exit last night, having been by everybody's count the worst since the war for anxious tension and bad news, at its end did give more than usual the sense of the closing of a chapter. In the popular view, the happy new year that is being hopefully mentioned today will really start on the day the Suez Canal is open for business again, and this fixing of everybody's sights on such a vitally important goal explains some of the talk that is rumbling around here and in other European capitals. As a change from the recent passionate cleavages of opinion on the rights and wrongs of the Anglo-French action in Egypt, British public opinion seems unanimous in its bitterness over Colonel Nasser's success to date in using the United Nations as a sort of junior branch of the Egyptian government. Indignant Britons have hardly been able to believe their eyes as they have read of General Wheeler's kid-glove approach to Cairo's continuous stalling over getting the Canal clearance work started—not to mention the long-drawn-out arguments about whether the delicate sensibilities of Colonel Nasser would not, after all, be too much jarred by the use of British ships and sailors to help with the job, even if they went into plain clothes for the occasion. The recent report that after the Canal is cleared, Nasser will permit passage of the world's ships through it only on condition that the Israelis withdraw from Gaza seemed, on the whole, rather cheerful news, since people feel that the point must be rapidly approaching where the United Nations will decide to call the bluff.

Meanwhile, much of the local exasperation seems to be breaking out in new criticism of the United States, as the senior partner of the United Nations. Plenty of wise and respected voices have been raised to point out that good friends must stand together, in case they encounter still grimmer tests elsewhere. (Some unexpected voices have been raised, too; it seemed strange to many readers of the *New Statesman*, for instance, to find that formerly acid Dulles-baiter benignly extolling the Secretary of State for his "high-minded speech in Paris.") Large numbers of ordinary English—possibly less wise but angrily vocal—give little sign of having heard them. The shock that was registered here at the unbelievable (or so a good many shaken citizens felt) spectacle of the United States siding with the Soviet Union and Egypt against England and France in the General Assembly sank in deep, and now the man in the street has received from his notion of the American role in the Canal dickerings the confused and highly resentful impression that Colonel Nasser is the President's boy. To judge by all the disillusioned talk going on, the prestige of the United Nations has taken discouraging knocks in direct ratio to the way it has grown in the esteem of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon. At the beginning, there was enthusiasm over the extemporary throwing together and dispatching of the United Nations Emergency Force, which many people visualized as the first blueprint for a permanent watchtower to be set up between peace and the Third World War. But lots of English now bitterly suspect that the force will remain in Egypt only long enough to restore the unqualified status quo stipulated by Colonel Nasser.

As a result of this increasingly critical view of the authority and efficacy of the United Nations as a dispenser of international law to nations that do not want to receive it, Lieutenant Anthony Moorhouse has become a sort of symbol of national indignation. Moorhouse was the unfortunate young officer who was kidnapped in Port Said by the Egyptians after the United Nations cease-fire, was reported alive and about to be handed over by his captors, and, finally, as Colonel Nasser admitted (he apparently did not trouble to inform the United Nations but gave the news informally to Colonel Cyril Banks, the British M.P. who had flown to Cairo on a fact-seeking mission in behalf of the anguished Moorhouse family), was murdered while British troops were searching for him in the street where he met his end. His murderers are thought to be members of one of Nasser's terrorist gangs, reportedly sent to Port Said after the truce had begun, and now believed to be operating again along the Israeli borders. Since it was the United Nations that proclaimed the cease-fire, the way it handles this one small, tragic test case, which has aroused enormous anger in England, will decide—at least in the eyes of what seems like a large section of frankly skeptical opinion here—a lot of larger, more momentous things about its authority.

When Parliament reassembles, it seems likely that more will be heard of an idea that was lost sight of when it came up in November, in the midst of the Suez crisis, but has apparently attracted growing support both in the Commons and outside Parliament, and is certainly extremely timely right now. This is the motion, put forward by Mr. Pitman, the Conservative Member for Bath, and Mr. Usborne, the Labour Member for Yardley, urging that the United Nations purchase, or rent on a long lease, the sovereignty of the Sinai Peninsula, plus control of the strategically important islands of Tiran and Sanafir, in the Gulf of Aqaba, as spots on which to set up the first base of a permanent United Nations world constabulary—the United Nations Charter first being completely overhauled, the motion adds, so that the new owners or landlords would acquire real force, as distinct from their present moral force, to supplement their policemen's whistles. To date, this motion has been signed by twenty-six Labour Members, twenty-one Conservatives, and two Liberals, who all hope that a day will be set aside for airing the subject in debate after the House sits again. The body of opinion behind the motion is the British Parliamentary Group for World Government, which consists of a hundred and twenty-four members, in both Houses of Parliament, and which quietly plugs away at its views—for instance, that not only the Suez Canal but other troublemaking vital spots in the world should be brought under supranational authority. The group also wants to see the world's oceans, outside territorial waters, owned and policed by the United Nations. Though many English, of course, regard these proposals as hopelessly idealistic, the group reports that public interest is mushrooming steadily among all kinds of people, who maybe suspect that they contain a sort of glimmer of a last chance for all of us.

In the political lull, discussion is still raging over the future of the Prime Minister, who, before Parliament rose, was welcomed home from his much-criticized vacation with a rather nicely struck balance of noise in the House of Commons—a decent amount of friendly cheering to tide over the difficult moment by some, but noticeably not all, of the Tories, and decibels of ringing silence from the Labour and Liberal benches. According to the latest public-opinion poll, Labour is



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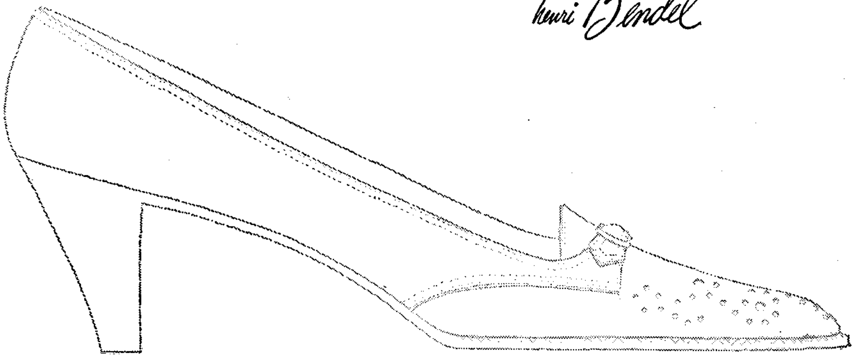

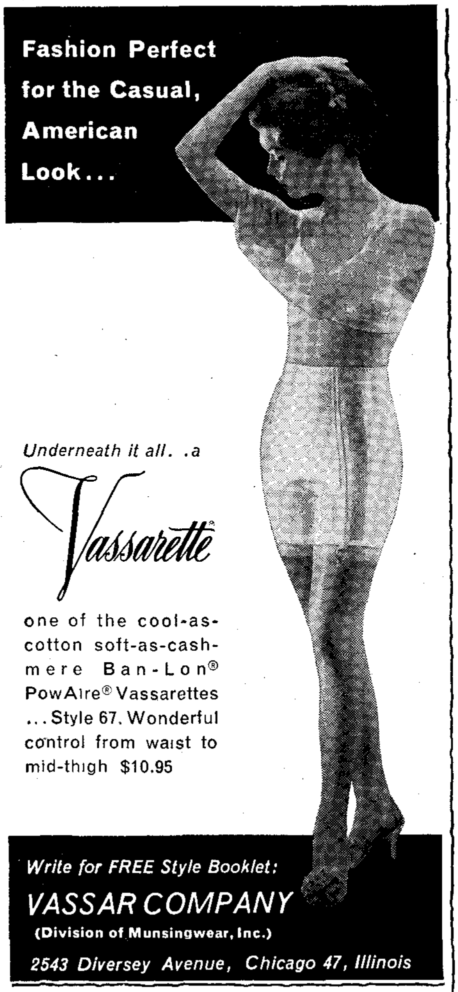

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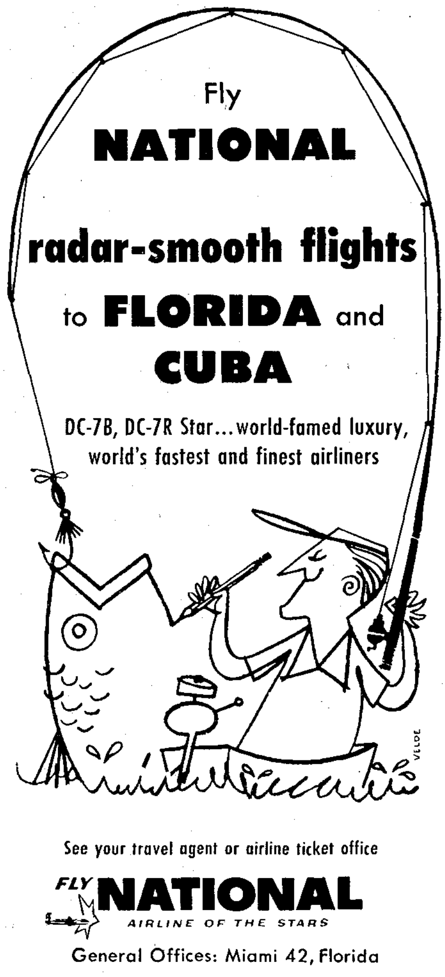

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again out in front by a comfortable lead, which Conservatives, with as much philosophy as they can muster, consider that it will certainly keep and maybe improve upon in the next few months, when the Suez birds will be coming home to roost. Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has already served chilling advance warning of a possible rise in the income tax; all the same, it is thought that England's economic outlook for the next twelve months—discounting any unforeseen setbacks—is better than might have been expected. On the basis of even the most optimistic reports on the schedule for clearing the Canal, though, it is taken for granted that petrol rationing will last into the summer. Before Parliament adjourned, the Minister of Fuel and Power, Mr. Aubrey Jones, promised to give industry at least a month's notice if the present ten-per-cent cut in fuel oil has to be increased—which he said he hoped would not happen but which most people think will come all the same, probably in a couple of months, when the squeeze gets really tight. Mr. Jones had to face a barrage of sniping questions shot at him by M.P.s who had been harassed, in their turn, by thousands of letters from constituents complaining that "pleasure motorists" (the ordinary public, which gets petrol coupons to the tune of two hundred miles a month) had been treated too softly and that business firms were not getting enough supplementary allowances to keep their wheels and their livelihoods turning over. The M.P.s also deplored newspaper articles unkindly alleging that politicians were getting all the petrol they wanted—a notion that hardly helped the M.P.s (as they pointed out) deal with the floods of hard-luck stories pouring in from all over the country. Certainly the rationing scheme strikes no one as being a marvel of equity, considering the time that the Government had to think up something between Nasser's seizure of the Canal Company, when the idea of an interruption of Middle East oil supplies first loomed, and the introduction of the scheme last month.

THE most discussed play of the moment is one that you have to join a club to see. Owing to the censorship rules of the Lord Chamberlain, the great officer of state whose department oddly sits in judgment (somewhere in St. James's Palace) on dramatic works and decides which of them are fit to place before an adult English audience, Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge" could not be produced here in the ordinary way, since it introduces a slight touch of homosexuality. As a result, the Miller play was put on at the Comedy Theatre under the wing of the little New Watergate Club, which thus made it a private production, outside the censor's province, but one that, in the usual farcical manner, anybody who likes can now see by forking out five shillings' membership dues, plus the price of a ticket. So many eager playgoers have done so that the New Watergate (which also plans to produce "Tea and Sympathy" and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," neither of which would get past the St. James's Palace test) must currently have a membership that would be envied by many more august clubs, now reportedly feeling the financial draft. Because of all this advance drumming up of the play's shock impact, numbers of Londoners who finally succeeded in getting seats apparently found themselves somewhat perplexed as to what all the fuss was about. The play is extremely well acted, by a cast whose valiant accents only occasionally slip and make the view seem to be from London Bridge. Anthony Quayle, in a brilliant return from his long absence as director and actor at Stratford, plays Eddie—a character who could not well be more different from his recent doublet-and-hose roles but whose sad, muddled gropings Shakespeare would have understood, sure enough.

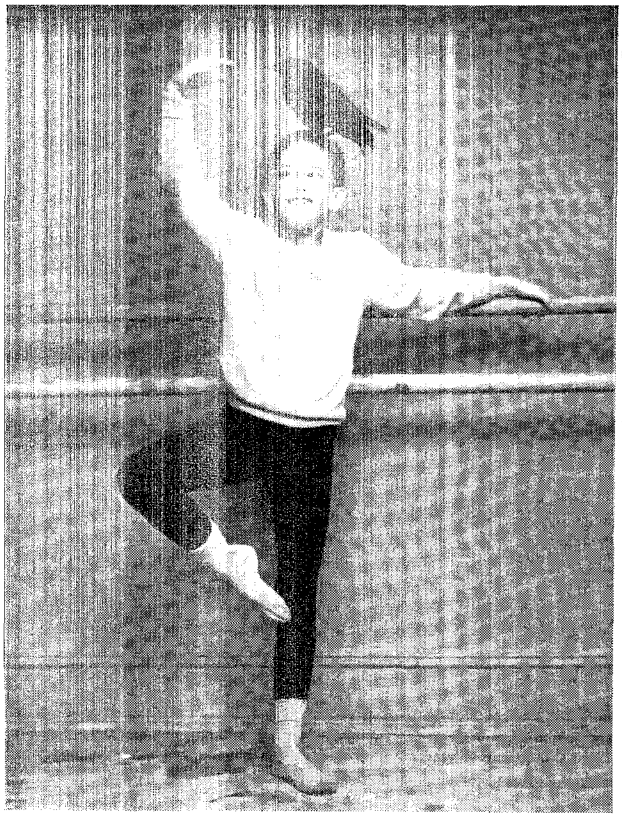
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

• •

TWO

There was that fall the fall of desire
And in the senseless night a sense of wires
Cut, plugs pulled from the darkened switchboard—
And then the silent cold like sudden swords,
And then the snow silencing depths and heights.
Together we walked alone the white-twigged night
Followed by our desperate, disparate tracks,
Which even to us were lost when we looked back.

—WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT



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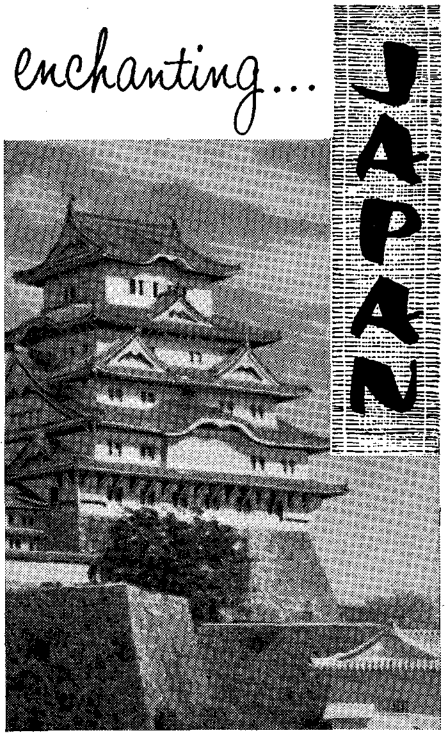

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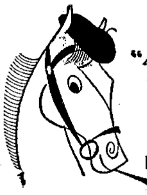
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

High-Frequency Heel

THE television-and-radio industry is given quite a going over in "The Great Man," a picture that has plenty of bite until it gets to its final scenes. Practically all the workers in the broadcasting vineyard on display here are sleazy, sordid, self-serving types who believe that dog should eat dog with relish and abandon. The best of the lot is a commentator who, when we first encounter him, is ready to start gathering material about the life of Herb Fuller, a celebrated performer and entrepreneur whose sudden death has shocked the nation. Once assembled, the material is to be used on an hour-long, coast-to-coast tribute to the late-lamented. As our commentator digs into the great one's past, he is appalled to discover that his subject, whose specialty was kindly, whimsical, encouraging chatter, was an utterly obnoxious character, given to lechery, swindling, booze-fighting, and gross hypocrisy. In the course of uncovering these unsavory facts, the investigator falls in with assorted denizens of the radio-television world—Fuller's former agent, a hard-bitten scoundrel who is expert in the use of Madison Avenue argot and the professional double-cross; Fuller's former mistress, a singer who has taken to drink because of the shameful way the big wheel treated her; Fuller's former boss, a network operator who doesn't care what tricks his flunkeys use to sell stuff, just as long as they sell it; Fuller's former publicity man, who has been lying about the deceased for years; Fuller's former band leader, a loudmouthed clod who has been getting fat on crumbs from the Master's table; and, by way of relief, the gentle proprietor of a radio station in Worcester, Massachusetts, who gave Fuller his start in the business. While the commentator is developing an increasing distaste for Fuller from the information he gathers, the network is holding a colossal funeral for the great man in a movie house that has been converted to a television studio, and to this flocks an assemblage of New York citizenry after the manner of those who made Valentino's funeral such a wingding. There's a good bit of grim humor in the mortuary proceedings, as there is in the description of the operations of the network, and it's really too bad that the thing winds up mawkishly.

"The Great Man" was directed by José Ferrer, who is co-author, with Al Morgan, of the script, and, for good measure, plays the commentator—a role in which he is properly terse and troubled, though capable of indulging in a wisecrack or two on occasion. Also frequently troubled, but by no means terse, is Keenan Wynn, who plays the agent with all stops open. Most of the others—notably Dean Jagger, as the network head man; Julie London, as the dipsomaniacal singer; Jim Backus, as the band leader; and Russ Morgan, as the publicity man—seem authentic enough, and so do Joanne Gilbert, who plays Mr. Ferrer's secretary, and Vicki Dugan, who plays an accessible receptionist. But the most appealing actor in the cast is Ed Wynn, who portrays the radio proprietor from Worcester with skill and charm.

"LA SORCIÈRE," a French film made in Sweden, is a gentle little fable about a stunning Scandinavian girl who has to take to the woods when the people of her village get the notion that she's a witch (she's strange, all right, but actually as virtuous as they come), and a French engineer who is flabbergasted, as well he might be, when he happens upon her in the course of a stroll. The engineer coaxes the Swedish dryad to accompany him to town, but she's too used to the outdoors to be very much at home there. Eventually, "La Sorcière" comes to a sad conclusion, but not before Marina Vlady, who plays the woodland lass, has been proved by the camera to be the loveliest resident of the Swedish timberland. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

This week's brain twister: This one you should do in your head: How many times is the numeral four used in numbering the pages of a book from 1 to 70? (Answer on page 2.)

Answer to brain twister: Eight. Did you forget to use it twice on page 44?—*The Machinist.*

Nope. Which ones did *you* forget?

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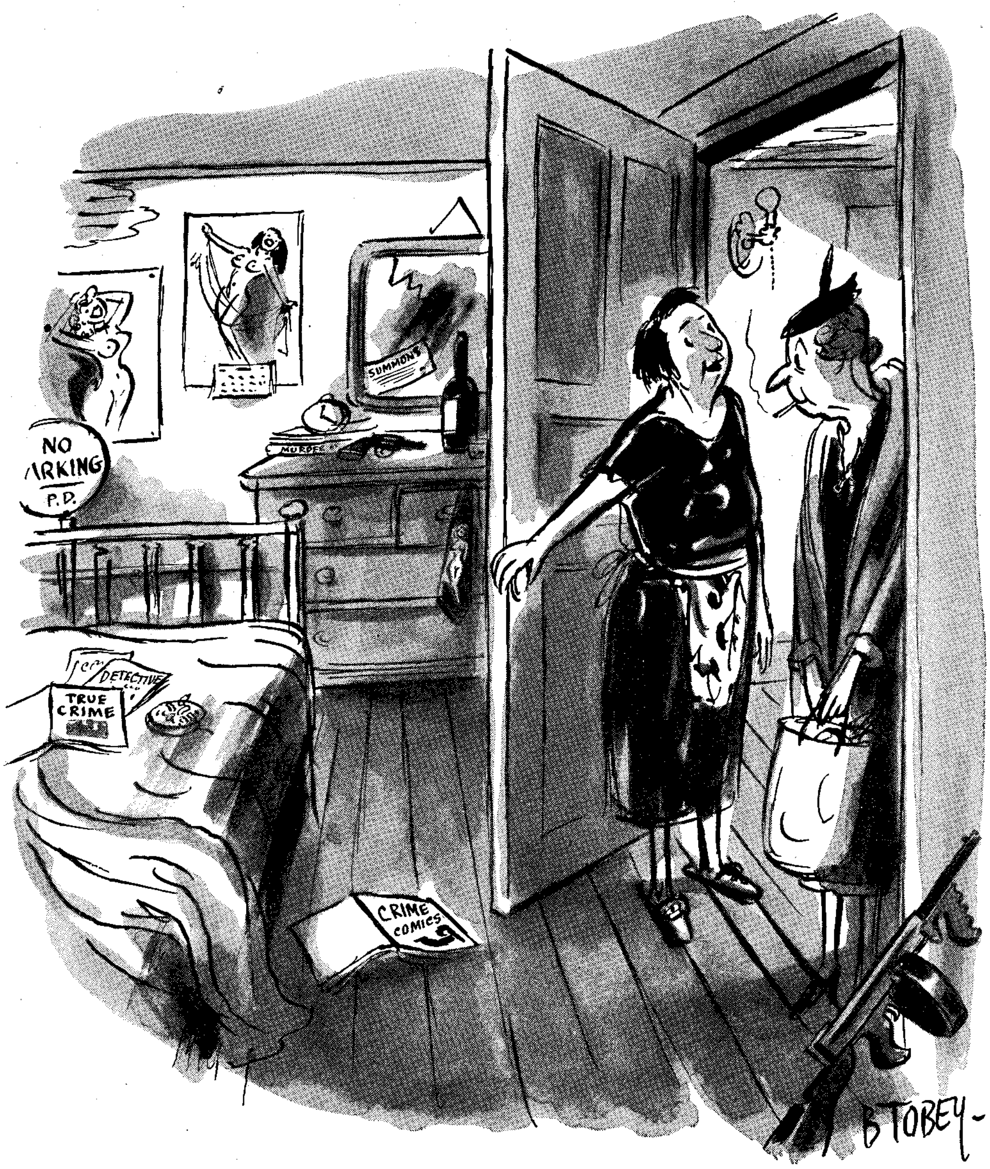
LETTER FROM EGYPT

THE Semiramis Hotel, in Cairo, has wide terraces overlooking the Nile on every floor. A black Nubian servant in wide Sudanese trousers brings you your breakfast tray, on which your croissant and brioche are so golden and glistening that they look like plaster models in a window display—and that is the way they taste, since Egyptian bakers have learned to make the outside but not the inside of European-style bread. The newspapers that come with your breakfast have a comparable outward semblance of the real thing and are similarly odd when you sample them. They are printed in French and English, but selective editing is done by the Egyptian Ministry of National Guidance. Two—the *Egyptian Gazette* and *Le Progrès Egyptien*—are published by *Al-Goumhoria*, an Arabic newspaper that is the recognized mouthpiece of Lieutenant-Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser. The others are owned by individuals; one of these, *La Bourse Egyptienne*, carries an Arab proverb on its right ear every day. The selection one day was "If the season does not suit, attract governmental attention." That was only three weeks after the cease-fire, and among the paper's headlines were lectures to the three aggressors: "IMMEDIATE EVACUATION" (a quote from Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold's speech at the United Nations); "VIOLENT ATTACK BY KRISHNA MENON AGAINST ANGLO-FRENCH" (also a U.N. speech); "CANADIAN GOVERNMENT UNRESERVEDLY CONDEMNS ANGLO-FRENCH AGGRESSION" (from Ottawa); "AGGRESSION AGAINST EGYPT MENACES WORLD PEACE" (from the news bureau of the Chinese Nationalist government, quoting a prominent Chinese Nationalist merchant named You Chou Piou, in Rangoon); "FREE WORLD MUST NOT MAINTAIN ISLANDS OF SLAVERY" (M. Habib Bourguiba, of Tunisia, speaking at the Foreign Press Association in New York); and "PROTEST MEETING AT MOSCOW" (accompanied by a photograph of the chief librarian of the Lenin Library, in Moscow, addressing an audience of women, who looked like librarians missing their lunch hour and mad as the devil about it). All this still left room for a picture of a Lebanese commercial delegation walking in the rain in Leningrad, designed to show that the U.S.S.R. was not forgetting the Arab world, and one of Bobby Morrow, of the United States, winning the two-hundred-metre race at Melbourne, designed to show that the Arab world was not forgetting the United States. There was also an editorial, rehashing the Hammarskjold and Krishna Menon speeches, and saying that the Egyptian Army was ready for all eventualities in case the British and French didn't clear out and Russia and the United States proved physically unable to evict them without help. On its back page, *La Bourse* quoted a Peiping newspaper's endorsement of the Egyptian demand that the aggressors get out, and inside (the paper consisted of four pages) it headlined the solicitude of His Holiness the Pope for the refugees of Port Said, a charge that England and France were preventing medical aid from reaching Port Said, and a story about the heroism of a Port Said woman during the street fighting there, which I reproduce in its entirety:

EXAMPLE OF ZAKIA, WIFE OF PORTER

Zakia was beside her husband, who had already killed more than ten enemy soldiers when a bullet killed him right under her horrified eyes. A few yards away, the four enemy soldiers who had just assassinated her husband were making ready to leave. Before dying, her husband had uttered these words: "Zakia, avenge me." No more was necessary to induce his wife to take possession of her husband's gun. She then emitted a horrible cry that struck terror into the four men. Smitten by panic, they attempted to flee, but Zakia forced them to take refuge in the lobby of the telegraph-and-telephone office. She followed them. Two minutes later, she came out with the bayonet of her gun drenched in blood. She had just disentrailed the four murderers of her husband.

Even those who were firmly convinced of the injustice of the attack on Egypt had trouble regretting it after



"*We're keeping his room exactly as it was when he got pinched.*"

reading this sort of press for a week. A dose of the London *Daily Express* or the Paris *Aurore* would no doubt have helped put them back on Nasser's side, but French and British newspapers were understandably absent from the Semiramis' newsstand. For that matter, there were no Italian, Swiss, or German papers on the stand, either, or even the Rome *Daily American* or the *Stars & Stripes*. Trying to find something to sell, the old gentleman who has the newsstand concession finally came up with a big stack of "The Minstrel Guide and Joke Book," published by I. & M. Ottenheimer, of Baltimore, in 1912. ("End man—'What is the difference between a bald-headed man and a black-haired man?' Middleman—'What do you think?' End man—'Why, one is crow-shade and the other is knit.' ") The street kiosks, bursting with papers, proved to be Egyptian mirages of hope. The papers were the same as were sold at the hotel, plus stablemates in Arabic. The correspondents who composed most of the Semiramis clientele had to depend on one another for information, and it is remarkable how little a newspaperman knows when he has no newspapers.

THE Egyptian "sequestration" of British and French property seemed to offer one field of internal enlightenment when the government announced that the estimated total capitalization of foreign companies in Egypt came to precisely 749,576,000 Egyptian pounds. At the official rate of exchange in Cairo, this is about two billion dollars. At the free rate in New York, it is three or four hundred million less, but this is not the place to quibble about small sums. An excellent, immediately pre-Nasser reference work puts the British share of the foreign holdings in 1952 at forty-five per cent of the total, and the French at the same. Ninety per cent of two billion dollars is a cheering haul to announce to a population whose median annual income is thirty Egyptian pounds. (Despite the measly proportion of literacy among the Egyptians, the Arab-language press reaches a large part of the population, because public readers in the nation's villages increase its audience many times. Moreover, radio sets in cafés broadcast lead articles from the newspapers, and these are followed with as much fascination as if they were extracts from the "Thousand and One Nights," with which they share other points of resemblance.) Unfortunately for purposes of exact calculation, the

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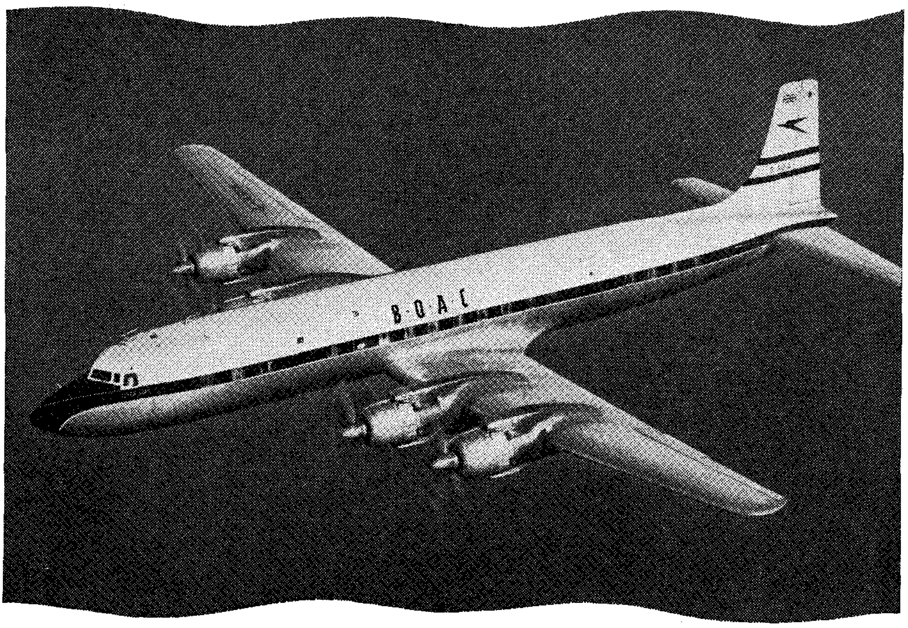

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same work that supplied the ninety-per-cent figure for the Anglo-French holdings put the total amount of foreign capital invested in Egypt at a hundred million Egyptian pounds in 1952, and nothing has happened in the intervening years to stimulate new investment. The government has therefore laid its hands on either ninety per cent of two billion dollars' worth of property or ninety per cent of a quarter of a billion dollars' worth—and after that every man is his own appraiser. A hundred and six million Egyptian pounds are definitely blocked in banks in Britain, which means that Egypt is either half a billion pounds ahead or sixteen million behind in the grabbing contest, depending on whose figures you accept.

Neutral experts differ almost as widely on this question. The consul of one power and an American oil official both told me that they thought the Egyptians were from two to four hundred million pounds to the good, while an economist in a foreign embassy said that most of the French and British enterprises that have been seized had few tangible assets here; the firms included British and French banks that used the money of Egyptian depositors, insurance companies with Egyptian policyholders, chartered-accountant firms with Egyptian clients, shipping agencies without ships, and distributing companies that had only their current stocks of beer, toothpaste, or whatever. There are also British and French hotels that at present have no guests, as well as the great new Shepheard's, which has just been built with an Egyptian-government subsidy, like the nearly completed Hilton hotel that is going up across the Nile from it. (Mr. Hilton, whose hotel, of course, has not been seized, may wind up with two hotels—perhaps a Hilton-Nefertiti and a Hilton-Nasser.) One unquestionably valuable property that Egypt has sequestered is the British-controlled Shell Oil Company, which owns oil fields, a refinery, and a distributing system, and which my experts agreed is worth approximately forty million Egyptian pounds. The blocked pounds in Britain will more than cover the sequestered British property, according to my low-value man, but the French are out of luck.

All that the Egyptians got with most of these properties was a heap of office furniture and their own money back, my economist said. Egyptian participation in these fields of enterprise may increase, but most of the business of the French and British firms will simply go to their Swiss and German and American competitors. What it all means in

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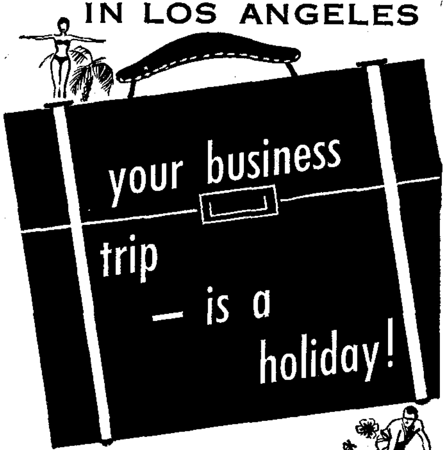

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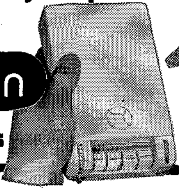

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the long run, it appears, is that while the Egyptians gain little by taking these firms, Britain and France lose the income they brought in over the years. They were essentially service firms; the money they sent home was a kind of invisible export. Somebody, somewhere, I suppose, will someday try to calculate how this loss, indefinitely extended into the future, compares with the share of the Suez Canal Company profits that Britain and France might have expected during the next twelve years, under the terms of the now-cancelled lease, if the Port Said operation had been successful. Considered superficially, the operation looks to have been on about the same level of commercial sagacity as Nina Ponomareva's grab for thirty-two bob worth of hats.

A CALAMITY that is painful for the outsider to contemplate is the blow that has been dealt French cultural influence—particularly because it is a result of a wild swing by Premier Guy Mollet, who is a teacher by profession. Egyptian editorials on this topic are not gloating but regretful, in a personal way, since the modern Egyptian's criterion of his own knowingness is how closely he approximates a Frenchman. English has been the language of administration here, and of some forms of commerce, including the tourist business, but French has been the language of predilection, and French educators have worked hard to keep it so. Ever since the seventeenth century, French civilization, because of its elegance and its androgenous qualities, has had a peculiarly strong attraction for the Moslem world. Louis XIV, that devout, despotic old rooster, treading his hens amid his uneconomic, unsanitary magnificence, made a never-erased impression on the Mohammedans; he came near to being a pattern of the Oriental potentate—turning his back on the past to build his own palaces and monuments, sending out his rutilant armies (but without what the boys on the quarterlies would call his charismatic presence), ruling on all the arts without competence in any, and putting on a show that ambassadors talked about long after they got home to Fez or Teheran. England never had a comparable exhibit to offer; Elizabeth, the only historic counter-attraction, was a female sultan, which queered her act for Moslems. Napoleon was a great touring star, and since he knocked only Mamelukes about, he left no hard feelings behind him. The Mamelukes were not Egyptians but Turkish-Circassians, and the Egyptians themselves blew the whole lot of them to smithereens shortly

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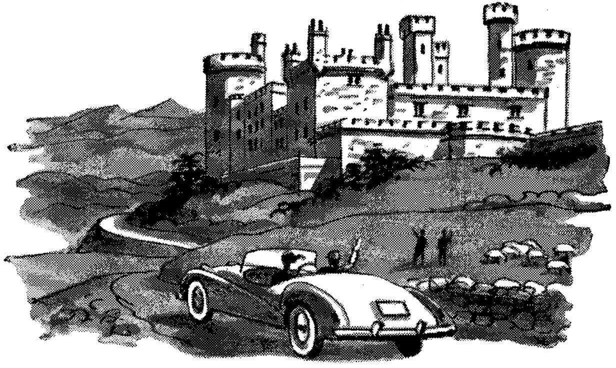

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after the consular road show departed. Antoine Galland, who first translated "The Arabian Nights" into French, showed that Louis' France was as susceptible to the Orient as the Orient was to Louis' France. (Translator and monarch were contemporaries for sixty-nine years. You can learn all kinds of things from the Petit Larousse.) The reciprocal intercultural crush has seldom flickered since. In Egypt, until a couple of years ago, the French had a particularly favored position, because Egyptian nationalism was directed against the English. This preference dated back to the first years of the eighties, when Britain consented to let France protect Tunis, on condition that France let Britain protect Egypt. In Egypt, therefore, the British appeared as oppressors but the French as understanding friends. (The reverse was not true in North Africa; although the French were the political enemy, the British were never popular.) Old Emile Félix Gautier, as shrewd a Frenchman as ever wrote on Islam, thought that the British, with their aloof good will, were like the Romans in their failure to inspire affection; with a conquered nation, as with a woman, the truly unpardonable crime is to be respectful.

Actualité, a Cairo weekly, said a while ago, in commenting on the closing and confiscation of the French and English schools here:

> France had in Egypt a position of privilege in the domain of culture—the fruit of decades, of centuries of fecund and admirable labor. Innumerable Egyptians who taught in the French missionary schools have become eminent in the country's affairs—capable of serving as links between Egypt and the outside world. For the immense majority of Egyptian parents, when the time came to send their children to school no hesitation was possible; it was in a French school that they were enrolled. . . . This, for France, was moral capital, of a value measurable not in money but in years of painful labor by these missionaries and schoolmasters who built, stone by stone, a superb edifice to the glory of Franco-Egyptian friendship. And [here the editor exhibited an almost Haitian exuberance] it took a crooked psychotic like Mollet to dynamite this edifice in a few hours.

A headline on the front page of the weekly announced a syndicated short story by Françoise Sagan inside; *Actualité* was keeping a hand on the knee of French culture *quand même*. At about the same time, a headline in another paper shed light on an apparent ambivalence. "OUR QUARREL IS WITH EDEN AND MOLLET, NOT WITH RACINE AND SHAKESPEARE," it read.

As for the American University of Cairo, it, like the American banks and other American firms, has remained

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open. The Germans and Italians here, whose countrymen were chucked into bull pens while their goods were sequestered by British order during the Second World War, appear undiscouraged. One large young German correspondent, who looks like an upended Zeppelin with a beret on its nose, proudly wears a white crescent plaque, with Arabic lettering on it, hung around his neck like one of those tags on whiskey decanters. "It is issued by our Embassy and it says 'I Am a German,'" he told a group of correspondents the other day. "Just in case there is a riot." His colleagues depressed him with the reminder that only a negligible fraction of the Egyptian population can read, but he need not have worried; his sign was as superfluous as a sign on Nashua reading "I Am a Horse."

WHILE that admirable organ of government, the Ministry of National Guidance, has labored effectually to keep any information from getting into this country, it has toiled with equal success to keep correspondents from getting much out, performing like the legendary two-headed pitcher who could throw a curve and watch the runner on first at the same time. In the early days of the trouble here, one of the correspondents at the Semiramis was a man who had been in the Middle East a long time and knew Lieutenant-Colonel Nasser. As a reward, Nasser offered him an exclusive interview in the form of a statement, slightly longer than the "Anabasis," detailing the retrograde victory over the Israelis. The sole condition Nasser imposed was that the correspondent's paper agree to publish the epic *in toto*. The correspondent cabled his home office asking how to proceed, but got no answer. This irritated the would-be contributor, and the correspondent, after complicated inquiries, found that a censor had seen Nasser's name in the cabled query and so had killed the whole message for security reasons. The Scandinavian correspondents had one particularly sad story. All dispatches had to be in English or French (I suppose Arabic would have been acceptable, but that was not much help), and a Norwegian correspondent writing in English slipped into phonetic transcription and spelled "arrival" with a "w" instead of a "v." Presently, he received a cable from his paper asking where his copy was, and after a week of investigation he found that it hadn't gone out, because the censor thought he was using code.

Among the correspondents, another favorite topic for symposia over gin

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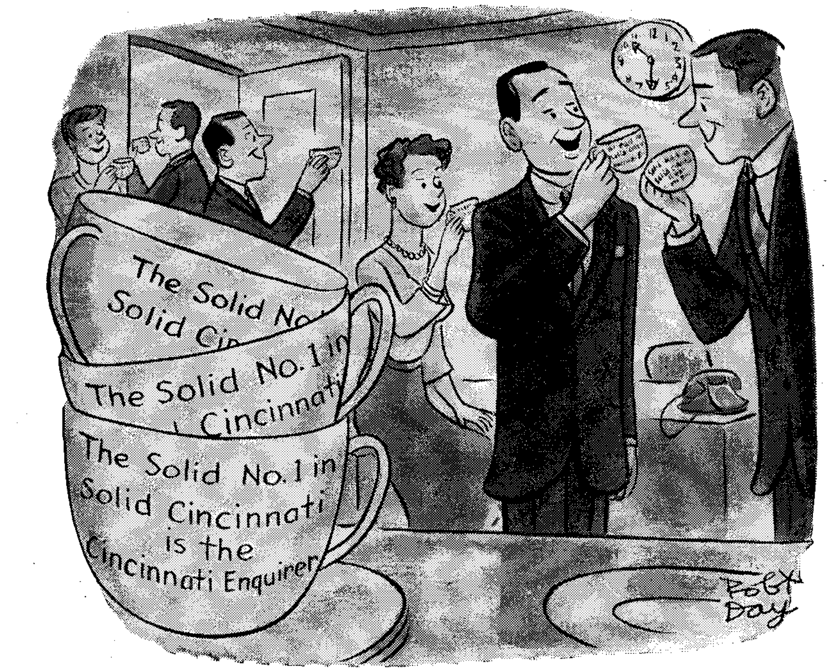
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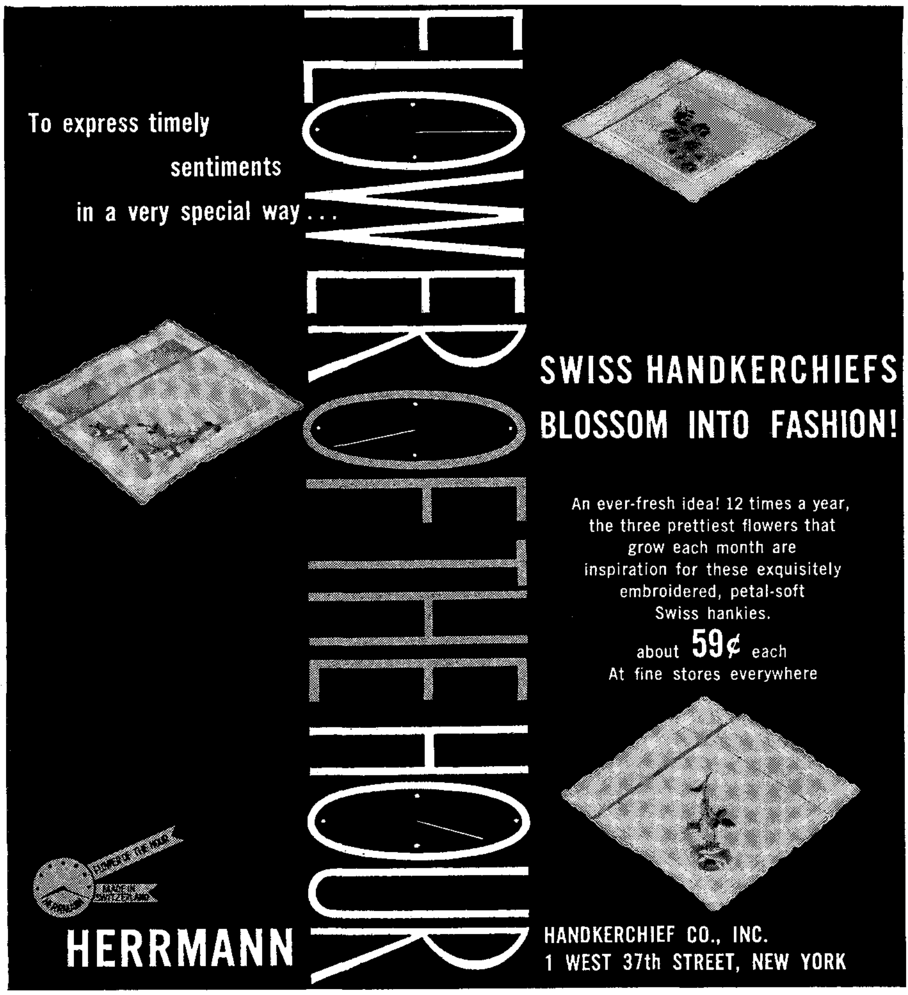
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could be entitled "Why Did They Do It?"—"they" being, of course, the French and British Prime Ministers. In London, where I had been on the night of October 30th, when Anthony Eden announced the dispatch of his ultimatum to Egypt and Israel, there was a blithe popular conviction that "the Gyppies" would cave in and repudiate the Nasser regime. It appeared incredible to me that the Egyptians, if attacked, would fail to block the Canal, but fellows in pubs and clubs were saying, without a sausage of information to back their asseverations, that the R.A.F. would stop that. The surface euphoria lasted forty-eight hours, and the first great wave of protest was based exclusively on conscience. Nobody seriously suggested that Nasser would survive or that the operation would not come off. It had all the look, from the outside, of an attempt whose possible contingencies had been carefully provided for, because it was inconceivable that two governments would try something so dangerous without having thought it out. (This is a perilous kind of pragmatic reasoning, and it is one that men of state usually rely on the public to employ.) It seemed plausible in London, then, that a coup against Nasser had been prepared in Cairo to coincide with the allied landings. Fat Fuad was reported praying like the dickens in a mosque adjoining a gambling casino somewhere or other, which must have reminded the reading public of the Foreign Office's passion for applying kings like poultices to countries that are looking seedy. (The trouble is they come unstuck.) Biographies of General Naguib also began to emerge from newspaper morgues. In Cairo a month later, though, neutral diplomats quizzed by the correspondents said that Nasser had never looked more solidly in the saddle than just before the bombs dropped. No alternative imam was medicine-dancing offstage, as far as anybody knew. General Naguib was under house arrest; Fuad was discredited; any possible discontent with the economic situation had been channelled into xenophobia. "And I'm sure the fellows in the British Embassy felt the same way," one of the diplomats said. "I think they were as surprised by the attack as we were."

The French were in a different position. For the past two years, French governments and the mass press have been blaming all of France's North African troubles on Nasser, although nobody had heard of the man when the massacres at Setif in 1945 disclosed a tension that had become intolerable, and the sanguinary repression of the uprising convinced the French *colons* and cops that they could hold the Algerians in line by force. It is a thesis that they have never abandoned, and one that they and their apologists must continually seek to justify by new illusions.

THE star lodger at the Semiramis until recently was Major-General Eedson L. M. Burns, commander of the United Nations Emergency Forces. A quiet but persistent man, he was a Brigadier-General in the Canadian Army at the beginning of the Second World War, when that force was as nearly theoretical as the UNEF is now. Between the two World Wars, when the United States Army had been allowed to sink to next to nothing, the Canadian Army had sunk to between nothing and nothing at all; half its enrolled strength, according to General Burns, consisted of a horse-show team, and the rest was staff. The task that fell to General George C. Marshall and his deputy, General Lesley J. McNair, in Washington was the same that fell to Burns' chief, General H. D. G. Crerar, and Burns in Ottawa. The UNEF commander is consequently used to poverty, but at the same time is optimistic, because the Canadian Army materialized in time to do its job. The sight of a platoon still excites him; soldiers are "bodies," and even a few "bodies" are the nucleus of an army. Burns is no Patton or Kitchener in appearance, but it is a cliché misapplied to say that he looks more like a businessman than a soldier. He wears his uniform and endless rows of medal ribbons smartly, he carries himself like a Sandhurst man (which he is not), and in the shadow of his mustache his jaw is firmly set. As Commander of the United Nations Palestine Frontier Observer Team for the last two years, he has acquired the reserve and the effaced expression of a professional-baseball umpire. An umpire has no friends but his colleagues; the United Nations Observer Team was small, and Burns' position was isolated even on it, because the military hierarchy does not permit too great familiarity with juniors. The Israelis and the Arab states alike constantly complained of the Observers' decisions; it must have been like umpiring a continuous sand-lot game between the Hudson Dusters and the St. Louis Purple Gang. Burns was a good division commander in Italy, and headed a corps for a while. In the First World War, he enlisted as a private. He is a sapper (engineer) officer by training.

Command of an army that is not primarily designed to fight anybody offers new problems to a professional fighting man, and Burns surely would have been happier with a force that was nearer the real thing. Partly because U.N. delegates are seldom military men, and partly because every army can better spare infantry than more specialized troops, nearly all the early supporters of the UNEF offered foot soldiers. Burns got no motor-truck troops, no small observer planes, and—the most cutting blow of all—no engineers; only Yugoslavia produced a mechanized unit, with armored cars and light tanks, which is the right kind of stuff for patrolling the Sinai desert. At first, Burns found himself entirely dependent on the Egyptians for transport and on the raiders holding Port Said for docking facilities. He consequently believes that a permanent U.N. staff, at least, ought to be set up between operations of the UNEF—like the Canadian staff he served with between wars—to plan a balanced force and its logistics. When I last talked with him, he was not sure that there should be more of a permanent force than that. As a professional soldier, he did not think you could transfer the first loyalties of soldiers to a supranational organization. United Nations Observers come from many armies, but they serve short tours of duty and then go back to their own units. Their observations are dependably objective when their older loyalties are not involved. Burns said that he does not believe you can end animosities simply by stopping actual conflict, but he conceded that it might help, provided that while UNEF bodies kept the antagonistic bodies apart, U.N. statesmen worked out an acceptable political solution. He said nothing brilliant and nothing that made poor sense.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Joliet* (*Ill.*) *Herald-News*]

MOKENA—The first step, in the expansion of their present building facilities, was taken by the members of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed Church congregation at the annual meeting held Monday night, when a building committee was appointed to start the preliminaries.

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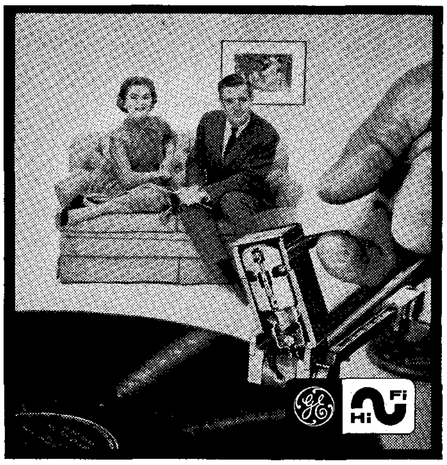

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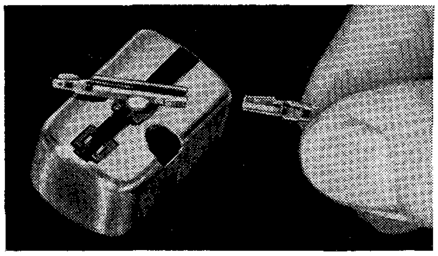

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THE RACE TRACK

El Comandante

THERE'S almost no limit to the distance this gadabout department will travel to look at a new race track. For example, during the recent holidays I went down to San Juan, Puerto Rico, to see one named El Comandante, and I venture to predict that once it gets going, it will become a show place. Although it isn't as elaborate as the Miami layouts, its appointments are first-class and up-to-the-minute, and its setting is charming. The view from the grandstand and the clubhouse has something of Havana's Oriental Park about it, and the stable area, with its white barns standing out on a high green hill, reminds you a bit of the Hipódromo, in Mexico City.

El Comandante, which replaces two antiquated tracks that closed down for good last week, and is to have racing on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the year round, is six miles or so from town, covers some three hundred acres, and has stabling for about five hundred horses, most of which are homebred and not the best you ever saw. As you may have heard, El Comandante didn't open on the date it was scheduled to last week, because the racecourse (a mile around, and made of red clay and sand) needed more working over, which it is getting. That was a disappointment, of course, but the trip was fun, and I would say that the management, headed by Hyman Glickstein, a New York lawyer, deserves full marks for a good try in a country where practically nothing comes off on time.

Among El Comandante's many attractions are a couple of impressive Univac machines to calculate the pools of the off-course betting, which, if you didn't know, is the big thing in Puerto Rico. In fact, twice as much money is bet away from the track as at it. There are a couple of hundred government-accredited betting places, called *agencias hípicas*, on the island, but you can't bet on individual horses at these (I suppose there are bookmakers around, though, who would lend a helping hand); what you do is buy a *papeleta* or a *cuadro*, and try to pick the winners of six given races. A *papeleta*, which entitles you to pick only one horse to win in each race, costs

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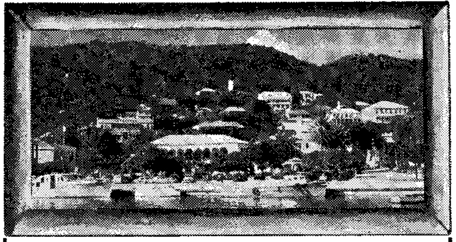

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In the exact centre of this photo, with commanding view of town and harbor of St. Thomas, is the fortress tower of Edward Teach, notorious Blackbeard of Caribbean piracy. Now expanded by superb residence facilities, it remains one of America's most historic sites, and is available to a discriminating buyer.

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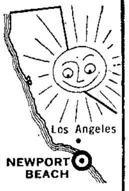

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a quarter. With a *cuadro*, you can bet on all sorts of combinations, and the minimum bet is a quarter. Now that Univac is on hand, the bettor doesn't write in the names of his choices on his *papeleta* or *cuadro;* instead, the seller punches holes in it and gives him half the card. The betting agencies all close at noon—three hours before the racing starts—and the sellers rush their halves of the cards out to El Comandante, where they are fed into the Univacs. Those from San Juan and nearby places are collected by messengers on motorcycles, and those from Ponce and other towns come in by airplane. In the past, the winning *papeletas* and *cuadros* were not posted until the next day, but now Univac can flash the results as soon as the last race is over. Sometimes the payoffs run into five figures. The betting at El Comandante will be the same as at any other track with a tote, but straight and place only. There will be a daily double, too; down there it's called a *quiniela.*

I'm sure that the directors of the Greater New York Association, the gentlemen of the legislature in Albany, and most horseplayers will be interested to learn that El Comandante's take from off-course betting and the daily-double pool is to be thirty per cent, five per cent of which will go to the Puerto Rican Treasury. Curiously, the track's cut of the money handled in the tote is smaller; it comes to twenty-five per cent, and a tax reduces it to around fifteen. I wouldn't know why. It just seems to be the law.

STAY-AT-HOMES, I daresay, were as pleased as I was to hear that Mr. Fitz brought off a neat victory for the Wheatley Stable in the Robert E. Lee Handicap at Tropical Park last weekend with Gray Phantom, a half brother of Misty Morn. The old hand hasn't lost its skill.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Richard Burgin will conduct the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall this week on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dec. 28 and 29. His program will consist of Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis, for Double String Orchestra, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony by Dmitri Shostakovitch.—*Boston Herald.*

Shostakovich? He invented the electric-light bulb.

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[*Adv. in the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

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BOOKS

The Hateful Legacy

Mr. Bruce Catton's "This Hallowed Ground" (Doubleday), a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, is the latest product of the flourishing industry devoted to turning out books on the Civil War—an industry that a year ago came of age, or something, with the foundation of the War's very own book club. Since the centenary of that grim assize at arms is a bare four years away, production schedules in the industry are likely to be stepped up shortly. It is painfully clear that we are in for an avalanche of multi-volumed boxed sets of biographies of generals (photographs by Brady), histories of campaigns, and mystical examinations of the meaning of it all. In view of the literary prospect that so implacably looms up ahead, Mr. Catton's book acquires a melancholy interest as an indicator of the tone that is likely to prevail as the centenary closes in upon us.

An early hint that all is not going to be quite as it should be in the present volume is provided by the manner in which Mr. Catton squares up to the business of discussing the fact that Beauregard's Confederate gunners started the war by firing a mortar shell into Fort Sumter at four-thirty on the morning of Friday, April 12, 1861:

> The substance and the shadow went in opposite directions, and it was hard to say which was real and which was no more than a shred of mist blowing from the land of haunted impossible dreams; and there was, meanwhile, a great pentagon of masonry built on a reef at the entrance to the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, where the orderly sequence of events was about to be crossruffed by exploding violence.

How the appalling landslide into war so brilliantly described in Allan Nevins' definitive "Ordeal of the Union" can be described as an orderly sequence of events it would be hard to say. It is difficult, too, to understand what Mr. Catton means by suggesting that Beauregard's cannonade introduced a new element of violence into the situation. For Mr. Catton has already all too colorfully dwelt upon the beating of Senator Sumner after a speech against slavery, the murderous attack on Lawrence, Kansas, by pro-slavery guerrillas, and John Brown's retaliatory raid on a neighboring settlement, and he has been moved by those events to thoughts almost too deep for tears:

> There is a rowdy strain in American life, living close to the surface but running very deep. Like an ape behind a mask, it can display itself suddenly with terrifying effect. It is slack-jawed, with leering eyes and loose wet lips, with heavy feet and ponderous cunning hands; now and then, when something tickles it, it guffaws, and when it is made angry it snarls; and it can be aroused much more easily than it can be quieted. Mike Fink and Yankee Doodle helped to father it, and Judge Lynch is one of its creations; and when it comes lumbering forth it can make the whole country step in time to its own frantic irregular pulse-beat.

A rowdy strain with heavy feet would be a rare bird, and its sinister clumping through Mr. Catton's prose arouses the suspicion that he does not care much for precision in thought or language. This suspicion hardens when his thoughts about slavery on the eve of the attack on Fort Sumter are compared with his reflections on the dim days of anticlimax in which the partial victory of Antietam was thrown away by McClellan. Mr. Catton repeats Mr. Nevins' view of things—that the war was inevitable and slavery was the issue:

> It was the one fatally limiting factor in a nation of wholly unlimited possibilities; whatever America would finally stand for, in a world painfully learning that its most sacred possession was the infinite individual human spirit, would depend on what was done about this evil relic of the past. Abraham Lincoln had once called it "the great Behemoth of danger," and now it was forcing men into war.

Yet, all the same, we later discover that the war was somehow not about slavery until after Antietam:

> But the soldiers could not see all of it. Incomplete and imperfect as it had been, Antietam was a decisive Union victory. . . . It had given Lincoln the opening he needed, and it would change the character of the entire war, turning it openly and irrevocably into a war against slavery. As the long gray columns crossed the river and started plodding down the Virginia roads, the South's high tide had begun to ebb.

Mr. Catton seems here to be building an unreasonable structure on a matter of expediency. The Battle of Antietam was fought on the seventeenth of September, 1862, and Lincoln's preliminary Emancipation Proclamation was promulgated on the twenty-second. But the proclamation came out of a pigeonhole where Lincoln had been keeping it, knowing that it would be interpreted as a measure of desperation in the South and abroad if it were issued after a defeat or during a deadlock. To say that the battle had the profound effect Mr. Catton attri-

HOWARD
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butes to it seems to be straining the facts. The character of the war had been set long before, and it would seem unalterably, by such blunt statements as that of the Mississippi convention before it began to draft the state's act of secession:

> We must either submit to degradation and the loss of property worth four billions of money, or we must secede from the Union framed by our fathers to secure this as well as every other species of property. For far less cause than this our fathers separated from the Crown of England.

But Mr. Catton seems to be as fond of turning points as of certain turns of phrase; he finds a strange richness of inner meaning in Pope's replacement by McClellan after the fiasco of the second Bull Run:

> No one could ever quite explain it. The men who threw their caps and yelled themselves hoarse and of their own will became a solid army again could never quite find the words for it, and the best McClellan himself could say finally was: "We are wedded and should not be separated"—which, after all, was the obscure essence of it. But whatever it was that really happened, it would finally give Abraham Lincoln what he was looking for. And American history would be different forever after.

Yet though American history is changed forever after the second Bull Run, and the South's high tide is on the ebb after Antietam, everything is in doubt again at the end of 1862:

> Profound currents were moving in America that winter, but they had not yet fused to form one great tide that would carry everything along with it. They were still separate, often in conflict, with deep swirling eddies to mark the points of tension, and with odd backwaters where things seemed to drift upstream; and no one could say how the business would finally be resolved.

At this point, another suspicion about Mr. Catton's approach to history suggests itself; it is possible that he likes to fatten the bare record of events with drama and intensity. In the passage just quoted, he is preparing to give the sufficiently significant Vicksburg campaign, with its immense effect on Northern morale and its important strategic results, extra meaning. It is not enough for him to tell the story of Grant's build-up for the campaign and of his able conduct of it, packed with political and military lessons though the story is. More has to be added. The command problems Grant had to solve during the winter were how to retain the confidence of Lincoln and his superiors in Washington, and how to keep his army in hand as a fighting force during the long wait for the rains to end and the Mississippi River bottoms to dry out. His other chief prob-

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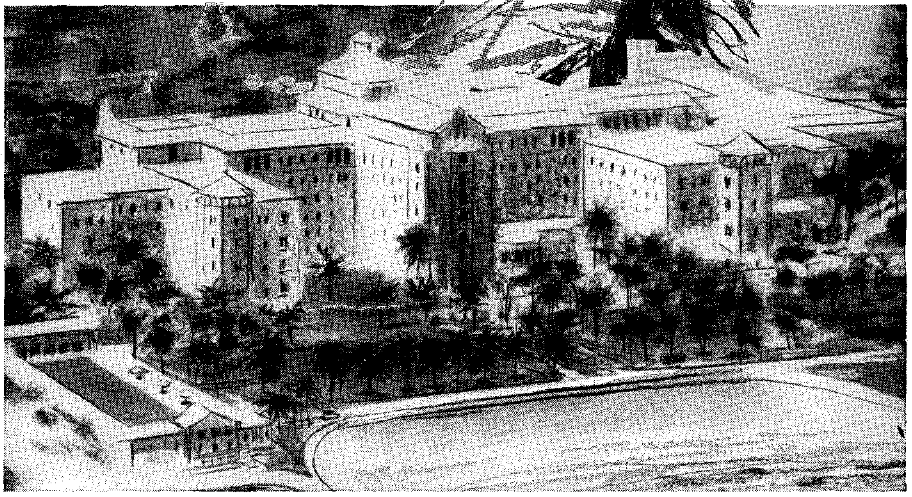

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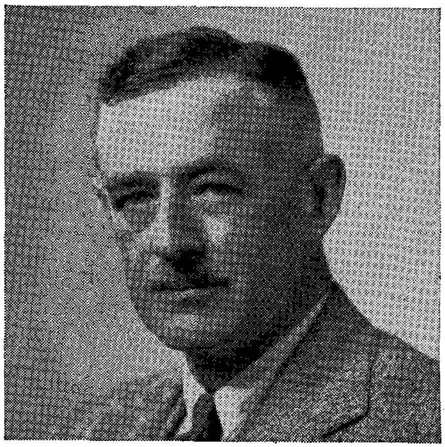

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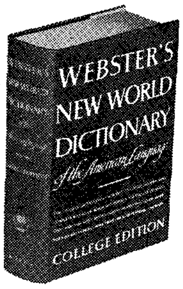

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lem concerned the natural impatience of the politicians and political soldiers who wanted rapid action for purely political reasons. He surmounted these difficulties—the means he employed, so ably set forth in Kenneth P. Williams' "Lincoln Finds a General," establish his clearest claim to being a military genius—and it is this fact, almost as much as his final complete success in achieving his strategic aims, that gives the campaign its meaning. Grant was the first American, and one of the first soldiers, to solve the command problems created by the structure of a modern state. If his solutions had gone unnoticed at the time, the campaign would have been merely an incident in the war, but Lincoln understood them, and they can be said to have completed Sherman's military education. The American military tradition was founded, and the war, which up till then had been fought with political objectives in mind, such as the security of Columbus, Ohio, or the capture of Richmond by one side or of Washington by the other, became a professionally conducted modern conflict aimed at the systematic reduction of the strategic assets of the South and the remorseless destruction of one nation by another. Mr. Catton seems to be upset because this element of power politics has been injected into American life by the uncontrollable necessities of war, and he tries, one might say desperately, to find other, more reassuring, meanings in the events:

> But underneath everything else the real enemy was a deep blindness of the spirit, an ancient constriction of the mind that fatally narrowed the circle of humanity. This enemy had to be defeated at any cost, even though final triumph might be delayed for generations; the war was just a skirmish in the unending fight, but if it was to repay any part of its cost the skirmish must make final victory a little more likely.
>
> Nobody had consciously made up his mind to fight this enemy. The decision was subconscious; it was being worked out painfully, far below the surface, by men who went about their jobs in the steaming swamps along the Mississippi and in the echoing drill fields above the Rappahannock. Trying to win the visible war, they were being forced to grapple with a foe within themselves—the blind, arrogant assumption that some people are by birth and by nature superior to others, so that anything that democracy might finally do must be funneled out through an opening too narrow for any but the lucky few to pass.

That the Jeffersonian slogan of "equal rights for all, special privileges for none," which took Andrew Jackson to the White House, was not really understood or accepted by most Americans until after the winter of 1862 seems unlikely. And there appears to be no virtue, either, in Mr. Catton's thesis that the

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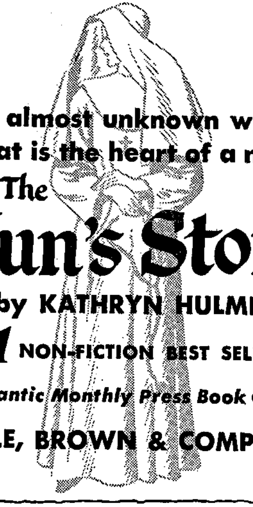

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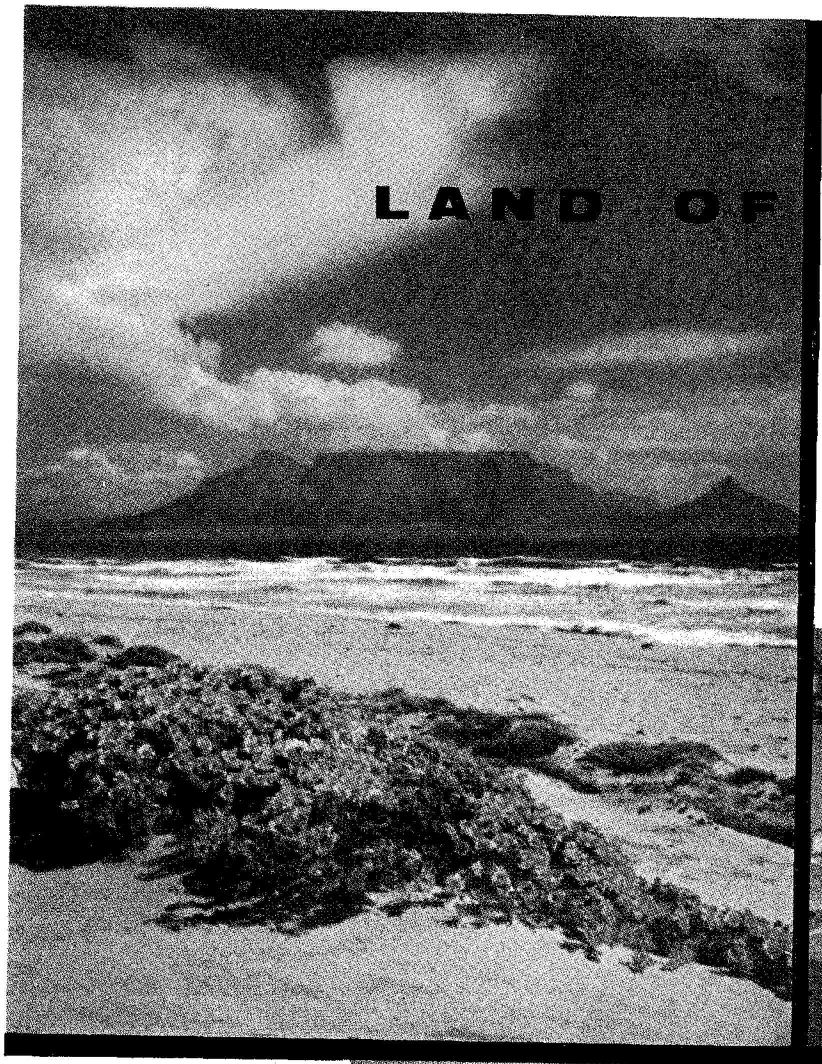

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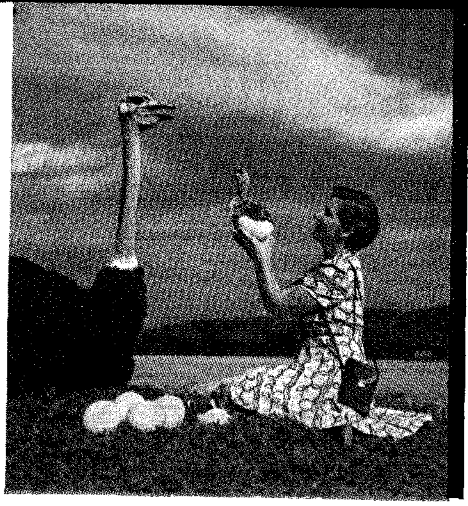

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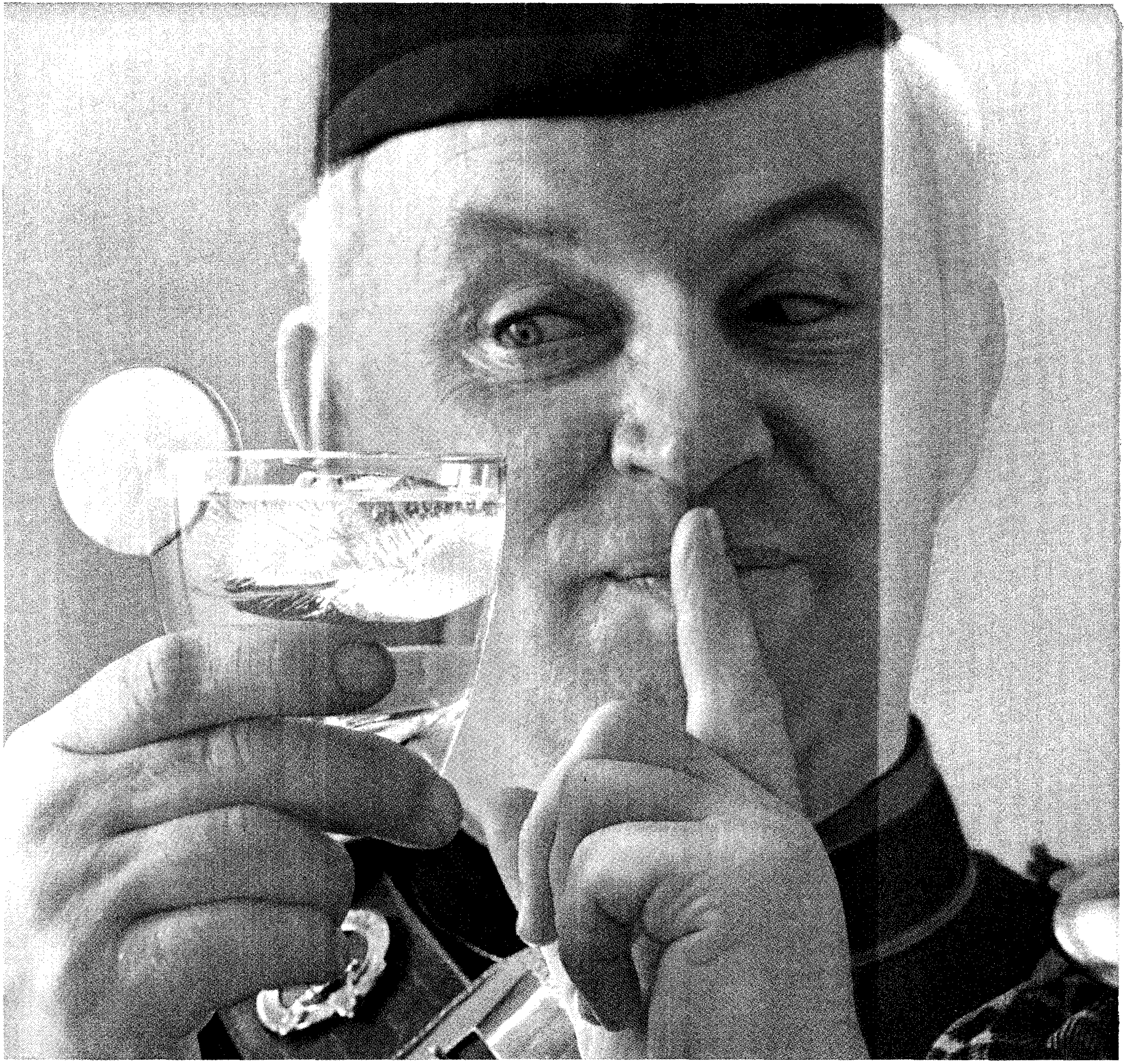

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formation of Negro regiments in that year brought about a profound change for the better in the national attitude toward racial discrimination. Even if one believes that the war did not exacerbate racism in the South, it is certainly a fact that it did nothing to prevent the enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882. This racist measure was followed by a number of others directed against what seemed to be considered the lesser breeds without the law. An American racist literature was flourishing in the nineteen-hundreds, and its beliefs about the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons, which were enshrined in the Immigration Act of 1917, still rule the present quota system. This embodies a numerical scale from which it can be readily deduced that Nordics are a hundred times more desirable as citizens than men of color, Aryan and non-Aryan alike, and five times more desirable than the "dark-whites," as racist literature terms them, of the Mediterranean countries. One can only conclude that to give the experience of the Civil War mystical value, Mr. Catton is attributing to it a broadening of the basis of democracy that, in fact, dates from Andrew Jackson's election in 1828, and a change in feeling about race that is still incomplete and that had its origin in something as recent as America's confrontation with racism in action during the triumph of Fascism between the two World Wars.

Since he has enriched the prelude to the campaign with so much moral gain, it is natural that Mr. Catton should go on to heighten the significance of the campaign itself. This time the war is the agent of economic instead of social progress:

> Yet war is fought in a fog, and men are not always able to understand just what they have done. The Mississippi would never again be what it had been before—not even when the last vengeful guerrillas had been driven from the canebrakes and cured of their new habit of taking shots at passing steamboats. The road to the outer world would run east and west now, river or no river, war or no war. Not again would there be the lazy life of drifting downstream with the tide, high-pressure engines swinging paddle wheels in slow splashing rhythm, corn and wheat and pork and mules and lumber borne away by the Father of Waters to the great ships waiting at the New Orleans levee. The dike that had obstructed the river was broken, but the old flow would never quite be resumed. The West had won the most significant campaign of the war, but it had not brought back the past. That was gone forever. Now the West must face east, not south. And the entire country must look to the future rather than to the past.

Between the fog of war and poetic prose one detects some questionable history. Apart from the big population

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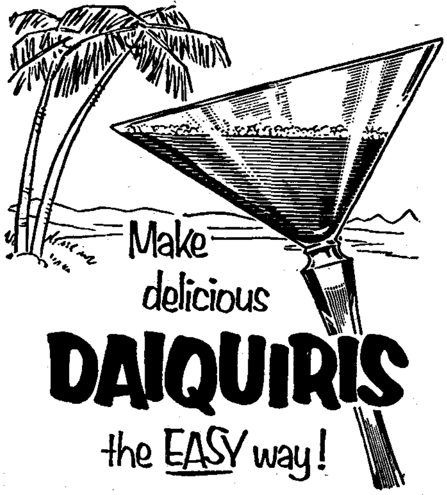
centers in the Eastern states, the market for Western farm products was in Europe, and the Eastern ports were nearly two thousand miles closer to it than was New Orleans. From the point of view of logistics, the river, below Cairo, ran backward and away from Europe, and every cent gained in running downstream with the current was lost on the long haul across the Gulf, through the Florida Strait, and northward on the Atlantic passage. The railroads reaching out through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to the Missouri terminals of St. Joseph and Jefferson City in the late fifties had established the pattern of the future before a shot was fired in the war; the factors of time, mileage, and cost had already decided where the main channels of commerce would run, and the river trade was doomed to a decline that endured well into this century. It is even doubtful that the war greatly accelerated its decay, since while the war interrupted the river traffic it also slowed down railroad construction.

One begins to see at Vicksburg what Mr. Catton is up to in investing each successive chapter in the grim history of the war with drama and significance; he is divesting it of its futility. And one begins to appreciate something that, if it is to his credit as a man, is not to his advantage as a historian. His attitude is humane; he cannot bear waste and loss, and it is his purpose to give meaning and dignity to everything in the war. This attitude is most obvious in his account of what happened in the camp of the V Corps of the Army of the Potomac when it became clear that the war was really over at last and there was to be no more killing. One evening, a few members of the corps thought of pushing lighted candles into the muzzles of their muskets and marching through the camp streets. Hundreds joined them, and then thousands. Bands fell in, too, and presently most of the corps were marching and countermarching under the myriad small flames, cheering and singing as they marched. It would be hard to say what they were celebrating. It may have been that they felt that it was good that the Union was whole again, and purged of slavery. But it seems more likely that they were, like all soldiers on such occasions, intoxicated by the knowledge that they were part of the winning outfit and that they had come through it to go home alive and unmaimed. Mr. Catton, however, cannot let it go at that:

> But for the moment the lights still twinkled, infinitely fragile, flames that bent to the weight of their own advance, as insubstantial as the dream of a better



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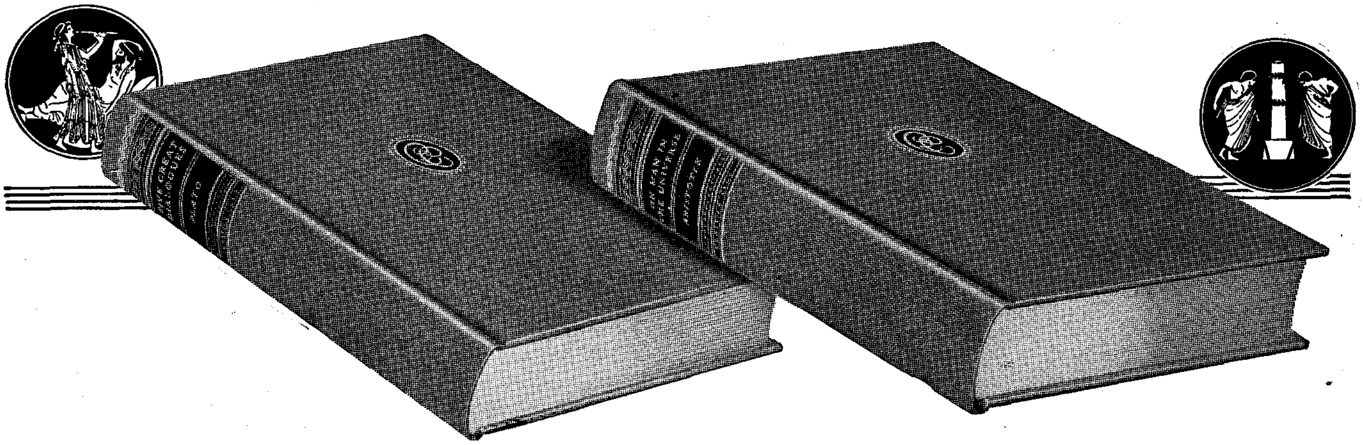

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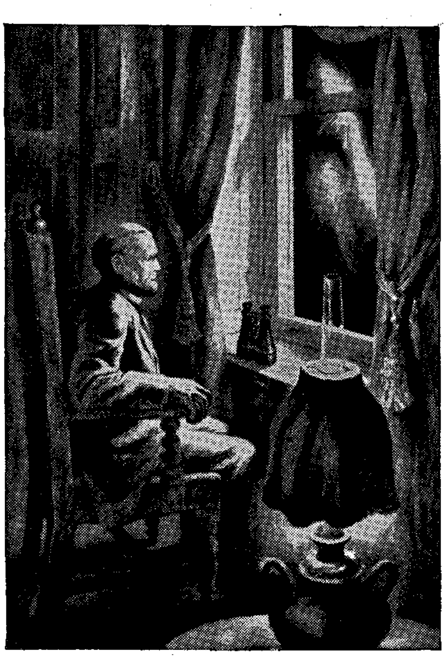
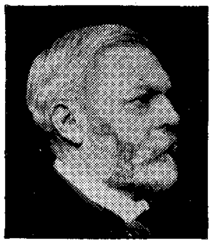


The man who wouldn't give up

500 MASSED ROCKETS shook Brooklyn Bridge, screamed up into the May evening and showered the city with red and gold.



While behind a darkened window, a big, gaunt man sat and watched, too crippled and painwracked to attend the opening day festivities for the bridge.

This was a pity, for he had built it.

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world in the hearts of men; and they moved to the far off sound of music and laughter. The final end would not be darkness. Somewhere, far beyond the night, there would be a brighter and a stronger light.

It is legitimate to ask what in thunder this brighter light is supposed to be. One could suspect it of being a shoddy rhetorical device. What happened when Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter was a breakdown of the democratic process. Blood was substituted for argument in settling the issue of whether the nation should exist half slave and half free, and a minority decided to fight the will of the majority. That those who fought for that minority dragged down their home states to ruin for two generations was one result, and that they wasted the lives of enormous numbers of men was another. Many of the men who died had given clear evidence before they went off to battle that they had great contributions to make to the rapidly growing society to which they belonged. Others, the average members of the numberless flock, died undistinguished, deprived simply of the normal chances for happiness. To pretend that the Union was served or enriched by all the slaughter, the waste of treasure and effort, and the lost laughter seems almost perverse.

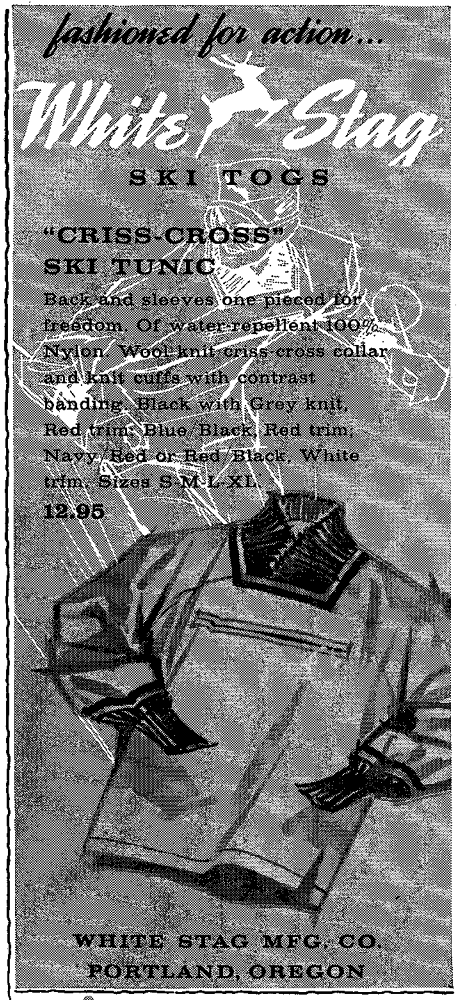
It is too much to expect that this will be the last Civil War book to present that horrible and wholly sterile disaster as a creative national experience. Its true essence was engraved on the tragic mask that Lincoln's face became in his last years. One could have hoped that even popular historians would outgrow the sentimentality that caused them to wish to shield their readers from sharing the knowledge that shaped that image of sorrow and to offer in its place a consoling legend. Persistent folly made the war inevitable, and cruelty fought it through to the bitter end. It did nothing but hurt to the Union, and the scars exist to this day. What men learn by making war is how to make war. That is what America learned in the Civil War, and that is all. Sooner or later, an American generation will grow up that will be prepared to live with this historical truth. But that generation will have to be raised on a kind of book about the Civil War quite unlike "This Hallowed Ground."

—Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Bitter Victory, by René Hardy, translated from the French by Galway Kinnell (Doubleday). A merciless, almost mathematical study of



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pure cowardice that at first seems, in its design and sheer intensity, a nearly flawless work. The story deals with a daring British Commando raid in the North African desert during the Second World War. Captain Brand, the expedition's leader, is a duty-loving coward who lives in anguish that he will repeat the disgrace that befell his soldier father, and Lieutenant Leith, the second-in-command, is an intellectual who has spent much of his life in solitary exasperation because he cannot bear the imperfections of life. Time and again, Brand's fears spill out before Leith and the men, and eventually this drives him to a state of semi-madness that results directly in Leith's suicide. Brand, returning in triumph, is, however, suddenly disgraced, and Leith is ennobled by his own courageous death. M. Hardy, who writes with clarity and dignity, becomes so obsessed by his search for a classroom-like moral balance that he forgets that it is the successful charting of human unpredictability, and not the philosopher's correct measure of moral pounds and ounces, that makes a lasting novel.

THE LEGEND OF DANIEL WILLIAMS, by Peter Freuchen (Messner). A biographical novel based on the final years in the life of a giant, near-legendary Negro, Daniel Williams, who wandered into northern Canada in the eighteen-seventies, became an outlaw, and was hanged for murder in 1880. Mr. Freuchen's mixture of fact, fancy, and his own sympathy for Williams is carefully worked out; rather than make Williams an apish lawbreaker, he turns him into a religious and wholly naïve man, inescapably caught between the bewilderingly different codes of the white man and the Indian. A simple and positive book.

SON OF DUST, by H. F. M. Prescott (Macmillan). Miss Prescott has the habit of prefacing each chapter of her novel with a quotation. It is her privilege to illuminate or enliven or decorate her work as she wishes, but there is something unsettling about meeting such names as Amy Lowell, Arthur Waley, and Robert Bridges in a story that deals with thwarted lovers in eleventh-century Normandy. Even William Shakespeare, who contributes a few lines, seems out of place. The lovers are named Fulcun and Alde, and they find themselves drastically torn between physical desire and the pangs of conscience. Miss Prescott writes in a solid, sor-

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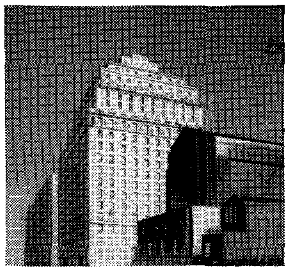

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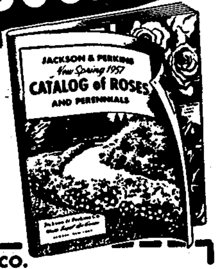

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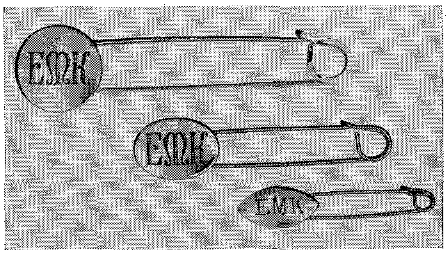

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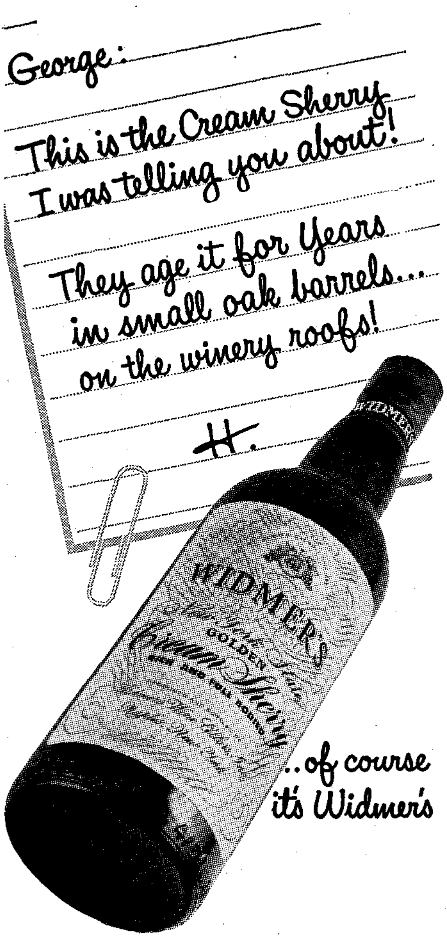
rowful prose that occasionally slips into quaintness, and she conveys very clearly her impression of what life was like in those faraway days.

NOTE: "The Hour After Westerly," a collection of fifteen short stories by Robert M. Coates, all of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Harcourt, Brace.

GENERAL

JAMES MADISON: THE PRESIDENT, by Irving Brant (Bobbs-Merrill). The fifth volume of Mr. Brant's biography, which, though there are still more volumes to come, already stands as one of the great historical works of our time. This installment covers the years from 1809, when Madison was inaugurated, to 1812, when war was declared against Great Britain. It was a difficult period. France and England, at each other's throat, were both seeking to drive American shipping off the high seas, and at home the Federalists were howling for Madison's impeachment and coming pretty close to treason. As in the preceding volumes, Mr. Brant carefully revises the usual view of Madison and his administration; he dismisses the theory that, as President, Madison was a glorified errand boy for his predecessor, Thomas Jefferson, and shows that, far from being stampeded into war by Clay, Calhoun, and the other "War Hawks" (these men were a good deal less bellicose than they have generally been painted, he says), Madison decided for himself that war was the only possible honorable course to pursue, and became the chief force uniting the political factions behind the war effort. Illustrations.

RING LARDNER, by Donald Elder (Doubleday). A good, serious study of Ring Lardner is long overdue. Unfortunately, this book, which suffers from, among other things, what might be called total research, is not it. The author, who, like Lardner, was brought up in Niles, Michigan, has gone to exasperating lengths in his search for details, however inconsequential; he devotes three pages to a dull exchange of letters between Lardner and Theodore Dreiser about a trivial misunderstanding, and gives us an extensive synopsis of a play that Lardner never got around to finishing. There are some interesting anecdotes, and some illuminating glimpses of the inspired, self-critical writer and the restless and pretty unhappy human being, but one suspects that if Lardner could have got his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hands on this book, he would have blue-pencilled it to ribbons.

A BAKER'S DOZEN: THIRTEEN UNUSUAL AMERICANS, by Russel B. Nye (Michigan State). "The personages who appear herein," the author of this collection of short biographies tells us in a prefatory note, "are the kind usually relegated to footnotes, those whose lives are ordinarily tucked away in library crannies to be exhumed now and then only by the curious." Mr. Nye's exhumations are uncommon enough—a couple of renegades (Simon Girty and John A. Murrell), a frustrated explorer (John Ledyard), the founder of the Oneida Community (John Humphrey Noyes), a rebellious slave (Nat Turner), and several even less familiar. They are also, for all their minor consequence, well worth our acquaintance, and Mr. Nye is to be highly commended for bringing them to larger life. A most enjoyable book.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH, edited, and with an introduction, by W. H. Auden (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). An indispensable, if somewhat haphazardly presented, sampling of the wit and wisdom of the great nineteenth-century English clergyman, letter writer, pamphleteer, and critic. Included are "The Peter Plymley Letters" and "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," complete; reviews and essays on such matters as the game laws, the brain-numbing amounts of Latin and Greek that were stuffed into nineteenth-century students, and the incredibly brutalized lot of the chimney sweep (some were four or five years old, and many died on the job); and, finally, parts or the whole of some fifteen letters. In his introduction, Mr. Auden sensibly ranks Smith with Swift, Hooker, and Shaw as a polemicist, but also singles him out as "an example of English Liberalism at its best." He does not, perhaps, make enough of the fact that Smith was also an extraordinary writer, whose tight and sparkling style continually gives one the feeling that it has only just dried on the page. There is no index, and little help as to when, why, and where the selections first appeared.

I WONDER AS I WANDER, by Langston Hughes (Rinehart). Mr. Hughes was born in Missouri and raised in Kansas, Illinois, and Ohio, and has been mostly on the move ever since. In this autobiographical volume, a kind of complement to his

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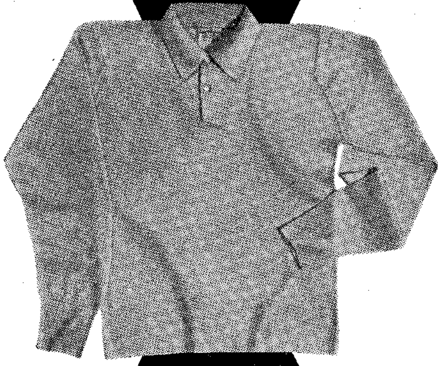

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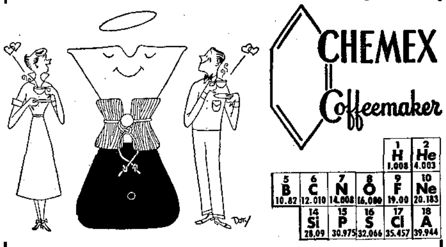

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THINGS, edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith (Hawthorne). A handsome companion volume to the delightfully unconventional biographical dictionary "People" and the equally delightful "Places" that the editors and their learned but light-handed staff recently offered for our delectation. This time, as before, the subjects range from the familiar (clocks, houses, soap), through the infamous (dice, gallows, dental drills), to the merely curious (mazes, totem poles, horse brasses). The text is abundantly and memorably illustrated, and the writing is quick, sharp, and full of flavor. Ten dollars.

NOTE: "The Walls Came Tumbling Down," Henriette Roosenburg's account of her journey home to Holland from a prison in eastern Germany after the war, has been published by Viking. A large part of the book first appeared as a series of articles in this magazine.

•

The Citizens Budget Commission announced yesterday that the New York Herald Tribune had won the commission's fifth annual press award.

The award, which will be presented at the commission's annual dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, on Jan. 9, is "for exceptional service to the people of the city in presenting a clear, concise and sound picture of the problems of municipal government during 1956."

Other newspapers mentioned by the budget commission for "superior reporting in the governmental field" included The New York Times, The Daily Mirror, Journal-American, The World-Telegram and The Sun, The Daily News and The Post.—*The Times.*

That leaves out the *Daily Worker.*

•

Kirkpatrick, 38 years old, attended grade school in Lake Charles. He is married to the former Miss Edith Killgore of Lisbon and is the father of the children. —*Monroe (La.) News-Star.*

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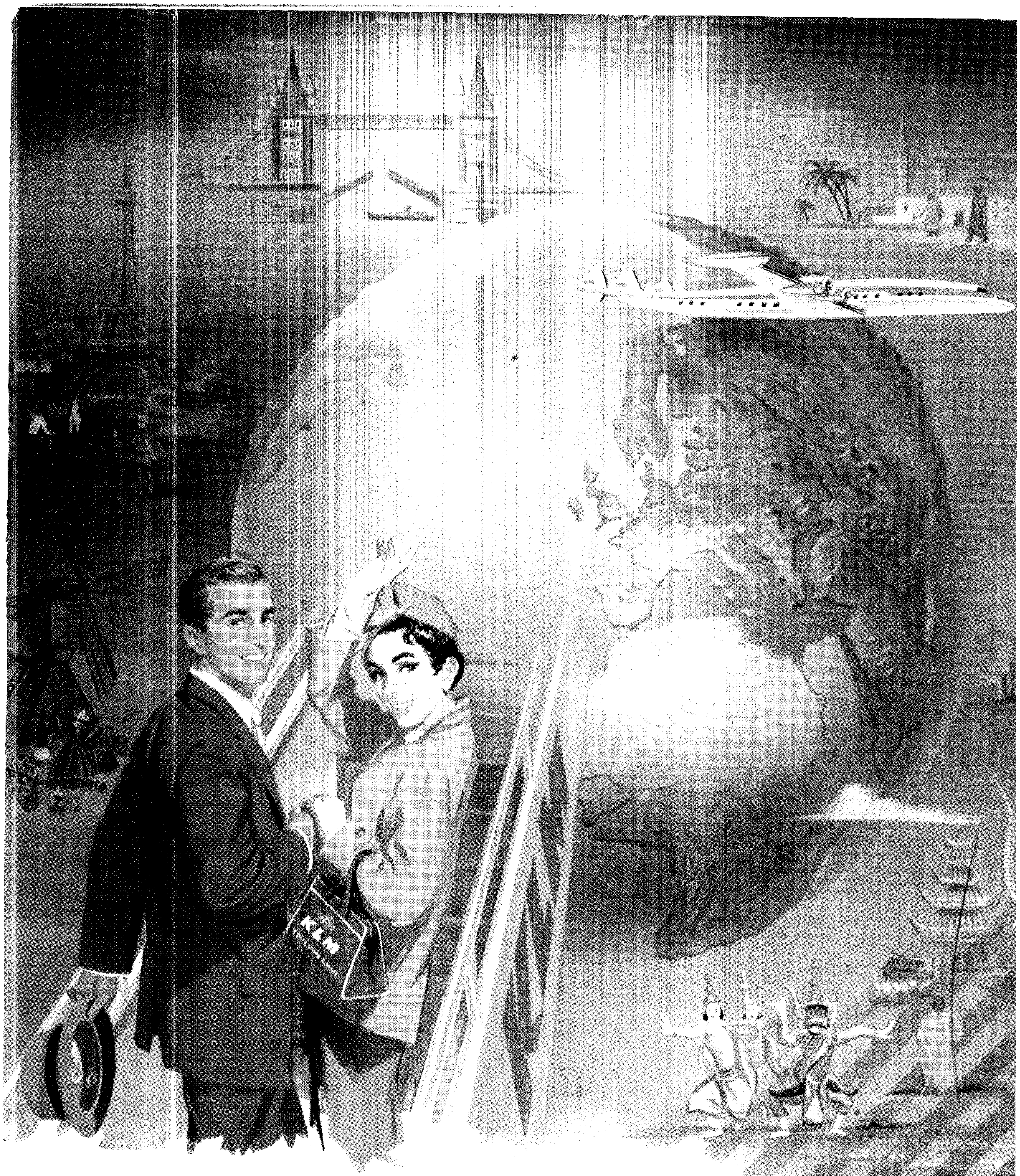

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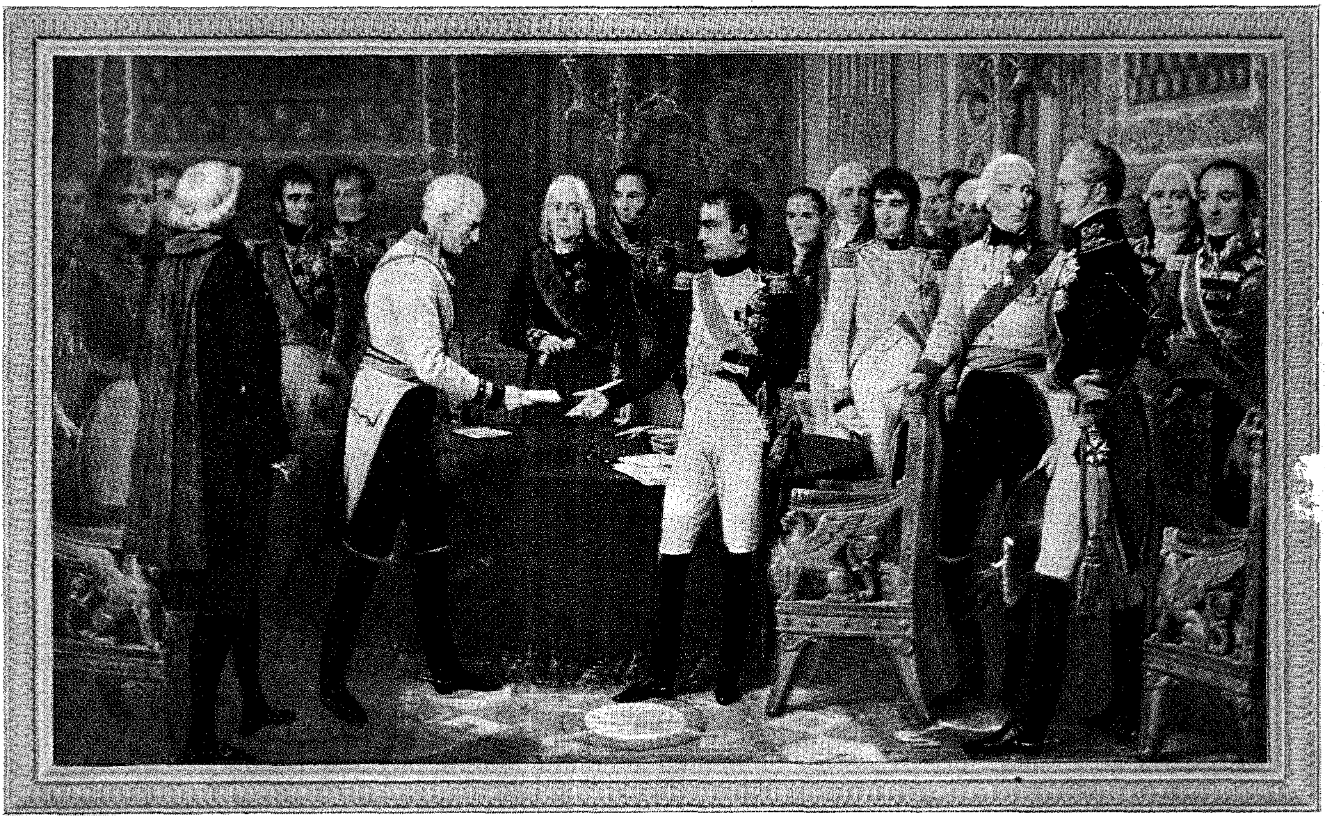

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